EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* MARCH

MARCH *hath* 31 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1913

AN EXCERPT FROM PLUTARCH

It is told that the old nurse of Aristides—although there be those that do deny the authenticity of it, and, indeed, among them Herodotus the historian—is said to have said that Aristides one day entered the Acropolis and, being told that the Athenians were tired of hearing him called the Just, announced his intention of becoming a baseball umpire.

CHARADE

My first is a group, an assemblage, a crowd;
And a large one, as usually reckoned.
The indefinite article, not to becloud
My meaning, is all of my second.
My third is a verb that is common as food—
When one masticates, then it's what one does—
(The form that I mean is imperative mood)—
And the fourth is a thing that the sun does.
Now here is a clue that perhaps you'll get lost on:
My whole is a state, and its capital's Boston.

Answer: MASS-A-CHU-SETTS.

FARMER'S CALENDAR

Beginning March 1, automobile lamps must be lighted at 5:34 P. M. The time grows later daily, a minute or two. On March 31 it is 6:39 P. M. The opera season is almost at an end, but most of the New York theatres will be open all this month and next. Fresh eggs and butter may be bought in any large city. About this time, think of going abroad. Rent your farmhouse to a city person; the rental for two months should be twice the price you pay annually for it.

EDITORIAL NOTE

In the mad desire to make EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK utterly different from other almanacks, we had the first of February, 1913, occur on a Sunday. Every other calendar authority in this land, from coast to coast and vice versa, said that February began on a Saturday. We waited to see. We were wrong. It really did begin on Saturday. EDITOR ALMANACK.

POEM

"And wherefore do the poor complain?"
The rich man asked this bard,
Who said: "I'm sure because they're poor.
Pray ask me something hard."

1— Sa. —The *Spectator* first issued, 1711. Prof. Willis L. Moore hopes next Tuesday will be bright and sunny, 1913.
2— Su. —Sam Houston born, 1793. Turkish cigarettes first brought into Turkey, 1913.
3— M. —Geo. Dewey, to whom the American people gave a house in 1901, made Admiral of the Navy, 1899.
4—Tu. —INAUGURATION DAY.
5— W. —Howard Pyle born, 1853. W. H. Taft conceded to be second greatest living ex-president, 1913.
6—Th. —Michelangelo born, 1474. First crocus of season discovered at Montclair, N. J., Winsted, Conn., Newton, Mass., Nashotah, Wis., and points adjacent.
7— Fr. —E. P. Roe, who put himself in Roemance, born, 1838.
8— Sa. —Stamp Act passed by House of Lords, 1765. { Cold
9— Su. —Americus Vespucius born, 1451. and
10— M. —Heliogabalus* beheaded, 222. Windy }
11—Tu. —New Haven Railroad patents New England, 1890.
12— W. —Julius Cæsar receives first Black-Hand letter, B. C. 44.
13—Th. —System of standard time established, 1884. New Haven train late, 1884.
14— Fr. —Eli Whitney patents cotton-gin, 1794.
15— Sa. —Julius Cæsar assassinated, B. C. 44.
16— Su. —PALM SUNDAY. Rome (It.) *Journal* denounces police, B. C. 44.
17— M. —St. Patrick's Day. Noah reserves stateroom on Ark, B. C. 3642.
18—Tu. —John C. Calhoun born, 1782. Newspapers announce Christy Mathewson's last year in baseball, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913.
19— W. —Satan offers his job to the mill-owner who, when asked why small wages were paid to women, said: "They don't have to work if they don't want to," 1913.
20—Th. —Mrs. Bellamy Storer, first president Woman's Auxiliary Ananias Club, born, 1849.
21— Fr. —GOOD FRIDAY. Robert Bruce born, 1274. ☉ enters ♈.
SPRING BEGINS.
22— Sa. —British Stamp Act becomes law, 1765. Costofliving goes up in Massachusetts, 1765.
23— Su. —**Easter Sunday.** Aguinaldo captured, 1901.
24— M. —Rhode Island purchased from Indians for 40 fathoms of beads, 1638. Feast day in home of Senator Aldrich, 1913.
25—Tu. —Mahomet II born, 1430. Dialect poetry rejected by Tower of Babel, B. C. 3483.
26— W. —Henry VIII solves servant problem, 1533.
27—Th. —Florida discovered by Ponce de Leon, 1513.
28— Fr. —Ponce de Leon cables Madrid *Gazette* that Fountain of Youth is fake hair restorer, 1513.
29— Sa. —Springfield *Republican*, an honest newspaper, first issued, 1844. Springfield *Republican* still honest, 1913.
30— Su. —Ether first used as an anesthetic, 1842.
31— M. —Haydn born, 1732. Interview with John D. Rockefeller published and Socialist party gains another thousand votes, 1912.

*Editor Almanack: What was he beheaded for?—Editor EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
Editor EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: Gosh! I don't even know who he was. You'll have to stop worrying me.—Editor Almanack.

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BEHIND HIS CHAIR, SILENT, IMPASSIVE, ARRESTING, FREEZING, HOVERED HIS CHINESE BODY-SERVANT, A CREATURE AS UNREAL AS A GNOME.—*"The Conqueror," Page 291.*

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Vol. XXVIII No. 3 Everybody's Magazine March 1913

The CONQUEROR

by

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

AUTHOR OF "THE BELOVED VAGABOND," "SEPTIMUS," "STELLA MARIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMANN C. WALL

MISS WINIFRED GOODE sat in her garden in the shade of a clipped yew, an unopened novel on her lap, and looked at the gabled front of the Tudor house that was hers and had been her family's for many generations.

In that house, Duns Hall, in that room beneath the southernmost gable, she had been born. From that house, save for casual absences rarely exceeding a month in duration, she had never stirred. All the drama, such as it was, of her life had been played in that house, in that garden. Up and down the parapeted stone terrace walked the ghosts of all those who had been dear to her: her father, a vague but cherished memory; a brother and a sister who had died during her childhood; her mother, dead three years since, to whose invalid and somewhat selfish needs she had devoted her full young womanhood.

Another ghost walked there too; but that was the ghost of the living, a young man who had kissed and ridden away, twenty years ago. He had kissed her over there, under the old wistaria arbor at the end of the terrace. What particular meaning he had put into the kiss, loverly, brotherly, cousinly, friendly—for they had played together all their young lives and were distantly connected—she had never been able to determine. In spite of his joy at leaving the lethargic country town of Dunsfield for America, their parting had been sad and sentimental. The kiss at any rate had been, on his side, one of sincere affection, an affection proven afterward by a correspondence of twenty years.

To her the kiss had been—well, the one and only kiss of her life; and she had treasured it in a neat little sacred casket in her heart. Since that far-off day no man had ever showed an inclination to kiss her, which in one way was strange, as she had been pretty and gentle and laughter-loving, qualities attractive to youths in search of a mate. But in another way it was not strange, as mate-seeking youths are rare as angels in Dunsfield, beyond whose limits Miss Goode had seldom strayed. Her

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romance had been one kiss, the girlish dreams of one man.

At first, when he had gone fortune-hunting in America, she had fancied herself broken-hearted; but Time had soon touched her with healing fingers. Of late, freed from the slavery of a querulous bedside, she had grown in love with her unruffled and delicately ordered existence, in which the only irregular things were her herbaceous borders, between which she walked like a prim schoolmistress among a crowd of bright but unruly children. She had asked nothing more from life than what she had—her little duties in the parish, her little pleasures in the neighborhood, her good health, her old house, her trim lawns, her Old World garden, her black cocker spaniels. As it was at forty, she thought, so should it be till the day of her death.

But a month ago had come turmoil. Roger Orme announced his return. Fortune-making in America had tired him. He was coming home to settle down for good in Dunsfield, in the house of his fathers. This was Duns Lodge, whose forty acres marched with the two hundred acres of Duns Hall. The two places were known as "The Lodge" and "The Hall."

About a century since, a younger son of the Hall had married a daughter of the Lodge; whence the remote tie of consanguinity between Winifred Goode and Roger Orme. The Lodge had been let on lease for many years; but now the lease had fallen in and the tenants gone. Roger had arrived in England yesterday. A telegram had bidden her expect him that afternoon. She sat in the garden and stared wistfully at the old gray house, a curious fear in her eyes.

Perhaps, if freakish chance had not brought Mrs. Donovan to Dunsfield on a visit to the rector a day or two after Roger's letter, fear—foolish, shameful, sickening fear—might not have had so dominant a place in her anticipation of his home-coming. Mrs. Donovan was a contemporary, a Dunsfield girl who had married at nineteen and gone out with her husband to India. Winifred Goode remembered a gipsy beauty riotous in the bloom of youth. In the rector's drawing-room she met a gray-haired, yellow-skinned, shriveled caricature; and she looked in the woman's face as in a mirror of awful truth in which she herself was reflected.

From that moment she had known no peace. Gone was her placid acceptance of the footprints of the years; gone her old-maidish pride in dainty, old-maidish dress. She had mixed little with the modern world and held to old-fashioned prejudices which prescribed the outward demeanor appropriate to each decade.

The Countess of Ingleswood, the personage of those latitudes, at the age of fifty showed the fluffy golden hair and peach-bloom cheeks and supple figure of twenty; she wore bright colors and dashing hats and danced and flirted and kept a tame-cattery of adoring young men. Winifred visited with Lady Ingleswood because she believed that in these democratic days it was the duty of county families to outmatch the proletariat in solidarity; but with every protest of her gentlewoman's soul she disapproved of Lady Ingleswood.

Yet now, to her appalling dismay, she saw that, with the aid of paint, powder, and peroxide, Lady Ingleswood had managed to keep young. For thirty years, to Winifred's certain knowledge, she had not altered. The blasting hand that had swept over Madge Donovan's face had passed her by.

Only within the last year, so gossip had it—and gossip was vouched for by a person of no less professional veracity than the rector—the Earl of Ingleswood, in order to stifle scandal, had to obtain a Government appointment in Uganda for a brilliant and impecunious young officer in the Household Cavalry. Winifred hated the taint of the story; but the everlasting Eve in her envied the woman's power of attraction.

She read, with a horrible fascination, loathing herself the while, the hitherto despised advertisements in ladies' papers. They were so alluring; they seemed so convincing. Such a cosmetic used by princesses and actresses restored the roses of girlhood; under such a treatment wrinkles disappeared within a week; such another developed the bust—there were the photographs to prove it. All over London bubbled Fountains of Youth, at a mere guinea or so a dip. Feeling as if she were indulging in some secret shame, she sent for a little battery of washes and powders, and when it arrived she locked herself in her bedroom.

But the sight of the first unaccustomed

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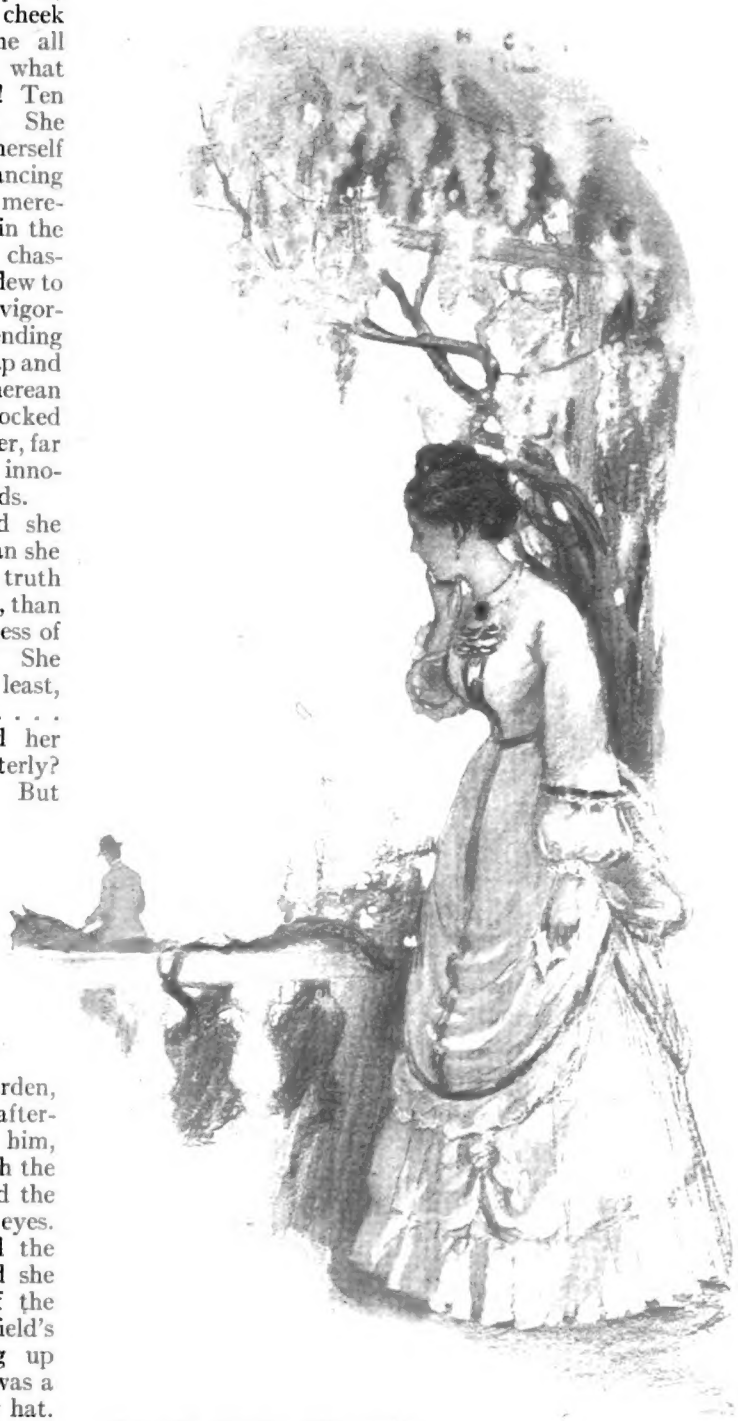
(and unskilfully applied) dab of rouge on her cheek made her face flame all over. She realized what she was doing. No! Ten thousand times no! She would not paint herself like a Jezebel or a dancing woman, so as to be meretriciously attractive in the eyes of a man. Her chastity revolted. She flew to her hand-basin and vigorously washed the offending bloom away with soap and water. The Cytherean paraphernalia she locked safe in a secret drawer, far from the pure and innocent eyes of her maids.

Far sooner would she appear before the man she loved in the withered truth of a Madge Donovan, than in the painted falseness of a Lady Ingleswood. She would meet him, at least, with a stainless soul. . . . And, after all, had her beauty faded so utterly? Her glass said "no." But her glass mocked her, for how could she conjure up the young face of twenty which Roger Orme carried in his mind and compare it with the present image?

She sat in the garden, this blazing July afternoon, waiting for him, her heart beating with the love of years ago, and the shrinking fear in her eyes. Presently, she heard the sound of wheels and she saw the open fly of the Red Lion, Dunsfield's chief hotel, crawling up the drive, and in it was a man wearing a straw hat. She fluttered a timid handkerchief, but the man, not looking in her direction,



HE HAD KISSED HER OVER THERE, UNDER THE OLD WISTARIA ARBOR, AND RIDDEN AWAY, TWENTY YEARS AGO

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did not respond. She crossed the lawn to the terrace, feeling hurt, and entered the drawing-room by the open French window and stood there, her back to the light. Soon he was announced. She went forward to meet him.

"My dear Roger, welcome home."

He laughed, shook her hand in a hearty grip. "It's you, Winifred. How good! Are you glad to see me back?"

"Very glad."

"And I."

"Do you find things changed?"

"Nothing," he declared with a smile. "The house is just the same." He ran his fingers over the corner of a Louis XVI table near which he was standing. "I remember this table in this exact spot; twenty years ago."

"And you have scarcely altered. I should have known you anywhere."

"I should just hope so," said he.

She realized, with a queer little pang, that time had improved the appearance of the man of forty-five. He was tall, strong, erect; few accusing lines marked his clean-shaven, florid, clear-cut face; in his curly brown hair she could not detect a touch of gray. He had a new air of mastery and success which expressed itself in the corners of his firm lips and the steady, humorous gleam in his eyes.

"You must be tired after your hot train journey," she said.

He laughed again. "Tired? After a couple of hours? Now, if it had been a couple of days as we are accustomed to on the other side! But go on talking—just to let me keep on hearing your voice. It's yours—I could have recognized it over a long-distance telephone. You've no idea how delicious it is. And the smell of the room—" he drew in a deep breath—"is you and the English country. I tell you, it's good to be back."

She flushed, his pleasure was so sincere; and she smiled. "But why should we stand? Let me take your hat and stick."

"Why shouldn't we sit in the garden? After my hot and tiring journey." They both laughed. "Is the old wistaria still there, at the end of the terrace?"

She turned her face away. "Yes, still there. Do you remember it?" she asked in a low voice.

"Do you think I could forget it? I remember every turn of the house."

"Let us go outside, then."

She led the way, and he followed to the trellis arbor a few steps from the drawing-room door. The long lavender blooms had gone with the spring, but the luxuriant summer leafage cast a grateful shade. Roger Orme sat in a wicker chair and fanned himself with his straw hat.

"Delightful," he said. "And I smell stocks. It does carry me back. I wonder if I have been away at all."

"I'm afraid you have," said Winifred. "For twenty years."

"Well, I'm not going away again. I've had my share of work. And what's the good of work just to make money? I've made enough. I sold out before I left."

"But in your letters you always said you liked America."

"So I did. It's the only country in the world for the young and eager. If I had been born there I should have no use for Dunsfield. But a man born and bred among old sleepy things has the nostalgia of old sleepy things in his blood. Now tell me about the sleepy old things."

"I think I have written to you about everything that ever happened in Dunsfield," she said.

But still there were gaps to be bridged in the tale of births and marriages and deaths, the main chronicles of the neighborhood. He had a surprising memory, and plucked obscure creatures from the past whom even Winifred had forgotten.

"It's almost miraculous how you remember."

"It's a faculty I've had to cultivate," said he.

They talked about his immediate plans. He was going to put the Lodge into thorough repair, bring everything up to date, lay in electric light and a central heating installation, fix bathrooms wherever bathrooms would go, and find a place somewhere for a billiard-room. His surveyor had already made his report and was to meet him at the house the following morning. As for decorations, curtaining, carpeting, and such like esthetic aspects, he was counting on Winifred's assistance. He thought that blues and browns would harmonize with the oak-paneling in the dining-room. Until the house was ready his headquarters would be the Red Lion.

"You see, I'm going to begin right now," said he.

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"I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU," HE SAID ABRUPTLY. "YOU WOULD HAVE TO FIND OUT SOON, SO YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW NOW."

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She admired his vitality, his certainty of accomplishment. The Hall was still lit by lamps and candles, and although, on her return from a visit, she had often deplored the absence of electric light, she had shrunk from the strain and worry of an innovation; and here was Roger turning the whole house inside out more cheerfully than she would turn out a drawer.

"You'll help me, won't you?" he asked. "I want a home with a touch of the woman in it—I've lived so long in masculine stiffness."

"You know that I should love to do anything I could, Roger," she replied happily.

He remarked again that it was good to be back. No more letters. They were unsatisfactory, after all. He hoped she had not resented his business man's habit of typewriting. This was in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-two, and save for Roger's letters, typewritten documents came as seldom as judgment-summonses to Duns Hall.

"We go ahead in America," said he.

"'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.' I accept it," she said, with a smile.

"What I've longed for in Dunsfield," he said, "is the old order that doesn't change. I don't believe anything has changed."

She plucked up her courage. Now she would challenge him, get it over at once. She would watch his lips as he answered. "I'm afraid I must have changed, Roger."

"In what way?"

"I am no longer twenty."

"Your voice is just the same."

Shocked, she put up her delicate hands. "Don't—it hurts!"

"What?"

"You needn't have put it that way—you might have told a polite lie."

He rose, turned aside, holding the back of the wicker chair. "I've got something to tell you," he said abruptly. "You would have to find out soon, so you may as well know now. But don't be alarmed or concerned. I can't see your face."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been stone blind for fifteen years."

"Blind?"

She sat for some moments paralyzed. It was inconceivable. This man so strong, so alive, so masterful, with the bright face and keen, humorous eyes—and blind! A trivial undercurrent of thought ran subconsciously beneath her horror: she had wondered why he had insisted on sounds and scents, why he had kept his stick in his hand, why he had touched things—tables, window-jambs, chairs; now she knew. Roger went on talking and she heard him in a dream.

He had not informed her when he was stricken, because he had wished to spare her unnecessary anxiety. Also, he was proud, perhaps hard, and resented sympathy. He had made up his mind to win through in spite of his affliction. For some years it had been the absorbing passion of his life. He had won through like many another, and as the irreparable detachment of the retina had not disfigured his eyes, it was his joy to go through the world like a seeing man, hiding his blindness from the casual observer. By dictated letter he could never have made her understand how trifling a matter it was.

"And I've deceived even you," he laughed.

Tears had been rolling down her cheeks. At his laugh she gave way. An answering choke, hysterical, filled her throat, and she burst into a fit of sobbing. He laid his hand tenderly on her head.

"My dear, don't. I'm the happiest man alive. And as for eyes, I'm rich enough to buy a hundred pairs. I'm a perfect Argus."

But Winifred Goode wept uncontrollably. There was deep pity for him in her heart; but—never to be revealed to mortal—there was also horrible, terrifying joy. She gripped her hands and sobbed frantically to keep herself from laughter. A woman's sense of humor is often cruel, only to be awakened by tragic incongruities. She had passed through her month's agony and shame for a blind man.

At last she mastered herself. "Forgive me, dear Roger. It was a dreadful shock. Blindness has always been to me too awful for thought—like being buried alive."

"Not a bit of it," he said cheerily. "I've run a successful business in the dark—real estate—buying and selling and developing land, you know—a thing which requires a man to keep a sharp lookout and which he couldn't do if he were buried alive. It's a confounded nuisance, I admit. But so is gout."

The maid appeared with the tea-tray, which she put on a rustic table. It was then that Winifred noticed the little proud awkwardnesses of the blind man. There was pathos in his insistent disregard of his

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HE SEEMED TO LAY A RELENTLESS GRIP ON ALL THOSE WITH WHOM HE CAME IN CONTACT AND COMPEL THEM TO THE EXPRESSION OF HIMSELF.

affliction. The imperfectly cut lower half of a watercress sandwich fell on his coat and stayed there. She longed to pick it off, but did not dare, for fear of hurting him. He began to talk again of the house, the scheme of decoration.

"Oh, it all seems so sad," she cried.

"What?"

"You'll not be able to see the beautiful things."

"Good heavens!" he retorted, "do you think I am quite devoid of imagination? And do you suppose no one will enter the house but myself?"

"I never thought of that," she admitted.

"As for the interior, I've got the plan in my head and could walk about it now blindfold—only that's unnecessary; and when it's all fixed up, I'll have a ground model made of every room showing every piece of furniture, so that when I get in I'll know the size, shape, color, quality of every blessed thing in the house. You see if I don't."

"These gifts are a merciful dispensation of Providence."

"Maybe," said he, dryly. "Only they were about the size of bacteria when I started, and it took me years of incessant toil to develop them."

He asked to be shown around the garden. She took him up the graveled walks beside her gay borders and her roses, telling him the names and varieties of the flowers. Once he stopped and frowned.

"I've lost my bearings. We ought to be

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passing under the shade of the old walnut tree."

"You are quite right," she said, marveling at his accuracy. "It stood a few steps back; but it was blown clean down three years ago. It had been dead for a long time."

He chuckled as he strolled on. "There's nothing makes me so mad as to be mistaken."

Some time later on their return to the terrace he held out his hand.

"But you'll stay for dinner, Roger," she exclaimed. "I can't bear to think of you spending your first evening at home in that awful Red Lion."

"That's very dear of you, Winnie," he said, evidently touched by the softness in her voice. "I'll dine with pleasure; but I must get off some letters first. I'll come back. You've no objection to my bringing my man with me?"

"Why, of course not." She laid her hand lightly on his arm. "Oh, Roger dear, I wish I could tell you how sorry I am, how my heart aches for you."

"Don't worry," he said. "Don't worry a little bit, and, if you really want to help me, never let me feel that you notice I'm blind. Forget it, as I do."

"I'll try," she said.

"That's right." He held her hand for a second or two, kissed it, and dropped it abruptly. "God bless you!" said he. "It's good to be with you again."

When he had gone, Winifred Goode returned to her seat by the clipped yew, and cried a little, after the manner of women. And after the manner of women she dreamed dreams, oblivious of the flight of time, till her maid came out and hurried her indoors.

She dressed with elaborate care, in her best and costliest, and wore more jewels than she would have done had her guest been of normal sight, feeling oddly shaken by the thought of his intense imaginative vision. In trying to fasten the diamond clasp of a velvet band round her neck, her fingers trembled so much that the maid came to her assistance. Her mind was in a whirl. Roger had left her a headstrong, dissatisfied boy. He had returned, the romantic figure of a conqueror, all the more romantic and conquering by reason of his triumph over the powers of darkness.

In his deep affection she knew her place was secure. The few hours she had passed with him had shown her that he was a man trained in the significance not only of words but also of his attitude toward individual men and women. He would not have said "God bless you" unless he meant it. She appreciated to the full his masculine strength; she took to her heart his masculine tenderness; she had a woman's pity for his affliction; she felt unregenerate exultancy at the undetected crime of lost beauty; and yet she feared him on account of the vanished sense. She loved him with a passionate recrudescence of girlish sentiment; but the very thing that might have, that ought to have, inflamed all her woman's soul and thrown her reckless into his arms, raised between them an impalpable barrier against which she dreaded lest she might be dashed and bruised.

At dinner this feeling was intensified. Roger made little or no allusion to his blindness; he talked with the ease of the cultivated man of the world. He had humor, gaiety, charm. In a few flashing yet subtle questions he learned what she wore. The diamond clasp to the black velvet band he recognized as having been her mother's. He complimented her delicately on her appearance, as if he saw her clearly, in the adorable twilight beauty that was really hers.

There were moments when it seemed impossible that he should be blind. But behind his chair, silent, impassive, arresting, freezing, hovered his Chinese body-servant, capped, pigtailed, loosely clad in white, a creature as unreal in Dunsfield as gnome or merman, who, with the unobtrusiveness of a shadow from another world, served, in the mechanics of the meal, as an accepted, disregarded, and unnoticed pair of eyes for his master. The noble Tudor dining-room, with its great carved oak chimney-piece, its stately gilt-framed portraits, its Jacobean sideboards and presses, all in the gloom of the spent illumination of the candles on the daintily set table, familiar to her from her earliest childhood, part of her conception of the cosmos, part of her very self, seemed metamorphosed into the unreal, the phantasmagoric, by the presence of this white-clad, exotic figure—not a man, but an eery embodiment of the sense of sight.

Her reason told her that the Chinese servant was but an ordinary serving-man, performing minutely specified duties for a

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generous wage. But the duties were performed magically, like conjurer's tricks. It was practically impossible to say who cut up Roger's meat, who helped him to salt or to vegetables, who guided his hand unerringly to the wine-glass. So abnormally exquisite was the co-ordination between the two that Roger seemed to have the man under mesmeric control. The idea bordered on the monstrous. Winifred shivered through the dinner, in spite of Roger's bright talk, and gratefully welcomed the change to the drawing-room, whither the white-vestured automaton did not follow.

"Will you do me a favor, Winnie?" he asked during the evening. "Meet me at the Lodge to-morrow at eleven and help me interview these building people. Then you can have a finger in the pie from the very start."

She said somewhat tremulously: "Why do you want me to have a finger in the pie?"

"Good Lord!" he cried, "aren't you the only human creature in this country I care a straw about?"

"Is that true, Roger?"

"Sure," said he. After a little span of silence he laughed. "People on this side don't say 'sure.' That's sheer American."

"I like it," said Winifred.

When he parted from her he again kissed her hand and again said "God bless you." She accompanied him to the hall, where the Chinaman, ghostly in the dimness, was awaiting him with hat and coat. Suddenly she felt that she abhorred the Chinaman.

That night she slept but little, striving to analyze her feelings. Of one fact only did the dawn bring certainty: that for all her love for him, for all his charm, for all his tenderness toward her, during dinner she had feared him horribly.

She saw him the next morning in a new and yet oddly familiar phase. He was attended by his secretary, a pallid man with a pencil, note-book, and documents, ghostly, automatic, forever at his elbow, during their wanderings with the surveyor through the bare and desolate old house.

She saw the master of men at work, accurate in every detail of a comprehensive scheme, abrupt, imperious, denying difficulties with harsh impatience. He leaned over his secretary and pointed to portions of the report just as if he could read them, and ordered their modification.

"Mr. Withers," he said once to the surveyor, who was raising objections, "I always get what I want because I make dead sure that what I want is attainable. I'm not an idealist. If I say a thing is to be done, it has got to be done, and it's up to you, or to some one else, to do it."

They went through the house from furnace to garret, the pallid secretary ever at Roger's elbow, ever rendering him imperceptible services, ever identifying himself with the sightless man, mysteriously following his thoughts, co-ordinating his individuality with that of his master. He was less a man than a trained faculty, like the Chinese servant. And again Winifred shivered and felt afraid.

More and more during the weeks that followed did she realize the iron will and irresistible force of the man she loved. He seemed to lay a relentless grip on all those with whom he came in contact and compel them to the expression of himself.

Only toward her was he gentle and considerate. Many times she accompanied him to London to the great shops, the self-effacing secretary shadow-like at his elbow, and discussed with him colors and materials, and he listened to her with affectionate deference. She often noticed that the secretary translated into other terms her description of things. This irritated her, and once she suggested leaving him behind. Surely, she urged, she could do all that was necessary. He shook his head.

"No, my dear," he said very kindly. "Jukes sees for me. I shouldn't like you to do so in the way Jukes does."

She was the only person from whom he would take advice or suggestion, and she rendered him great service in the tasteful equipment of the house and in the engagement of a staff of servants. So free a hand did he allow her in certain directions, so deliberately did he withdraw from her sphere of operations, that she was puzzled. It was not until later when she knew him better that the picture vaguely occurred to her of him caressing her tenderly with one hand and holding the rest of the world by the throat with the other.

On the day when he took up his residence in the new home they walked together through the rooms. In high spirits, boyishly elated, he gave her an exhibition of his marvelous gifts of memory, minutely describing each bit of furniture and its

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position in every room, the color scheme, the texture of curtains, the pictures on the walls, the knickknacks on mantelpieces and tables. And when he had done he put his arm around her shoulders.

"But for you, Winnie," said he, "this would be the dreariest possible kind of place. But the spirit of you pervades it and makes it a fragrant paradise."

The words and tone were lover-like and so was his clasp. She felt very near him, very happy, and her heart throbbed quickly. She was ready to give her life to him.

"You are making me a proud woman," she murmured.

He patted her shoulder and laughed as he released her. "I only say what's true, my dear," he replied, and then abruptly skipped from sentiment to practical talk.

Winifred had a touch of dismay and disappointment. Tears started which she wiped away furtively. She had made up her mind to accept him, in spite of Wang Fu and Mr. Jukes, if he should make her a proposal of marriage. She had been certain that the moment had come. But he made no proposal.

She waited. She waited a long time. In the meanwhile she continued to be Roger's intimate friend and eagerly sought companion. One day his highly paid and efficient housekeeper came to consult her. The woman desired to give notice. Her place was too difficult. She could scarcely believe the master was blind. He saw too much, he demanded too much. She could say nothing explicit, save that she was frightened. She wept, after the nature of upset housekeepers. Winifred soothed her and advised her not to throw up so lucrative a post, and as soon as she had an opportunity she spoke to Roger. He laughed his usual careless laugh.

"They all begin that way with me, but after a while they're broken in. You did quite right to tell Mrs. Strode to stay."

And after a few months Winifred saw a change in Mrs. Strode, and not only in Mrs. Strode, but in all the servants whom she had engaged. They worked the household like parts of a flawless machine. They grew to be imperceptible, shadowy, automatic, like Wang Fu and Mr. Jukes.

The months passed and melted into years. Roger Orme became a great personage in the neighborhood. He interested himself in local affairs, served on the Urban District Council and on boards innumerable. They made him mayor of Dunsfield. He subscribed largely to charities and entertained on a sumptuous scale. He ruled the little world, setting a ruthless heel on proud necks and making the humble his instruments. Mr. Jukes died and other secretaries came, and those who were not instantly dismissed grew to be like Mr. Jukes. In the course of time Roger entered Parliament as member for the division. He became a force in politics, in public affairs. In the appointment of Royal Commissions, Committees of Inquiry, his name was the first to occur to ministers, and he was invariably respected, dreaded, and hated by his colleagues.

"Why do you work so hard, Roger?" Winifred would ask.

He would say with one of his laughs: "Because there's a dynamo in me that I can't stop."

And all these years Miss Winifred Goode stayed at Duns Hall, leading her secluded, lavender-scented life when Roger was in London, and playing hostess for him with diffident graciousness when he entertained at the Lodge. His attitude toward her never varied, his need of her never lessened.

He never asked her to be his wife. At first she wondered, pined a little; and then, like a brave, proud woman, put the matter behind her. But she knew that she counted for much in his strange existence, and the knowledge comforted her. And as the years went on, and all the lingering shreds of youth left her, and she grew gracefully into the old lady, she came to regard her association with him as a spiritual marriage.

Then, after twenty years, the dynamo wore out the fragile tenement of flesh. Roger Orme, at sixty-five, broke down and lay on his death-bed. One day he sent for Miss Winifred Goode.

She entered the sick-room, a woman of sixty, white-haired, wrinkled, with only the beauty of a serene step across the threshold of old age. He bade the nurse leave them alone and put out his hand and held hers as she sat beside the bed.

"What kind of a day is it, Winnie?"

"As if you didn't know! You've been told, I'm sure, twenty times."

"What does it matter what other people

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say? I want to get at the day through you."

"It's bright and sunny—a perfect day of early summer."

"What things are out?"

"The may and the laburnum and the lilac——"

"And the wistaria?"

"Yes, the wistaria."

"It's forty years ago, dear, and your voice is just the same. And to me you have always been the same. I can see you as you sit there, with your dear, sensitive face, the creamy cheek, in which the blood comes and goes—oh, God! so different from the blowsy, hard-featured girls of nowadays, who could not blush if—well—well—I know 'em, although I'm blind—I'm Argus, you know, dear. Yes, I can see you with your soft brown eyes and pale-brown hair waved over your pure brow—there is a fascinating little kink on the left-hand side. Let me feel it."

She drew her head away, frightened. Then suddenly she remembered with a pang of thankfulness that the queer little kink had defied the years, though the pale-brown hair was white. She guided his hand and he felt the kink and he laughed in his old, exultant way.

"Don't you think I'm a miracle, Winnie?"

"You're the most wonderful man living," she said.

"I sha'n't be living long. No, my dear, don't talk platitudes. I know. I'm busted. And I'm glad I'm going before I begin to dodder. A seeing dodderer is bad enough; but a blind dodderer's only fit for the dunghill. I've lived my life. I've proved to this stupendous clot of ignorance that is humanity that a blind man can guide them wherever he likes. You know I refused a knighthood—any swine of a cheating tradesman can buy a knighthood—the only knighthoods that count are those that are given to artists and writers and men of science—and if I could live I'd raise hell over the matter and make a differentiation in the titles of honor between the great man and the rascally cheesemonger——"

"My dear," said Miss Winifred Goode, "don't get so excited."

"I'm only saying, Winnie, that I refused a knighthood. But—what I haven't told you, what I'm supposed to keep a dead secret—if I could live a few weeks longer—and I sha'n't—I should be a Privy Councilor—a thing worth being. I've had the official intimation—a thing that can't be bought. God Almighty, if I were a younger man and there was the life in me, I should be the Prime Minister of this country! The first great blind ruler that ever was in the world. Think of it. But I don't want anything now. I'm done. I'm glad. The whole caboodle is but leather and prunella. There is only one thing in the world that is of any importance."

"What is that, dear?" she asked quite

THE WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN LOOKED AT THE OLD FACE WORKING PASSIONATELY, AND SHE FELT ONCE MORE THE DEADLY FEAR OF HIM.

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innocently, accustomed to, but never familiar with, his vehement paradox.

"Love," said he.

He gripped her hand hard. There passed a few seconds of tense silence.

"Winnie dear," he said at last, "will you kiss me?"

She bent forward and he put his arm round her neck and drew her to him. They kissed each other on the lips.

"It's forty years since I kissed you, dear. That day under the wistaria. And now I'm dying, I can tell you. I've loved you all the time, Winnie. I'm a tough nut, as you know, and whatever I do, I do intensely. I've loved you intensely, furiously."

She turned her head away, unable to bear the living look in the sightless eyes.

"Why did you never tell me?" she asked in a low voice.

"Would you have married me?"

"You know I would, Roger."

"At first I vowed I would say nothing," he said, after a pause, "until I had a fit home to offer you. Then the blindness came and I vowed I wouldn't speak until I had conquered the helplessness of my affliction. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but when you came home, a conqueror——"

"I loved you too much to marry you. You were far too dear and precious to come into the intimacy of my life. Haven't you seen what happened to all those who did?" He raised his old, knotted hands, clenched tightly. "I squeezed them dry. I couldn't help it. My blindness made me a coward. It has been hell. The darkness never ceased to frighten me. I lied when I said it didn't matter. I stretched out my hands like tentacles and gripped every one within reach, in a kind of madness of self-preservation. I made them give up their souls and their senses to me. It was some ghastly hypnotic power I seemed to have. When I had got them they lost volition, individuality, they were about as living creatures to me as my arm or my foot. Don't you see?"

The white-haired woman looked at the old face working passionately and she felt once more the deadly fear of him.

"But with me it would have been different," she faltered. "You say you loved me."

"That's the devil of it, my sweet, beautiful Winnie, it wouldn't have been different. I would have squeezed you too, reduced you to the helpless thing that did my bidding; sucked your life's blood from you. I couldn't have resisted. So I kept you away. Have I ever asked you to use your eyes for me?"

Her memory traveled down the years and she was amazed. She remembered Mr. Jukes at the great shops and many similar incidents that had puzzled her.

"No," she said.

There was a short silence. The muscles of his face relaxed and the old, sweet smile came over it. He reached again for her hand and caressed it tenderly.

"By putting you out of my life, I kept you, dear. I kept you as the one beautiful human thing I had. Every hour of happiness I have had for the last twenty years has come through you."

She said tearfully: "You have been very good to me, Roger."

"It's a queer mix-up, isn't it?" he said after a pause. "Most people would say that I've ruined your life. If it hadn't been for me you might have married, had children and so on."

"No, dear," she replied. "I've had a very full and happy life."

The nurse came into the room to signify the end of the visit and found them hand in hand like lovers.

He laughed. "Nurse," said he, "you see a dying but a damned happy old man."

Two days afterward Roger Orme died. On the afternoon of the funeral Miss Winifred Goode sat in the old garden in the shade of the clipped yew and looked at the house in which she had been born and in which she had passed her sixty years of life, and at the old wistaria beneath which he had kissed her forty years ago. She smiled and murmured aloud:

"No. I would not have had a single thing different."

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The DOG'S *turn*

by
Mary
Sigsbee
Ker

Verses by
Burges
Johnson

THEY'RE at me all the day,
There's not an hour between!
I have no times for play—
I scarce know what they mean,
For all my time is taken up in being gotten clean.

They start to brush and scrub
When first my clothes I don;
All day they comb and rub,
And brush my teeth anon;
At five o'clock I have a bath while company looks on.

Now, Pete! Don't leave this spot
Until I've gotten through.
The things that hurt a lot
Are what is best for you—
I guess what's good for baby boys is good for doggies too.

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"THIS PLACE *has* CHANGED HANDS"

By

FREDERIC J. HASKIN

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT"

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHEN Woodrow Wilson at high noon on the fourth of March repeats after Chief Justice White the words of the solemn oath to defend the Constitution of the United States as the President of the republic, the big, fundamental fact of republican government—the right and the ability of the people to choose their own public servants—again will have been vindicated.

"This place has changed hands" will be true of every part and parcel of the great Federal Government; but the fact will remain that the ultimate ownership has not changed and that the tenant occupies his position only at the pleasure of the owner.

It is a tremendous change—a change in policy and politics, in personality and psychology. Every man of the nearly half million civil servants of the Government will feel it, every citizen of the ninety million Americans will sense it.

It is such a change as has come but seldom in our later history. Buchanan yielded the presidency to Lincoln in 1861, and the great Democratic party that had suffered but two defeats in a half century gave way to the new-born Republican party. And now Taft yields to Wilson, and the great Republican party that has suffered but two other defeats in this last half century steps aside for its ancient enemy.

Not since McKinley succeeded Cleveland has there been a real change of administration at Washington. McKinley succeeded himself in 1901 and then Roosevelt became president when McKinley died. When he was inaugurated in his own right there was, of course, no change of administration. Four years ago Taft succeeded Roosevelt; but as Taft had been a part of the official Roosevelt family and as familiar at the White House as if he already belonged there, it was not a real change of administration. That is, any change then recognized was but a psychological phenomenon, not more marked than the change from the first Roosevelt administration to

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THE WHITE HOUSE

THE PRESIDENT WHO WILL ENTER IT IN 1913 WILL SIGN APPROPRIATION BILLS AUTHORIZING THE EXPENDITURE OF A HUNDRED TIMES AS MUCH MONEY AS WAS APPROVED BY THE PRESIDENT WHO OCCUPIED IT IN 1813.

he second. The changes have come since.

But now the change is complete. A Democrat succeeds a Republican. A radical succeeds a conservative. If a governmental policy is changed or an administrative method revised, it will occasion no surprise or comment—it is expected. This is the reverse of the situation when a Republican succeeds another Republican. In one but matters of routine will the dead hand of the Taft administration hinder the moving fingers of the Wilson régime.

That is why the change is important—it is a change of party. It will mean that a different variety of visitors will seek the White House, a different atmosphere will pervade the Capitol, a new interest attach to Washington gossip, a fresh crop of issues arise.

The most humble clerk in the whole Government service will be on notice that the way he has done his particular bit for fifteen years may be entirely wrong—he will expect new orders.

The most powerful bureau chief will know that his established methods are now subject to overhaul.

Things that have been orthodox become heresy, whispers grow into shouts, and shouts diminish into whispers.

Prominent men retire to muse on their former powers and obscure men push forward into the blaze of publicity. Unknowns become well-knowns, and the whole political nation is forced to get acquainted with itself anew.

But despite the far-reaching effect of these changes of policy and psychology, despite the fact that the whole system of government will run fluid on that day, gradually to set itself again in another and a different mold, there is one thing that will change comparatively little—the personnel.

For the most part, the servants of the Government who will carry into action the plans and purposes of the Wilson administration will be the same persons who obeyed the injunctions of Taft and Roosevelt.

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THE CAPITOL

HERE CONGRESS MAKES THE NATION'S LAWS AND THE SUPREME COURT INTERPRETS THEM. THE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES AND THEIR MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND ASSISTANTS GRIND OUT OF THE FORTY THOUSAND BILLS OF EACH CONGRESS SOME EIGHT HUNDRED PUBLIC LAWS AND AS MANY MORE OF A PRIVATE NATURE.

Thousands of them will be the same who served McKinley and Cleveland. There are even those who served Pierce and Buchanan, and not a few who labored for the great Lincoln.

But one in twenty of the Government servants in the civil establishment will be changed. Fewer than a score in the military branch will be supplanted by new men of the new administration.

"To the victor belong the spoils" has not been an idle phrase in American politics, and the hordes of office-seekers now invading Washington prove that it has not lost its lure. But what doth it profit a man whose only qualification is political to seek an office whose only requirement is scientific?

Actually it will happen like this: The White House staff will wear its frock coats and its high hats and will be a little nervous. Mr. Taft will shake hands all round and tell everybody good-by. There will be some nice little speeches, but all very informal. Mr. Wilson will be driven over from his hotel and will be introduced to some of the White House staff. Nobody will be very much at ease except, perhaps, Mr. Taft. Then will begin the ride up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol.

A few hours later President Wilson will drive back down the avenue, go into the White House offices, and sit down in a big chair. "This place has changed hands."

On a smaller scale the same thing will happen in the offices of each of the nine members of the Cabinet. And everybody else will wait—simply wait. They know of experience that the real changes will come later.

The principal changes in the Government occasioned by the advent of President Wilson will occur, of course, in the executive branch, over which he personally presides. The moment he takes the oath of office the whole executive administration ceases to exist. The Taft Cabinet will go out with its chief, its members placing their resignations in Mr. Wilson's hands at the earliest

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THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING

THREE OF THE NINE DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT ARE CROWDED INTO THIS BUILDING. THE STATE DEPARTMENT WILL PROBABLY SEE MORE CHANGES BY REASON OF THE CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION THAN ANY OTHER. NO OTHER DEPARTMENT HAS SO FEW EMPLOYEES UNDER THE CLASSIFIED CIVIL SERVICE.

onvenient moment after his inauguration, r, as sometimes is done, placing them in ıe hands of the outgoing President and xing the date of their taking effect upon ıe qualification of their successors.

The Senate will promptly confirm the ew Cabinet. After the time-ball on the tate, War, and Navy Building falls at noon ı the fourth of March, none of the out-›ing Cabinet officers will feel free to exer-se any governmental function. On the her hand, their successors may not sign a ıgle document until the Senate has con-med them and the oath of office has been ministered to them. Between these two nes there will be a slight interregnum, t within a few hours the business of the ›vernment will be resumed and the ma-inery will begin to revolve just as if noth-; had happened.

Outgoing Cabinet officers have acted ›ng different lines in the past. Some of em, with perfunctory politeness, have ned over their offices and records to their successors without remaining to acquaint them at all with the work of their departments. Others have stayed in Washington for several days to help their successors to become acquainted with what has been done, what is being done, and with the things proposed to be done.

When this second method of succession is followed, the new Cabinet officer has comparatively smooth sailing. If the other policy is pursued, he finds himself seated in a big chair, at a big desk, in a big room, mechanically signing papers about which he knows nothing, and in such numbers that he can not take the time to inquire. Then the entire order of governmental procedure is reversed: the messengers become the executive minds of the departments for the moment—the secretary signs as they direct.

Some incoming Cabinet officers assume their position with a feeling that everything in the department has been run on a wrong basis and must be changed at once. Without knowing anything about the reasons

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for this or that way of doing things, they start in to make reforms, and there is rough sledding throughout the department for a while. Other Cabinet officers assume that things can be improved, if at all, only after an intelligent and comprehensive study of a departmental situation. They usually have little trouble in their work.

Generally the assistant secretaries of the various departments tender their resignations to their outgoing chiefs to take effect upon the confirmation of their successors. This permits them to stay in the department as long as the incoming secretary needs them to help him gather up the threads of administration, while at the same time it relieves him of all embarrassment in the selection of their successors. It is often days, sometimes weeks, and not seldom months before all the assistant secretaries and other non-classified-service officials of a new administration in each of the departments are changed. The changes are brought about gradually, so that there is as little interruption to public business as possible.

The patronage of the President is not as large as most people presume. In the civil branch of the Government there are less than 11,000 people directly depending upon him for appointment, and nearly 9,000 of these are postmasters of the first, second, and third classes. While he has the power to remove practically every one of the more than 400,000 employees in the executive service, his appointing power is limited to less than 11,000 offices.

It affects about 450 people under the State Department, practically all of these being in the diplomatic and consular service; some 750 in the Treasury Department, the majority of them collectors of customs and other public officials; some 400 in the Department of Justice, the majority of them being United States district attorneys, marshals, and the like. He has only about a dozen people to appoint in the Navy Department, 275 in the Interior Department, about a half dozen in the Department of Agriculture, and less than fifty in the Department of Commerce and Labor. He also has the power of appointing members of many of the big commissions, the

THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE
THE OPERATION OF THIS PRINT-SHOP COSTS SIX MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR, AND IT EMPLOYS A FORCE OF FOUR THOUSAND PEOPLE. IT SETS UP A MILLION PAGES OF TYPE, MAKES A BILLION IMPRESSIONS, AND USES TWENTY-FOUR TONS OF PRINTER'S INK EVERY YEAR.
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Librarian of Congress, the Public Printer, and a number of other important officers.

All of these appointments can be made only "with the advice and consent" of the Senate. In addition to these there are approximately a thousand positions, the majority of them of minor importance, which he fills without the confirmation of the Senate.

The change of administration does not represent such a general shaking-up among the several departments of the Government as it did even sixteen years ago, and is totally different from the changes which occurred in the flowery days of the "spoils system." The Civil Service Commission is regarded as supreme in the appointment of more than three-fourths of the people in the employ of the Government, and of the remaining positions a large proportion are simply unskilled-labor jobs which are never affected by changes of administration.

The Treasury Department, for instance, had at a recent date 27,879 employees on its rolls, and out of these 27,093 were under civil-service rules. In the Interior Department there were 14,262, of whom 13,938 were under civil-service rules. The Department of Commerce and Labor had 14,883 employees, of whom 14,797 were under the civil service.

On the other hand, the Post-Office Department at that time had 272,000 employees, of whom 147,000 were under civil-service regulations; the Department of Justice had 5,700 people on its rolls, of whom only 25 were under civil service, and the Department of State had 177 civil-service employees and 535 presidential employees.

The civil-service laws have produced an immense army of Government employees who, though administrations come and administrations go, continue to go on forever. Going through the departments one may find some thirty thousand who have seen from ten to nineteen years of service. Perhaps five thousand have seen a quarter of a century of service under Uncle Sam, while nearly two thousand have spent more than a third of a century in his employ. It is not exceptional to find those who have been out in the Government service for more than forty years, there being nearly four

THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT

AN ARMY OF THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND HANDLERS OF UNCLE SAM'S MAIL GETS ITS ORDERS FROM THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THIS STRUCTURE. SOME ONE HAS SAID THAT ITS ARCHITECTURE IS NOT FROZEN MUSIC BUT RATHER A SHUDDER IN STONE

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THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

UNDER THIS DEPARTMENT, TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE ARE EMPLOYED IN THIS BUILDING, FIVE THOUSAND OUTSIDE OF IT IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, AND TWENTY THOUSAND OUTSIDE OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. BESIDES MAKING MONEY, THE DEPARTMENT COLLECTS CUSTOMS AND REVENUES, DESIGNS AND MAINTAINS PUBLIC BUILDINGS, AND SUPERVISES THE NATIONAL BANKS.

hundred who have to their credit between forty and fifty years of faithful service under Uncle Sam. There are, perhaps, twenty-five whose careers under the Government have passed the half-century mark, and some of these have served as much as sixty years.

There is Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State, who began his career forty-two years ago as secretary of the legation at Madrid. For thirty years he has served the nation as an Assistant Secretary of State, with brief periods as the head of that important department.

The change of administration in the legislative branch of the Government will take place in the Senate, the House having enjoyed its opportunity of reorganization two years ago. While Congress has gladly applied the civil-service doctrine to every position in the executive branch for which the President has asked it, the employees of the House and Senate still are largely the creatures of political changes.

But, in spite of the unwillingness of the Senate and House to forego their patronage in the appointment of 3,000 or more attachés at the Capitol, there are those officials who have made themselves so valuable that neither party change nor the demands for patronage can affect them. All during the long era of Republican control of the House, ended two years ago, James C. Courts of Tennessee, a Democrat, was clerk of the Committee on Appropriations. He has survived a half dozen changes of party in the House.

There will be no immediate change in the judiciary with the coming in of the Wilson administration. The judges of the Federal courts of the land, of whom there are 197, are independent of party changes. It is only when there is a vacancy, or a new judgeship is created, that an incoming President has an opportunity to appoint a Federal judge. One of the judges of the Supreme Court, Oliver Wendell Holmes, already has reached the age where he may

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THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT

THIS BUILDING IS THE GOVERNMENT'S CARRY-ALL FOR UNRELATED BUREAUS: CONSERVATION, PUBLIC LANDS, PATENTS, PENSIONS, INDIAN AFFAIRS, EDUCATION, GEOLOGY, RECLAMATION, MINING. IT REQUIRES A FORCE OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND PEOPLE TO ADMINISTER THE AFFAIRS OF THIS DEPARTMENT.

retire on full pay. Mr. Justice McKenna will pass the allotted threescore and ten in August of this year. Mr. Justice Lurton will be eligible for retirement next year. Chief Justice White may elect to retire to private life in 1915. Comparatively few of the Supreme Court judges have retired when they have reached the age limit at which the law gives them the privilege. Usually only those who lack good health take advantage of the statute which entles them to full compensation and retirement from service at the age of seventy.

The tendency during recent administrations has been toward a great simplification the routine of the various executive departments, and this has served to reduce the burden of letter-writing and documentsigning. In the White House itself a constant effort is made to relieve the President all unnecessary signing of his name. Yet, despite the best system evolved, he finds himself under the necessity of signing his name some twenty thousand times a year.

In handling the correspondence of the President most of the routine matter never reaches his personal attention. Some of the letters which come to the White House do not even demand the attention of the President's secretary. What letters the chief executive does get, except those of a personal or important nature, are laid upon his desk, and he either dictates a few words to indicate the nature of the reply or writes a word or two on them himself. For instance, on the hundreds of letters received inviting him to attend various functions, he usually writes either the word "accepts" or the word "regrets." The secretarial force expands these notes into letters of proper form.

More than half of the signatures required of the President during his term of office are placed upon commissions, laws, examining and retiring board certifications, and the like. It formerly was the custom at the Capitol to pass some six thousand individual pension bills a year. The President had

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THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THIRTEEN THOUSAND PEOPLE HERE HELP IN THE WORK OF INSTRUCTING THE AMERICAN FARMER. WHEN CONGRESS MADE AN APPROPRIATION FOR AN AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, "UNCLE JIMMY" WILSON USED THE MONEY TO BUILD TWO WINGS, AND THEN INVITED CONGRESS TO BUILD THE CENTRAL PART WHEN IT GOT READY.

to sign each one of these. Mr. Roosevelt induced Congress to pass its private bills in omnibus form—that is, with one enacting clause for several hundreds of individual bills. This has lightened the work of the President very much.

Among the executive departments the tendency has been to shift the burden of signing documents from the head of the department to his immediate assistants. For instance, in the Treasury Department thousands of letters are written each month and signed by the assistant secretaries. They always use the phrase "By direction of the Secretary of the Treasury."

The secretary himself has to sign his name from 150 to 205 times each day. Some of the assistant secretaries frequently have to sign their names as many as six hundred times a day.

Perhaps the heaviest name-signer in the Government service is the Chief of the Division of Book-keeping and Warrants of the Treasury Department. No warrant on the Treasury can be paid which does not bear his signature.

The civil machinery of the American Government gives employment to more than 450,000 people. During the four years of the Wilson administration their aggregate salaries will amount to more than a billion and a half dollars. The extensiveness and versatility of this machine tax the powers of description. No mountain hovel is so remote as not to come in contact with it on every passing day; no human being dwells under its flag who is not consciously or unconsciously affected by its touch in every hour.

This machine studies bumble-bees, and trains soldiers; it tells the housewife how to boil beef, and it constructs a Panama Canal; it approves the appropriation of a billion dollars at a single session of Congress, and carries a picture post-card to the Philippines for one cent; it patches a mailbag and studies the solar constant with equal facility.

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Nor is this great civil machine the only one of which President Wilson will take control when he solemnly declares, "So help me God." That act makes him commander-in-chief of the army and the navy of the United States. Here are another 150,000 men over whom he assumes ultimate control. And in the exercise of this military power he must supervise the expenditure of nearly $300,000,000 a year. Then, also, within the boundaries of Uncle Sam's dominions there live 16,000,000 men who belong to the unorganized militia of the country. With the change of rule, the power comes to the Democratic party to declare war and to call these 16,000,000 men to the standards of the country for its defense and its honor.

The big fact brought into prominence by the forthcoming change of administration is the remarkable growth of the Government in the sixteen years that have passed since the Democrats surrendered their control to the Republicans in 1897. During that time the size of the civil establishment of the United States has more than doubled. When Mr. Cleveland gave over the reins of Government to Mr. McKinley, approximately 212,000 people found employment in the operation of the civil establishment of the nation; to-day it requires 450,000 to man it properly. Then the postal service gave employment to 134,000 people; to-day it gives employment to 275,000.

Then the annual salary list of the civil service amounted to $200,000,000 a year; to-day it amounts to more than $400,000,000 annually. Then we were spending some $80,000,000 a year for the army and navy; to-day our national defense costs us three and one-half times as much.

The bulk of this expansion has not been due to the growth of population. The American people are demanding more and more at the hands of their Government. While during these sixteen years the population has increased only two-sevenths, the expenditures have doubled.

When Mr. Cleveland retired from office rural free delivery was only an experiment; to-day there are upward of 40,000 carriers traveling more than a billion miles a year, carrying mail to the rural population. Then a national pure-food law was only a dream in the minds of men who lived ahead of their time; to-day such a law protects every one of the ninety million Americans. Then meat inspection was only such as the packers themselves were willing to make; now every abattoir and packing-house in the country has its corps of Government inspectors.

It cost the United States and France $200,000,000 and eight years' time to achieve the freedom of the American colonies; Woodrow Wilson, with all his love of peace, will approve expenditures for the army and navy during each year of his administration which will be greater than the entire cost of the Revolutionary War.

And yet one need but study the public bills introduced into Congress, providing this and that new line of governmental activity, to discover that Uncle Sam could, without difficulty, spend twice as much as is spent to-day and still fall short of meeting the demands upon Congress by half.

And beyond question it is true that it would be to the interest of all the people if the Government were to extend its health agencies, its agencies for regulating commerce, its agencies for carrying the gospel of good-farming and of conservation to all the people. The one regrettable thing about the Government to-day is the fact that two-thirds of all of these big expenditures are made because of past wars and anticipated wars. The army and navy and the pension list impose such a heavy burden upon the Government that it is not able to do many things which enlightened public policy would dictate.

But, notwithstanding this growth of governmental expenditures, unprecedented in the history of nations, practically no greater burden is imposed upon the people than in the earlier decades of our national existence. The expenditures to which President Wilson will commit the American people by his signature to appropriation bills will be three, even four, times as great per capita as those of the early years of the republic. But each dollar of national wealth will not be called upon to bear any greater burden in the Wilson administration than in the administrations of Washington, of Jefferson, or of Jackson.

It is this fact that has set up as a defense against the charge of "a billion-dollar session of Congress" the reply: "This is a billion-dollar country."

Such is the measure of the place that has changed hands.

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ON TAKU BAR

by

SAMUEL MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "THE CITADEL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

FIVE years ago a good way to travel from Tientsin to Shanghai —and you had to go to Shanghai in order to go anywhere else— was to take one of the British or German coasting steamers that stopped en route at Chefu and at one or two other mildly interesting ports. You could make the journey in four or five days, provided your ship did not stick on the Taku Bar.

The *Admiral von Tirpzen*, on a certain occasion, *did* stick on the Taku Bar. Hence this story, as it was told me late of a hot evening in the Grand Hotel at Yokohama by a youngish man from Seattle. Let an American get far enough from home and he will unbosom himself of more intimate personal history within the hour to a casual traveling companion than his neighbors can piece together in a decade.

It was the inadvertent revelation of my acquaintance with Travers Ridlong, in his and my earlier days, that unlocked the heart of the man from Seattle. His story was not uninteresting. And his feeling for Ridlong (whom, of course, he had never seen) approached the beautiful.

It didn't come (he began) in the form that I had supposed the great experience would take. But then, my understanding of women and of love was mostly out of books; and books are made from the stuff of other books. I have sometimes thought that even in my few early love affairs both I myself and the girl of the moment were acting toward each other not naturally but as we had read in books that a man and a woman will act at such times. We get to expecting book rewards. We even experience book suffering. . . . Life is different.

I was practising law in Seattle, and like a good many youngsters I worked too hard for a while. I swarmed at life and at the law with over-nervous intensity, tried to pack an entire career into the first four years; then the doctors advised a year of travel. As poverty was not among my difficulties, and also (though I kept this from the doctors) as some of my legal business was with Japanese exporting and importing concerns, I turned to the Orient.

During the first six months I simply wandered—up and down the China Coast, in and out among the Philippines, along the coasts of Borneo and Java, and eastward as far as Celebes. Then, thinking it would be well to have a look-see at some part of the rich old interior of China before they got any more railroads done, I returned to Shanghai. They are spoiling it, you know. The Coast ports are European cities now.

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RIDLONG PRESENT HAD BEEN UNABLE TO WIN HER; RIDLONG ABSENT FIRED HER IMAGINATION AND DOMINATED HER THOUGHTS.

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For a bit of real China you must go down to Yunnan or out to Szechuen—and at that you'll likely as not find yourself traveling with a Standard Oil man or with some chap who is pushing cigarettes for the tobacco trust.

But on the first evening after my return to Shanghai—at the Astor House—in the big dining-room, with the orchestra playing, and the Chinese waiters gliding about in their blue robes, and the tables crowded with tourists in evening dress, business men of the Coast, adventurers and adventuresses, with half the civilized languages sounding at once . . . you know how it is . . . (I nodded) . . . well, I saw, at the table next to the one to which I was assigned, a beautiful, fair-haired young woman—and at once knew that my plans were dropped. I knew that—until she herself should give me to understand that her life belonged with that of another man—I would travel where she traveled and stay where she stayed.

I didn't analyze my feelings. That came later. I simply knew. Perhaps the footloose, adventurous life I had been leading had overdeveloped in me the romantic spirit.

My second glance was for the deliberate purpose of observing the third finger of her left hand. She wore no ring.

The third glance gave me my first clear impression of her face. It bore marks of suffering. She looked sad—and tired, with a weariness that was not of the body. Indeed, early in the acquaintance that followed, her nervous energy, her capacity for the extremely hard work of travel and investigation, was surprising to me. I hadn't then learned that no human endurance quite equals that of the woman who is acting under a fixed idea. Her companion, across the table, was a gentle little woman, evidently the mother, who wore black and observed the daughter closely with something not unlike the habitual, even unconscious watchfulness that one falls into when dealing with an invalid.

It was not difficult to make their acquaintance. That I, too, was traveling to Hankow and Peking and Tientsin called for no explanations. That I was able to be of service in a hundred little ways; that I passed rapidly from the relation of casual acquaintance to that of close friend—this came about quite naturally.

Their name was Galbraith—they were from one of the cities in upper New York State.

The day after we reached Peking—it was in the old Bell Tower north of the Forbidden City, with the barbaric, highly colored, ramshackle old Tartar Town spread out at our feet, Coal Hill and the trees of the Palace grounds to the south, our guide of the day puffing up the stairs below us—I told her I loved her, asking her to be my wife.

She refused. Really, until that moment I don't believe such an idea had entered her mind; her thoughts were too completely occupied with something else. My sudden proposal seemed to hurt, almost to shock her.

It had gradually become evident to me as we traveled together that the Galbraiths were on some sort of search. At every port they called at the American consulate. What sightseeing they permitted themselves was incidental and, as a rule, because the time was on their hands. Once Mrs. Galbraith had rather cautiously asked me if I knew anything of one Travers Ridlong. As I did not, the subject got no further.

But on that evening at Peking, Miss Galbraith withdrew directly after dinner. And as we sat in the lobby of the Wagon-lits Hotel watching the crowds and the venders of Mandarin coats and the conjurer squatting on the floor (his face lighted up)—you remember him?—the one that always said, "*Long tong, long tong, eeba long tong!*" when he produced the goldfish or disclosed the tree or made the goose vanish?—well, on that evening Mrs. Galbraith told me the story of their search.

There had been in their city a young chap named Ridlong—Travers Ridlong. For years, during her late teens and earliest twenties, he had been the avowed lover of Phyllis Galbraith. She liked him, at times almost accepted him, finally tired of him.

Ridlong, it seems, was connected with the local daily, first as reporter, then as an editor. Later he went to the New York *Sun*. On the occasion of one of the big famines in China he was sent out here in charge of a relief fund raised by one of the more aggressive papers. He had to travel some in the interior, and of course was caught by the lure of the East. You know how it is. (I nodded.)

After his return he again asked her to marry him. She again wavered and

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refused. He brooded for a time, and then wrote her an extraordinary and beautiful letter. He had learned, he said, that life without her meant nothing to him. Accordingly he had decided to take the money he had for years been saving against the possibility of their marriage and use it in the most difficult task in the world—an attempt to penetrate Tibet, alone, to the wonderful old city of Lhasa, which no white man had ever seen, and lived, and bring back photographic and other proof of his exploit. Explore-pidgin, you know.

I suppose most of the explorers start that way. Trouble at home drives men to the ends of the earth. That sort—the sort that are willing to die, rather glad to, in fact—have a kind of bravery that the dashing youngsters can never hope to equal, even to understand.

The undertaking would occupy two or three years. If he should succeed, much more would be his than the honors of the daring and successful explorer; he would know in his heart that he had at least won her respect. If he failed—well, there was only one sort of failure conceivable. They would have to kill him. Otherwise he would return with a photograph of the Grand Lama's Palace. Either way—it made no difference. Let it come.

And he went. Every man of us, at one time or another, has felt the impulse to do such a thing. Most of us lack the courage, or the imagination. Travers Ridlong had both. He went. It was really the big job. The only white man that had ever come within two hundred miles of Lhasa was that Englishman—you know—who was tortured almost to death and, luckily or unluckily, sent back, crippled for life.

Three years passed. The last word of Ridlong was from Chungking in Szechuen, where the westernmost American consul had bidden him farewell and Godspeed on his perilous journey.

His sudden plunge into the last great Hidden Land had reacted intensely on Phyllis Galbraith. Ridlong present had been unable to win her; Ridlong absent fired her imagination, dominated her thoughts. She shut herself away from others. She scoured the country for large-scale maps of Asia, and traced out, a thousand times, every imaginable route. After her father's death she tried study, charity work, anything to stabilize her mind. It was no use. The thing had become an obsession. Her health had begun to suffer. And so, when finally she proposed coming to China and seeking for Ridlong or for evidence of his death, her mother consented.

Well, they had been everywhere in and about China that steamboats and railroads could carry them, and had heard no later news than that of the American consul at Chungking. So it was clear that he had not come back. Whatever had befallen him, he had certainly gone to Tibet.

I went on with them to Tientsin. It was plain that Mrs. Galbraith enjoyed my company. The burden of travel-business and the strain of her daughter's intense absorption had worn on her. Miss Galbraith, too, seemed not to mind my presence. I continued helping, arranging, planning trips, ordering meals, and looking after baggage. To the woman I had come to love, my attentions seemed already almost a matter of course. I was a sympathetic supporter in her undertaking. She even appeared, at times, to need me. Sometimes I thought that the fact of my proposal had slipped entirely out of her mind; at other times an added touch of gentle friendliness in her manner made me wonder a little. It was as if she were thinking—quite impersonally—"We who love and suffer have something in common; we can understand."

We left Tientsin on the *Admiral von Tirpzen* for Shanghai—went down the Pei Ho by night, as usual, passed the Taku forts in the early morning, and started out to sea, only to be brought up standing with the *Admiral's* forefoot deep in the mud of the Taku Bar. No can do. And there we stayed four mortal days . . .

There were a dozen or fifteen other passengers—the usual lot, plain and assorted. There was a honeymoon pair from Detroit; a globe-trotting young Syrian with a Parisian education and a letch for writing passionate verse; the Swedish attaché from Peking; a Shanghai Jew; and so on. All China Coast folks. By the second evening, of course, we were temporarily united in one big family—you know how it goes on such occasions.

All, that is, except the Galbraiths; they kept apart. Phyllis had been so depressed by the failure to obtain information at Peking that her mother and I were downright worried about her. She kept to their room most of the time, even having her meals

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brought up. We tried, for her own sake, to draw her into the may-as-well-make-the-best-of-it spirit that ruled in the ship; but her sorrow was too deep; she could not respond.

Did I speak of the gambler and the Major? No? Well, of all our company they interested me the most.

The gambler was a curious person—a girl of twenty-two or twenty-three, who wore her hair loose on her neck, tied with a bow of ribbon, and always appeared in a blue middy-blouse. She could easily have passed for a girl of eighteen. She was rather thin, but attractive, with quiet manners and pale eyes that told you nothing at all. I had noticed her about the hotel at Peking, and had heard her discussed. It appeared that she was running a card-club there, and was in partnership with her husband, a former American soldier, who had an interest in the Alhambra joint at Shanghai. The gossip of Legation Street ran that apart from her curious occupation she was a young person of good habits. What little I had seen of her, in occasional talks on deck or in the tiny smoking-room, led me to like her pretty well.

But the Major was my particular joy—a shy, eccentric little Britisher, with a sandy mustache and nose-glasses—the particular kind of man that we should not have known at all had the *Admiral* not tried to plow up the bottom of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. As it was, he hardly began emerging from his shell until the third day.

But that night he linked his arm in mine and we walked the deck until nearly dawn, while he told me in a gentle, confiding voice some of the reasons why he disliked my country. Not all the reasons; for the night was short.

By the next day—the fourth—we had reached the stage, he and I, of showing each other our "things." I had with me only the ordinary little accumulation of curios; but the Major's cabin was a crowded museum. He spread out for me fully a dozen of the most beautiful Mandarin coats I ever saw; the last one a regal garment of lustrous blue silk, lined with white fur, embroidered in paler blue, and over-embroidered with brilliant circular designs of gold and rose-colored thread. "Some day," he confided, with a remote look in his mild eyes, "I'll tell you the story of that coat."

From his trunks and bags came some remarkable bits of old blue-and-white. There were little idols of silver and bronze; and two twin Buddhas — of pure gold. "There's a story in those Buddhas, too," he observed. "Same story as the coat. They don't really belong to me." There were pieces of carved jade in all tints from a pale translucent green to an amethystine purple. There were vases, boxes, even a cigarette-case, of exquisite Chinese cloisonné. There were wonderful examples of Damascene work from Kyoto. There were bangles and bracelets and necklaces and little boxes of silver and gold beaten into intricate patterns and stamped with strange characters — Siamese, Burmese, even Tibetan. There was one tin trunk packed full of the most delicate and beautiful embroidery in the world—that done by Filipino women on grass-linen.

The lower berth was entirely occupied by what appeared to be a collection of oddly shaped articles of China ware, wedged about, for safety, with pillows and blankets. In reply to the question in my eyes he chuckled and said: "You may not believe it, but when all that foolishness is put together it's a lamp. I'm trying to get it home to England without breaking any of the parts. And as I've got first to go around to India, the Cashmere region, and perhaps even the Hindu-Kush, it's bound to be a bit of an undertaking. These past four months I've carried it everywhere in my arms. It's the most difficult problem before me during the next year or two, but I hope to succeed at it." And he looked at his treasure with an expression of whimsical concern.

Such was the Major, a person utterly fascinating to me. It was hard, as I looked into his kindly face, to credit the ship rumor that he was one of the keenest of those roving military observers who are the nerve-tips through which Great Britain senses the intricate, shifting, ever-threatening life of Asia.

It occurred to me then that the Major might rouse and interest Phyllis where her mother and I had failed. She liked beautiful things. She was quick in responding to the quaint and amusing in human character. Surely this whimsical soldier, a born fellow to Gilbert and Barrie and Lewis Carroll, should interest her, perhaps even amuse her. And so, in the evening, I persuaded her to join us in the smoking-room.

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WE TRIED TO DRAW HER INTO THE WAY-AS-WELL-MAKE-THE-BEST-OF-IT SPIRIT THAT RULED THE SHIP, BUT HER SORROW WAS TOO DEEP.

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We sat about one of the four tables—the Major in the corner, glancing from one to another of us with a mild twinkle in his blue eyes; the girl gambler, who dropped casually into one of the revolving chairs; the young Syrian, whose great brown eyes wandered continually to Phyllis's pale face; and the Detroit honeymooners, who held hands under the table. It was these last that Phyllis covertly watched during that first half hour, with a curious, half-puzzled expression, as if wondering whether it was really possible in this life to be as deeply happy as they appeared to be.

Games of bridge were going on at the other three tables. Through the open door and windows floated in the incessant snorting and tooting of the tugs that were struggling, with the aid of the night tide, to work the *Admiral* free.

"What is the oddest adventure you ever had?" It was an hour later. The mild evening air, the brisk talk, the soothing fellowship of cigar and pipe and cigarette, the occasional mug of real German beer—had softened and drawn nearer together our individual moods.

"What is the oddest adventure you ever had?" The Detroit bridegroom put the question, leaning eagerly across the table toward the soldier.

Phyllis had been partly captured by the spirit of the group. Her self-consciousness had slipped off; her elbow rested on the arm of her chair, her exquisite chin on a slender hand. She had said nothing, merely listened, her large and rather intense eyes darting little glances now and then at one or another of the party. The Syrian was studying her closely, and occasionally dipping the gold tip of his cigarette into his tepid coffee.

"The queerest adventure I ever had," replied the Major, more gravely than I had heard him speak before, "happened to somebody else."

"Tell us!" begged the bride.

"Wait—I've got the thing with me." He left the room, and in a short time returned with a small red-leather blank-book—the kind that one can buy for thirty or forty cents of any American stationer.

"I don't know the man's name," the Major went on, thoughtfully, turning the pages, which were covered with close writing in pencil. "There are eleven others of the journals. This is the last and the most interesting. It all came up so curiously that there was no way of finding who he was. His baggage was gone excepting one bale that he carried on his back, and that contained a number of quite useless articles; such as the blue Mandarin coat I showed you"—he nodded in my direction—"and some other rather remarkable curios and trinkets. There is no name anywhere in these books. He was evidently setting down the record of his experiences, from day to day, in the form of rough notes for his own later use; and he simply failed to put his name and address on them. It is an extraordinary story. Some of it, of course, is pretty unpleasant—I'll spare you that part of it."

Phyllis's lovely face flushed slowly—and, as slowly, went white. She was gazing, fascinated, at the shabby red book. Then, for an instant, she glanced about the crowded smoking-room, drew in her under lip a little, and seemed to be holding her breath.

I was conscious of a rushing, hot resentment. If the thing had to come to her, was there no way of softening it? Must I sit there, helpless, while the blow fell—in this horribly casual way and in this horribly public place? Or were we leaping at conclusions, Phyllis and I? Could I stop the Major? Could I get Phyllis out? Where were my wits!

"Look at her—isn't she wonderful!" It was the Syrian, whispering softly in my ear, and staring at Phyllis. I raised my shoulder against his face, angrily. Then I noticed the girl gambler. She was lounging back in her chair, her face coldly youthful, blandly inscrutable, looking at me. For an instant our eyes met squarely.

The Major turned the leaves of the red book, his eyes alight with reminiscent interest. "Now here"—he began. "Just look at these pages as I turn them. The writing is nearly illegible; because the man was just recovering from an attack of what he himself surmised afterward was typhoid fever. This was at some point in East Central Tibet. He had lost all his outfit except his journal and the few trinkets that he was evidently preserving for some particular use, probably to give to some one at home. His judgment was clearly unbalanced by this time. He must have thrown away clothing, medicines, even food, in order to cling to these foolish odds and ends that he had picked up. As a

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matter of fact, there is a curiously romantic note running through the whole story that comes to light here and there in his journal. He seems to have started without the proper equipment and without sufficient Governmental backing. Or perhaps he failed to get the backing and took his chance without it. . . . See here—the writing is only a scrawl. He was sleeping in the fields at this time, and his one remaining native servant, whom he calls Reuben—he had humor, this adventurous American; says he couldn't pronounce the Chinese name—was caring for him."

"Why in the fields?" asked the bridegroom. "Was his money gone?"

"No—but his illness—they turned him away."

I felt rather than saw Phyllis shudder.

"After that experience—" he turned the pages rapidly, evidently looking for something—"the servant fell ill, and, after a few weeks, died . . . in a cave by a sunken road. Now our man goes on without him—toward Lhasa. Think of it, an American alone among the tribes of Central Tibet! Well, they got him, of course. They failed to finish him; his end was vastly more spectacular than that. But they evidently gave him a frightful time. The journal becomes pretty scrappy here. For a while he seems to have been writing with his left hand, and I gather that his right hand was out of commission. Of course his whole body was racked and shocked by the things they did to him. But, so far as I could see, his hands were all right a little later—"

(The man from Seattle paused, and meditatively filled a pipe.)

I don't know how to tell you the strange thrill that went through me at that moment. The Major had said—"So far as I could see . . . a little later." How was it that he had seen—and only a little later? Where was the Major, that he could see Ridlong at this time? Queer, elusive half-memories were peeping a little way into my mind and slipping out again before I could grasp them. Something I had seen somewhere—some pictures in a paper—the name of a man—*What was it!*

I saw Phyllis moisten her lips with her tongue. Her great eyes were fixed on the Major with an intentness that was not altogether normal; and faint duplicates of his changing expressions were flitting across her face. We were torturing her, the woman I loved.

All this in a swift moment. Then into the hush that had fallen upon us, into the absorbed quiet of the bridge-players at the other tables, broke an unexpected sound.

Outside, in the night, both tugs whistled. Almost at the same instant the girl gambler sprang to her feet and shouted:

"We're off! The ship is moving! Outside everybody—hurrah for Shanghai!"

The tugs whistled again. Underfoot we could feel the deck quivering with the throb of the engines. I quite forgot that the screws had been thrashing persistently at every high tide during four days.

The girl gambler was crowding out past the Major, who looked up in some bewilderment. "Come on!" she cried, with a girlish abandon that was astonishingly different from her usual quiet. "Everybody outside!"

Two of the card-players got up and hurried to the door. The other passengers followed like sheep. Then Phyllis's eyes slowly closed, and her head sank down on the table. When we had brought her to a sort of consciousness and I had helped her to her feet, with her mother supporting her on the other side, I realized that the others had left the room.

"The book!" she whispered, leaning heavily on my arm. "Get his book."

But it was not on the table.

"The Major took it with him," I explained. "He didn't know. Let us get you to your room now; I'll look up the book later."

I left Phyllis in her mother's care and returned to the deck. As I walked aft toward the smoking-room the girl gambler stepped out from the shadow and halted me.

"Where's the Major?" she asked quietly.

I had not seen him.

"Well, here's the book," said she. "I've torn out the last thirty or forty pages and thrown them overboard."

"Why?" I asked; rather sharply, I fear.

"Because it was the only thing to do. She's got to have this book, but she mustn't see those last ravings."

"Oh," I murmured. Then, as the thought struck me: "But what do you know about all this?"

"I wasn't born yesterday!" she exclaimed impatiently. "They've asked questions

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everywhere, you know. They've been talked over, of course. And Ridlong was known. Never mind all that; the thing now is to straighten it out. . . . Careful! Here's the Major."

He approached us, looking small and almost mincing, with a flask in his hand. "Perhaps Miss Galbraith would like a little of this whisky," he said. "It is from my own old stock."

I explained that she was better, and was in her mother's care. Then the girl gambler suddenly took command of the situation.

"Please, Major," she said, "we want to know just how that man died."

"Oh, it's you," he replied, peering at her in the half-light of the deck. "You were mistaken, you know. We're still on the bar."

"Yes," said she, "I was mistaken. But I want that story, please. We've got to know it."

The Major looked at her, and then at me. I nodded.

He came over and leaned thoughtfully against the rail. "Have you a personal reason for asking?" he queried then.

"Yes," said she. "We know the man."

The Major sighed. "I'm sorry about it," he began. "Of course, at the moment, I couldn't know. But I meant to tell most of it—before the interruption came. I will tell it. As a matter of fact, I have no reason for concealing it. I sometimes think it is the saddest thing I have ever known. This man, you see, whoever he was, was a bit of a hero. He had set himself the impossible task of beating the world to Lhasa. Well . . . he went through all that terrible experience, he struggled for more than a year through incredible hardships, he actually accomplished, alone, one of the most colossal feats in all the marvelous history of exploration; he went straight on through illness, starvation, torture; he reached Lhasa—"

"He reached Lhasa!" the girl and I repeated, in a breath.

"Yes, and found us there ahead of him."

"Found you!"

"Yes—the Younghusband Expedition. We had been there a month when he arrived. Our workaday British Tommies were all over the place. We had opened up every hidden corner. Actual photographs of the *interior* of the Grand Lama's Palace had been sent back over the Himalayas to the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*. The mystery of Lhasa was uncovered forever. And it was into all this that the poor devil walked—after all that heroism and suffering he walked straight into the commonplace."

The Major paused and looked out over the quiet waters. "Fortunately," he went on, "he was not able to realize it. As the last volume of his journal will show, he was—"

"Yes, yes," said I. "How did he die?"

"I'm going to tell you," said he. "I will tell you." His voice softened. "One day I was returning from a walk to the eastward of the city, and stopped to watch some of the subalterns who were trying to beat a little polo sense into the native ponies. Polo, mind you, at Lhasa! I saw a strange figure coming up the dusty road—very slowly. His clothes were a mere body-covering of ragged blue cotton cloth. He walked painfully, leaning on a staff and dragging one foot behind him. A rough pack was hung to his shoulders by strips of cloth. As he drew slowly nearer I saw that his hair and beard were long and matted, and that he carried a revolver at his belt. The last thing I realized was the astonishing fact that he was white.

"When he reached the side of the polo field, only a little way from where I was standing, he paused and looked at the game. At first he seemed not to realize what he was witnessing, but after a moment he began to laugh—softly, then louder and louder, until the tone became distinctly hysterical. I really believe, now, that this was his first intimation that there was a white face within five hundred miles.

"Suddenly he turned and saw me. He stopped laughing. His wild eyes traveled rapidly over my officer's uniform. He peered at my face; my white man's face. Then, with the kind of a scream that I hope I shall never hear again, he dropped his staff and came at me, running as rapidly as he could with that crippled leg and tugging at his revolver. And—well, I shot him."

I don't know how long the Major and I would have stood there in silence, had we been alone. But the girl gambler was in possession of all her faculties.

"I want to talk with the Major," she said quietly to me—"if you don't mind."

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"THE BOOK!" SHE WHISPERED, LEANING HEAVILY ON MY ARM. "GET HIS BOOK."

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And they walked away.

The tide ran high that night, and before dawn we were afloat and on our way to Chefu. At breakfast Mrs. Galbraith—worn, but with a curious hint of relief in her eyes, now that the long strain was ended—told me that Phyllis was asking for the journal.

I sought the girl gambler. "Leave it to the Major," said she.

Phyllis, pale but plucky, insisted on coming up to her deck chair. And as she seemed to wish me near, I brought a book and made myself comfortable beside her.

We were no more than settled when the Major appeared, coming directly toward us. An observant person who knew the facts might have thought that he had stiffened himself slightly for the ordeal. He was graver, and a shade gentler, than usual. But to Phyllis, who did not know, he must have appeared as the perfect soldier, the accomplished gentleman.

He dropped into the chair on the other side of Phyllis. After a moment of commonplace remarks, I started up; but she laid a gentle hand on my arm.

"Major," said she quietly, "won't you please tell me?"

The soldier bowed.

"The facts are simple," he said. "The man who I have just learned was Travers Ridlong did what he set out to do. He suffered every hardship. He reached Lhasa. Through a strange twist of fate he found us there; but he had already done the impossible. It was too much for him—the wonderful will that carried him through failed him when his eyes finally saw the great Palace on the hill—he died that day. We buried him there, where he died, with military honors. And while the story is very strange and sad, I'm sure he is glad to know that the few little things he for some reason most wanted you to have—the blue Mandarin coat and the two gold Buddhas—have reached you. He carried them to the last. I have them here on the ship. Possibly, as you study his journal, you may find some word that will explain with what events these things were associated in his mind."

So ended the narrative of the Seattle man.

He and I sat for a time. Then he brought me, from his trunk, a book that was handsomely bound in full morocco.

"I had this journal made up in permanent form," said he. "We both wanted it—my wife and I. As you will see, it is a real contribution to the literature of travel. Ridlong wrote well. And so far as I know there is in existence but one other such personal record of actual torture. He set down the facts painstakingly and, until the very last, dispassionately."

I looked at the title page.

"Shanghai to Lhasa," it read. "Being the Journal Kept by Travers Ridlong on His Travels through the Forbidden Land. Privately Printed."

"I have never yet told my wife the true story of his death," continued the Seattle man, looking thoughtfully down at the volume in my hand. "I meant to, at first, as soon as she grew stronger. Sometimes now I wonder if it is wrong to deceive her. But somehow it seems unnecessary. The story as she knows it, without the ugly business of his mental breakdown, is such a beautiful, if sad, fact in her life that I really can't see the use of giving her that last touch of horror. No, what's the good? She has the essential facts. He did the trick. He made good in her eyes. I guess that's enough."

Together we left the room, he and I, and walked slowly down the broad, carpeted stairs to the hotel-office.

"The mair is in, gen'lemen," called the Japanese clerk. He meant the mail.

We stepped to the desk. The clerk handed my acquaintance a thick bundle of letters. "Hello," said he to himself, "letters have got!" As he looked through the pile, I could not help seeing that all were addressed in the same feminine hand. He looked up at me with a grave smile.

"Phyllis writes every day," he explained, with, I thought, a touch of pride in his voice. "I guess I'll have to leave you now, old chap, and read these over. I must get my letters off by the Vancouver ship tomorrow morning, or she will worry."

He went back up the stairs. And I—I wandered out to the quay and watched the lights of the big Pacific mail ship that had just come in and of the crowded freighters and junks and sampans that lay inside the breakwater.

He had married under the shadow of his wife's love for that poor, martyred boy. I had married under the clear sky, joyously. But there were no letters for me.

Life *is* different.

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The Lead Menace

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY HARRY TOWNSEND

by Gordon Thayer

Editor's Note—Do you remember "Matches or Men?"

You do if it made you stop using white-phosphorus matches, or if you responded to the call for letters and telegrams urging the passage of the Esch-Hughes Bill. The bill was passed; the horrors of "Phossy Jaw" are to be banished from the match trade; and no small credit is due to the splendid rallying of EVERYBODY'S *readers, as well as to the direct influence of the article, which was placed in the hands of many senators and congressmen. There is work to be proud of.*

Now Gordon Thayer comes forward with the story of another occupational disease, another true "national disgrace." It is a disease which threatens thousands as compared to the hundreds employed in the match trade—the gravest occupational disease in the United States. And the remedy is quite simple: every other commercial nation of the world has either attempted to banish it or has got it under government control. One of our states is proving it needless. Every other state can do the same. Recently a uniform Occupational Disease Bill was introduced, at the instance of the American Association for Labor Legislation, into the various state legislatures, for the protection of workers exposed to lead perils. Gordon Thayer helped draft the bill and is a leader in the fight. Let Gordon Thayer show you, in this article, why you should help secure its passage.

A FEW months ago the morning papers in one of our large cities printed an item which, in spite of its brevity, deserved more than passing notice. The fact that a man had been found lying unconscious on the street was not in itself remarkable; nor was the policeman's report of "concussion of the brain from the blow of some heavy weapon" unwarranted. The interest for the public lay in the fact that the man was really a victim of an industrial poison as deadly for many as the gangster's black-jack or sand-bag; and that on the books of the hospital his case was entered as "acute plumbism," and his occupation given as that of a "worker in white lead."

Had the experience of Antonio Perrucci been unique; had not hundreds of clinical records in many cities given the same clue to similar cases of suffering and even of death, we might feel free to copy the example

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of a certain Levite, and—having read—pass on our way untroubled. But the fact that back of those few newspaper lines lie centuries of physical misery; and that to-day no industries furnish more tragic human interest than the allied lead trades, forbids a continuance of our indifference to the occupational problem presented by lead-poisoning.

In that problem we also have a share. In reality the American public, as well as the American worker, may be said unconsciously to "live in a daily atmosphere of lead." The reader need not leave his roof to prove the truth of this assertion; or to discover that, as a consumer, he to some extent shares the responsibility for evils of which he should not be ignorant.

OUR LEAD-TAINTED HOMES

Glance, for example, at the clock ticking on your mantelpiece, or the watch in your pocket: their faces are enameled in a glaze rich in lead, and consequently dangerous to the men who made them.

Press the electric bell at your door: the storage-battery which responds to the connection represents one of the most unhealthful employments offered to our workers. Not only are harmful gases liberated in charging the plates, but in the casting-room, where their leaden cross-barred "grids" were made, the air was impregnated with the poisonous fumes of molten metal. In the room where the paste of oxids of lead was mixed (with which the holes and inequalities of the "grids" are filled), the air was heavy with a dust almost as deadly to some constitutions as the breath of a plague. Men have been paralyzed for life by even ten days' exposure to the conditions commonly prevalent at such works in our states.

The rubber mat at your door may have been "bleached" by a harmful lead product; the exterior of your house, if painted, is equivalent to a certificate of unnecessary "plumbism" among the employees of that lead infected trade. The paper on your walls may be the product of dry-color works and printing-factories, where pigments dangerous to health have been handled, breathed, and absorbed by workers absolutely ignorant of their danger. The enamel finish of your woodwork often means that several coats (ordinarily rich in lead) have been "dry sandpapered" to produce the smoothness necessary for repainting—a process producing so injurious a form of dust that its practise is prohibited by the regulations almost universally in force abroad.

Your shelves are filled with books; your tables strewn with magazines and papers. If the books are old, their leaden type was hand-cast and hand-set, under all the unsanitary conditions which have made the printing trade notorious for the ill-health of its followers. Even the modern mechanical processes of linotyping and stereotyping, prevalent in the large establishments for dailies and monthlies, have not done away with "plumbism" or "leading;" for the difficulty in this occupation—as in all where metallic lead is handled—arises from the poisonous oxid of lead which forms readily on the surface of molten metal, but also gathers slowly on that which has been cast and hardened.

Around your fireplace are tiles heavily lead-glazed; on the mantel are vases decorated in lead colors. The typewriter on your desk offered some lead risks in its manufacture; the old-fashioned cut-glass inkstand beside it was polished with a lead putty-powder, which the revolving wheel splashed in the face and over the clothing of the polisher. The soda-siphon in your dining-room has a lead-alloy top; the stitching in your suit of clothes is with silk, sometimes so heavily dressed with acetate of lead as to produce plumbism among those who make a practise of biting off their thread, or of pointing it with the saliva in order to thread the needle.

The illustrated catalogs the postman brings you are usually made up from photographs retouched in the high-lights with poisonous white-lead paint, applied either with a camel's-hair brush so fine it points readily only between the lips or with an "air-brush" which drives a spray over the picture, and incidentally into the face of the artist.

The diamond in your ring was cut by some lapidary who spent days bending over the walnut-sized lump of lead-alloy in which it was embedded; breathing not only the fine metallic dust thrown off by contact with his rapidly revolving wheel, but also fumes from the melting-pot, and the lead-laden dust of the workroom.

Your bathroom, suggestive of all that is sanitary and wholesome, is tragic in the

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eyes of those who know the history of lead-glazed tubs, wash-stands, and tilings. The white enameled cribs in the nursery; the painted toys your children delight in; the lead-puttied windows you look through; the bullets in the cartridges of your pistol; the oilcloth and linoleum on your floors; the lustrous paint on your automobile or carriage—all these become eloquent of pitiful and needless human suffering to those who have learned to recognize the sign of "Lead!"

Our steel sky-scrapers and bridges are too often gibbets for those who must smear them with the red-lead preservative paint in universal use. They and the countless paint-dipped farm-tools from the Atlantic to the Pacific have all been paid for not only in money, but sometimes in blood.

Even in death the American workingman can not escape the shadow of the haunting evil which dogs his footsteps; for by the seeming irony of Fate, the coffin he lies in commonly is decorated with leaden hardware, and the wreath of flowers laid upon his grave is backed and wound with leaden wire.

The familiar saying that "only the first step costs," applies least of all to the American white-lead industry. There are factories in the United States where the reckoning for each moment and hour of handling, in the processes which transform pig lead into finished paint, must be paid for in risk to health. Yet in nearly a score of our twenty-five plants it is literally the "first step" that holds the attention of the visitor; for the reason that the initial operation in the popular "Old Dutch" method employed is not only one of physical danger, but is also one of the strangest anachronisms to be found in the twentieth century.

He who would turn the rusty lock in the door of the Industrial Past may enter the wooden, brick, or cement "stack house" that commonly flanks the main buildings of a white-lead works, and there feel the Present slip away from him. The key to this experience is a thin, cross-barred oval of bluish metal, which—in spite of its apparently harmless character—symbolizes the tragic development of one of the essential arts of civilization.

For, strangely enough, the Old Dutch Process is almost identical with that of Greece and Rome; the transformation of ordinary lead into a corroded white powder being effected now, as then, by the action of acid fumes upon thin surfaces of the metal, aided by a steady and gentle warmth and the presence of carbon dioxid in considerable quantities. Centuries before Michelangelo and Raphael experienced the physical evils lurking in the colors upon their palettes, Vitruvius had decried the dangers of lead, and deplored—as did Pliny, also—the "slaves' disease" of those who were employed in its production.

Over jars partly filled with vinegar were laid strips of lead freed from native impurities; these were buried in fermenting grape-skins from the wine-press, covered close to conserve their chemical heat and gases; and the low "stack" was left undisturbed for weeks, until the metal was covered with the grayish-white powder which once served as a base for the colors at Pompeii; and today—in the form of oil-ground pigments—decorates our carriages, our cars, and our houses.

Substitute unsightly factories for the blue sky and dark-green olive groves and vineyards of Roman days; use dilute acetic acid for the vinegar poured from their wine-jars; place in the upper compartment of shallow, specially designed earthenware pots, thin plates of pure "blue" lead cast into the likeness of an old-fashioned shoe-buckle; bury them in manure or spent tan-bark; cover close with boards, and repeat the

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process until the shed is filled with a "stack" of a dozen or more superimposed layers—and you have the "blue bed" of the Old Dutch Process for manufacturing white lead, now in vogue on the Continent, in England, and in America.

After six weeks, if barn-yard manure be employed, or three months for the slower tan-bark used here, the "blue" buckles are transformed by corrosion into a "white bed;" the stack is ready for "stripping" or "discharging" (as the dusty process of unpacking the layers of jars is known), and the most serious step has been taken in the possible wrecking of not only the health of the "strippers" themselves, but also the lives of hundreds of other workers in the twoscore or more trades employing basic carbonate of lead.

Inside a "stack house" the air is pungent with the odor of tan-bark; and at times heavy with the poisonous dust that rises whenever pots of "white" buckles are carelessly emptied into the metal wheel-barrows, or cars, in which the corrosions are later conveyed to the factory. The boards that form one temporary side of each individual "stack" are first stripped away, beginning at the top; the tan-bark is shoveled out and thrown down into the open passage through the main "stack house," where it is beaten over, hosed down, and mixed with a fresh supply before re-using; and layer after layer of pots with their protecting planks are thus successively exposed, until the "strippers" have finished and given place to those who begin the task of resetting the beds for the next three months' corrosion.

Up to this point, in the best factories, the "stripping" has been a silent process, save for the irregular sound of falling buckles or the sharp rapping of the pots against the iron receptacles, to free them from the last traces of corrosion. For the half dozen or more of the "stack house" gang—usually Hungarians, Italians, or Poles—are either muzzled with rubber respirators, or, more commonly, the lower parts of their faces are swathed in bandanna handkerchiefs or strips of cloth, above which, at the end of the day's work, their hair and eyebrows may show gray with poisonous dust. Doggedly, steadily, if the foreman's eye be upon them, or with slipped respirators and intervals of chat and by-play if his back be turned, the "strippers" work their way through tier after tier in the often dark and ill-ventilated "stacks."

When at last we follow the final barrow-load of "white" buckles into the fresh air and sunlight of the factory yard, the Italian who is wheeling it to the "dump" inside the main works drops the handles for a moment and—with fingers smeared with tan-bark and corrosion—loosens the crimson bandanna handkerchief swathing his mouth and nose. As it slips down around his neck, he turns toward us a face of such ghastly pallor that the dark eyes staring at us seem those of no living man.

For an instant we are confronted by that mysterious Lead Menace whose shadow has not only darkened for centuries the thresholds of thousands of homes in other lands than ours, but is to-day claiming its unregarded victims in every section of the United States. The next moment, the immigrant, to whom our Constitution guarantees the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, stoops to resume his task, and a cloud of white dust from the "dump" connected with the "separator" soon marks the ending of the first costly step in the conversion of lead "pigs" into paint.

Before we enter the building into which he has disappeared, or attempt to follow the various processes to which the corrosions are there subjected, it will be necessary to outline some of the physical aspects of what is elsewhere regarded as one of the most difficult sanitary problems of modern industry.

HOW WORKERS ARE POISONED

Lead may enter the body through the respiratory organs, the alimentary canal, or, in a very minor degree, the skin. It is the often repeated, infinitesimal daily dose, rather than a single, overwhelming exposure, that produces the most disastrous results to the human system. The continual breathing of air filled with fumes or minute particles of lead dust; the eating of food with paint-smeared hands; the dipping of tools and metalware into lead-paint baths till arms and body become impregnated; all of these—and a hundred other ordinary trade conditions prevalent in numberless factories—subject the American workingman to the evils of "leading."

The effects of the poison may be immediate or gradual. The organs of the body

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strive to eliminate the lead, as fast as absorbed, through the ordinary channels of excretion; but with a thorough impregnating of the system there may come a sudden, convulsive effort to get rid of the poison, resulting in an agonizing form of colic, or acute brain symptoms, which may leave the victim of a few weeks' or even days' exposure a wreck for life.

The familiar, though not conclusive, warning of chronic lead-poisoning is a blue line upon the gums near the base of the teeth; the first symptoms are loss of appetite, indigestion, headache, constipation, extraordinary pallor, loss of weight, and gouty or rheumatic pains. Moreover, lead attacks the red corpuscles of the blood with malignant energy; and with their reduction thirty per cent. or even fifty per cent. below the normal number, there ensues a slow starvation of the blood-vessels, including the liver, kidneys, and heart. It is these chronic derangements which produce a form of death not often attributed in this country, where the study of occupational disease is neglected, to the proper cause.

THE HORRORS OF "LEADING"

But the most obvious form of "leading"—long continued, rather than acute—is a paralysis of the muscles that have been overused. "Wrist drop" and "ankle drop" are customary; temporary blindness frequent. Where well-marked brain symptoms develop, epileptic attacks, insanity, and fatal convulsions may occur. It is a record of progressive physical and mental breakdown, too pitiable for detailed account in these pages. But if the effects of several forms of lead are disastrous to men, their injury to women is even greater. For we are dealing with the most subtle of sexual poisons and abortives; a poison which attacks not only the very life-forces of the victim, but through them also threatens the future of the race.

It is especially this fact which gives interest to France's proposal to wipe out after 1914 the use of harmful lead products within her boundaries. Together with foreign recognition of the widespread prevalence of all phases of industrial plumbism, it has led to the appointment of costly commissions for investigation into the lead trades of Great Britain. It has driven through the drastic white-lead legislation of that country, of Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, and Denmark.

But what shall be said of the United States of America—of the industrial nation which to-day employs more workers in her lead trades than any other country of the world? Nothing beyond the fact that—except for Illinois—our statute books are blank; the victims of plumbism unprotected; and the public and its legislators indifferent.

DEADLY FUME AND DUST

Once the ore is inside the doors of a smelter, the first great danger of "fume"—the finely divided oxid of lead—appears. Usually these works are situated in sparsely settled districts; for the blight of the fumes of sulphur acids and arsenic, found in combination with the lead, ruins crops and poisons cattle, as experience in Scotland, Derbyshire, and Austria, as well as in this country, has proved. Sometimes their chimneys are a mile or more from the main works; and the flues which run between the two are built large enough for men to enter, so that the metallic dust deposited in them may be recovered. This is of so deadly a character that its inhalation produces almost instantaneous plumbism.

Outside a typical works lie ragged piles of ore; inside their walls the glare from open furnace-doors and the dull glow of heaps of cooling slag light up the faces of the immigrant "chargers" and their helpers, as they shovel it into the furnaces or stir the incandescent mass with iron rakes. The finely divided oxid of lead mingles with every breath they draw and settles in invisible dust over their clothes and the flooring. The heaps of scrap lead which later return to the furnace; the streams of molten metal flowing to the molds that shape the heavy "pigs" from which the "buckles" are cast—all the refuse, as well as the products, offers its special risk of plumbism and its all but inevitable sequels.

But it is the conversion of "pigs" to paint, by the method revived in Holland in the seventeenth century, that the most obvious risk to the laborer is found; and no commercial country to-day employing the Old Dutch Process, of which we have already had a glimpse, fails to safeguard these workers by every known precaution—none

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WORKERS IN THE POISONOUS DUST OF DRY-COLOR HOUSES, COMMONLY CALLED "MORGUES."

except that notorious humanitarian laggard, the United States of America.

With our entry from the corroding-yard into the main white-lead factory, the twentieth century may, or may not, resume its hold upon us. While in the better type of works dust-risk is eliminated by the use of enclosed machinery, we shall find others that still continue the unsanitary processes in vogue for the past forty years.

Allowing for variation of detail, the fate of the "white buckles" is practically identical in different plants after they have once reached the "separator" connected with the "dump." There the white carbonate is crushed to powder, screened, and freed from the uncorroded remnants of "blue" lead; is discharged into water, in order that it may be washed free from lead acetate, "blue" particles, and tan-bark; and from the "settling-tubs" is pumped into copper drying-pans, where the water is evaporated by heat, leaving the finished carbonate of lead in its most dangerous form.

Usually when a pan is to be emptied the men enter, open the windows (which helps to set the powder in motion), and—frequently without respirators—shovel the dry lead into open trucks or barrels. There are records of serious illness from even three half-days' work in the kiln-room.

Fortunately, once inside the oil-mixer or "chaser," the risk of white-lead dust, at least, is eliminated. There still remains the fact, however, that the 150,000 or more tons of oil-ground pigments (representing 25,000,000 gallons of paint) thus annually produced are a poison; and as such require the exercise of sanitary care on the part of all those who come in contact with them. It must be borne in mind also that some 50,000 tons of dry carbonate (five grains of which can not be purchased from a druggist without a poison-label, bearing the skull and cross-bones) leave the white-lead works yearly. With its receipt in the scores of industries employing it, and its use by their thousands of practically unwarned workers, a new and more varied chapter in the history of lead-poisoning opens.

Strangely enough, the American chronicle is still unwritten; although we have for a basis some sufficiently startling data as the result of several unrelated investigations.

From Bulletin No. 95 of the Bureau of Labor we learn that Dr. Alice Hamilton's study of the conditions existing in 1911 in twenty-two out of our twenty-five white-

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"STRIPPERS"—UNPACKING JARS OF CORRODED WHITE LEAD AND BREATHING THE POISONOUS DUST.

lead works showed 398 specific cases of lead-poisoning, with sixteen fatal cases between January 1, 1910, and April 30, 1911. That these figures represent only a small percentage of the men afflicted is evident from the fact that they were not obtained from expert factory physicians, such as are employed abroad, but were gathered from incomplete hospital and dispensary records and interviews with local doctors and the workers themselves. These latter are largely unskilled foreigners, shifting in character and difficult to trace.

Furthermore, although only about 1,600 men are on the regular force of our white-lead factories, these are continually drifting into other occupations; so that probably some 10,000 are annually exposed to the risk of plumbism, and may carry its effects away with them, to develop later in their new employment. One manager reports that while his works require only fifty-eight men as a steady force, he has had 250 on his books in six months; another, that to keep up his list of sixty-five workers he has taken on 400 during the year.

As a whole, the owners encourage this practise of throwing off employees; especially those assigned to the dry-pan room and the stack-stripping department. How little interest a foreman is likely to feel in warning and training immigrant laborers whom he may lose within a fortnight after their entrance, is obvious. Cards of instruction mean nothing to them; any but the simplest interpreted orders concerning their work leave the Slav, Pole, Hungarian, and Italian who receive them no wiser than before. Being largely ignorant of the fact that they are handling a poison, they increase the ordinary risks of the white-lead works fifty per cent.

When they are thoroughly "leaded," they may leave and seek some other position; or, still failing to grasp the cause of their complaint, they may return again and again to the factory, till paralysis, or lead delirium, has closed the unheeded tragedy of their lives.

In the same Bulletin Dr. John B. Andrews gives a list of sixty fatal cases of lead-poisoning reported in the state of New York for 1909-1910.

In Bulletin 104 of the United States Bureau of Labor, Dr. Alice Hamilton reports 510 cases during 1910-1911 among 2,505 employees in 68 potteries and enameled-ironware works.

An incomplete study of lead-poisoning in New York City (based largely on hospital

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records, which cover only the severe types), revealed 376 cases for 1909-1910-1911. These, and the state returns, show plumbism in a wide variety of industries. Cases of disability, and even death, from this cause are recorded among workers in white lead, lead acetate, lead oxid, dry-color houses, storage-battery plants, among typesetters and stereotypers, rubber-toy manufacturers, tinsmiths, smelting and refining employees, handlers of metallic lead, users of molten lead as a hardening agent (as in the manufacture of magnets and tempering wire), in scaling paint on battleships, in ship-calking, diamond-polishing, printing, plumbing, and painting.

The report of the Illinois Commission during 1908-1909-1910 gives 578 cases of plumbism for that state alone.

The first monthly medical examination of the 453 painters employed in a large works showed seventy-seven well-developed cases of "leading." Four physicians recently interviewed in Milwaukee reported 105 cases of lead-poisoning among painters.

WE HOLD THE RECORD FOR LEAD-POISONING

The enumeration of these straws to show the blowing of the winds of infection might be continued indefinitely; but it is only by comparing last year's investigations with similar data from abroad that we can realize how absence of state sanitary control increases the risk to the American worker.

In a Düsseldorf factory, employing 150 men, two cases of lead-poisoning were discovered in 1910 by the examining physician. In an American factory, employing 142 men, twenty-five cases were sent to the doctor in 1910 with lead-poisoning. In an English white and red lead factory employing ninety men, there was not one case of lead-poisoning in five successive years. In an American white and red lead factory employing eighty-five men, the doctor's records for six months showed thirty-five men leaded. Another English factory employs 182 men and did not have a case of lead-poisoning last year. An American factory with 170 men had sixty poisoned during this same year. At the Hart Accumulator Works in London 80-100 men are employed and there has been no case of lead-poisoning for over a year. One small storage-battery plant in Chicago, belonging to one of the railroads, employs only fifteen men, but had two known cases of lead-poisoning in a period of nine months.*

We alone have failed to realize that plumbism is not a necessary evil. Wherever Government supervision has enforced sanitary control in the lead industries, the danger of plumbism has been reduced to a minimum. With the example before us of what has been accomplished in Great Britain, Germany, France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, and Denmark, we need waste no time in "entering an indictment against the Almighty for having created such a material as lead." Indictments are imperatively called for; but they should not be "against the provision of lead by Nature; but rather against the government or people that permits carelessness in its manufacture or use."

The discussion of substitutes (excepting in certain branches of the paint, pottery, and rubber industries) can do little to help the victims of plumbism now found in over a hundred trades employing essential lead products. These victims are found sporadically in practically every community of the United States, but their affliction is endemic in such widely scattered localities as St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Omaha, Joplin, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Perth Amboy, Camden, Brooklyn, Staten Island, Trenton, East Liverpool, Zanesville, Sheboygan, Milwaukee, Louisville, and Chattanooga.

It is encouraging that one state, Illinois, has already recognized its obligation to its workers; and by the appointment of a commission to report on Occupational Diseases has collected valuable data for its campaign against the abuse of those trade poisons among which lead holds an unenviable supremacy. Under new sanitary laws, enforced by a civil-service Board of State Factory Inspection, much has already been accomplished in this state to prove that what has been done to safeguard the lead-worker in the countries of Europe can be duplicated in America.

But however necessary such laws on the statute-books may be, we must bear in mind that it is by the additional education of the manufacturer, the worker, and the physician that the problems of plumbism may be satisfactorily met. Since Dr. Alice

*The English Government reports thirteen cases of poisoning among 786 male "dippers" in the Staffordshire potteries in 1910. An American Local Dippers' Union reports for the same year thirteen men with sixteen attacks of plumbism out of eighty-five "dippers."

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Hamilton's investigation of the lead trades, and her reports on the practises then commonly in vogue, there has been an effort on the part of a number of those engaged in the production of basic carbonate, as well as some manufacturers of oxids, and owners of paint-factories, to reform the conditions which called for her censure. As a result, two of our white-lead and oxid plants, judged from the standpoint of mechanical dust-control, are to-day hardly inferior to any in England or on the Continent.

Our worst, however, still persist in methods which can not be duplicated in any other part of the world. While one of our largest white-lead concerns has recently spent over $300,000 in hygienic improvements, and a few of the small firms are endeavoring to enforce every precaution of personal cleanliness to safeguard their men, there are others in the trade whom nothing but drastic state laws will ever force to a recognition of their duty.

ENFORCE CLEANLINESS BY LAW

In enforced cleanliness lies the remedy for the Lead Menace in all its forms—a cleanliness which shall banish fume and dust from smelter and factory, and so reform the habits of the worker in every phase of lead employment that he will protect himself by the use of respirators when necessary; eat clean food with clean hands at his noon hour, and go to his home at night free from lead contamination of either his person or his clothing.

There is no theory in this remedy offered; the practises of other countries have already shown its practicability. In the smelting trade, for example, we can duplicate Austrian experience—if the ore, slag, and scrap are kept sprinkled; if the men working before the open doors of the Scotch hearths, or other furnaces, are protected by projecting hoods and exhausts; and if the emptying of flues and bag-houses is done only in a sanitary manner.

Europe recognizes that all the lead trades demand the furnishing of adequate washing facilities for their employees; with hot and cold water, nail-brushes, soap, towels, and shower-baths; and a time allowance for their use at noon and on leaving the works. There must also be the provision of lockers and lunch-rooms, and the furnishing of overalls and jumpers, together with a conspicuous posting of warning notices, in all languages spoken by the workers, as to the sanitary rules in force to prevent lead-poisoning. These notices should be called to the attention of all new employees by the foreman, and, in the case of foreigners who can not read, explained to them by reliable interpreters.

Last, but not least, there should be a regular weekly examination of all lead employees by a competent physician, who shall treat such as are not well, at the company's expense, and who is authorized to advise suspension from work of all who are suffering from plumbism, until unfavorable symptoms have disappeared.

There is no hardship to the owners of lead works in installing these reforms, if uniform state laws place all upon the same footing. But even where such is not the case, and heavy expense has been incurred in the face of competition, experience has proved that the increased efficiency which results from improved sanitary conditions is eventually an economy to the employer.

It is upon the elimination of dust that our efforts should be concentrated. And in certain of our factories this has already been so fully attained as to warrant the belief that absolute mechanical dust-control will soon be possible for all producers.

The Old Dutch Process (possibly doomed, by the ultimate failure of the tan-bark supply, to give place to the "Chamber" or "Quick-Process" Leads) can be robbed of its worst features by roomy, well-ventilated construction of the "stack house"; the faithful use of respirators, reinforced by personal cleanliness on the part of the "strippers;" and the elimination of dust when the pots of "white buckles" are emptied, by fitting a hooded exhaust-pipe over the car into which the corrosions are poured.

It has been proved that all machinery can be so enclosed as to prevent dust-discharge; and that all processes can be made so mechanical after the corrosions have once reached the "separator" as practically to eliminate hand-labor during their progress to finished paint. By means of a dust-collecting system, and the use of a vacuum cleaner, all parts of the lead-factory can be kept scrupulously neat. Enclosed, ventilated "chasers" can be filled with lead, mechanically weighed; and they can be mechanically emptied when it has been mixed with oil and is ready for its final treatment.

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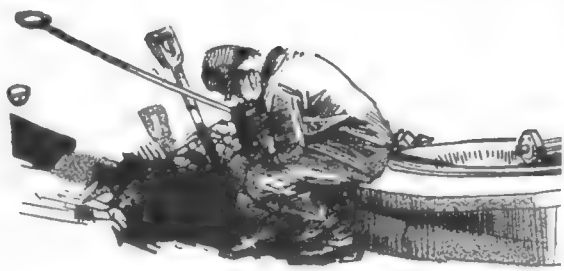
Even the deadly "drying-pans" can be rendered harmless when they are enclosed, ventilated with an effective exhaust-system of dust-control, and emptied into enclosed screw-conveyers by means of long-handled hoes. The paper-lined barrels can be mechanically packed and hand-headed under an exhaust.

Our largest lead company is ready not only to waive all its patent-rights to the sanitary inventions just enumerated, but also to assist any of its competitors by means of drawings or advice in the installation of such improvements. Through its generosity, the achievement of the dustless Old Dutch, sulphate, or Carter "Quick Process" lead-factory (the last-named a hitherto notoriously dangerous method "beginning and ending in dust") seems almost a reality, rather than a reformer's dream.

After the enactment of state laws, however, and the achievement of dust-control inside the plant, the American manufacturer has still to meet his most difficult problem. This results, as has already been suggested, from the character of labor employed in most branches of the lead trades: labor which is recruited from an ignorant, floating class of immigrants, difficult to control, and extremely unsanitary in habits.

Drawn from the most vigorous peasant stocks of Europe, they apparently offer great resistance to lead intoxication. But under a low average wage-scale and a standard of living and housing which would not be tolerated in Germany, where the relation of malnutrition and lowered vitality to plumbism is recognized, they frequently furnish our most harrowing cases of lead paralysis, nephritis, and lead delirium.



But the fact that the American foreman can not, like his foreign rival, deal with men of his own nationality must not be accepted as an excuse for a continuance of acute or chronic plumbism. Illinois is proving that laws requiring the use of approved respirators, overalls, dressing-rooms, lavatory and bath facilities, and lunch-rooms, if enforced in a spirit of determination by manager and foreman, can be made an effectual protection not only for the American worker, but also for the Hungarian, Italian, and Polish.

But in addition to the question of dust-control and personal hygiene, there is a third handicap to state and manufacturer in their fight against the Lead Menace. This is the inability of the American physician to diagnose, or successfully treat, the early stages of plumbism. The present weakness of our medical colleges, in that they practically ignore preventive treatment of Occupational Disease, can only be offset by the circulation (through the State Boards of Health) of literature covering our abuse of lead and other industrial poisons. Valuable as may be the work in this field by a few company-physicians, it is upon the general practitioner that the responsibility must rest for the treatment of the unnumbered cases now in existence.

In the sanitary education of the state, the manufacturer, the worker, and the physician, lies the remedy for plumbism. In place of former ignorance we must now plead a guilty knowledge of conditions such as no other nation would tolerate; of reckless poisonings in factories which might be rendered healthful; of a sum of unnecessary human misery before which the investigator stands appalled; and of an indifference on the part of all but one of our state legislative bodies which is to-day without a parallel in any civilized country of the world.

In view of these facts, does not the neglected appeal of certain workers in lead products — now on file in Washington—to "these Great United States" for protection against the needless risks of their employment assume a new significance? And shall we not signally fail in our guarantee of a reasonable surety for the health and happiness of all those within our borders, if this cry of suffering, now audible after so many years of dumb endurance, remains unheeded and unanswered?

Write to your members of the State Legislature and urge the passage of the Occupational Disease Bill to insure the protection of workers from lead-poisoning. Do it now.

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A Letter Home

by

W. Townend.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GREFÉ

WHEN, at the preposterous hour of four P.M., a message arrived at the office saying that a stenographer was wanted immediately for half an hour or so, little Miss Conway slammed back the carriage of her machine and wrinkled up her small nose in disgust, for she knew instinctively from long experience that the choice would fall on her. Wherefore she showed no surprise when she found her prediction correct, but rose to her feet obediently.

But the mildest and best of us are only human.

"Bother the silly old thing!" said little Miss Conway in a petulant voice. "Wouldn't that make you tired! I just hate going to people's houses, anyway! I bet I'm kept there till midnight. Miss how much, did she say the name was?"

Miss Conway—or, to adopt a more familiar phraseology, Sadie Conway—was quite an ordinary, pleasant-looking, insignificant little girl, but a paragon who could read her own shorthand notes even after they had become cold, and who refrained from chewing gum or eating candy in business hours.

In appearance and manner she had no marked peculiarities by which she might be distinguished from her tribe. She was neat and sedate, quiet and self-possessed in the extreme, and aged seventeen and three-quarters exactly. Eschewing frills and fripperies, she dressed simply, but from habit rather than from any conscientious scruples. So, on this particular day, the weather being warm but not hot, little Miss Conway wore a blue cloth jacket and skirt, a white shirt-waist, tan gloves, shoes, and stockings, and an enormous black-and-white-check cloth hat shaped like an inverted pudding basin and kept in place by two stiletto-like hat-pins.

This, then, is a fairly accurate picture of Miss Sadie Conway, stenographer and typist, who was going to take some dictation from the Beautiful Lady who lived in a very select apartment house overlooking the bay and the mountains and the ships and Chinatown and a million telephone poles, and heaps of other entertaining and instructive things.

Little Miss Conway, properly awed by the magnificence of her surroundings, yet still more properly displaying not the slightest sign of embarrassment, was ushered into a sitting-room by a supercilious maid and bidden to take a seat.

She waited a long time, her dark brown eyes regarding with grave interest the oil paintings on the walls and the silver ornaments and the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece and the lace curtains swaying in the breeze and the masses of yellow roses in the china vases.

"Bother!" said little Miss Conway, staring at the ormolu clock.

And then the door opened and the Beautiful Lady—alas! there is no other word to describe it—the Beautiful Lady glided into the room.

Sadie—for the title of respect palls if used indefinitely—Sadie rose to her feet and drew in her breath sharply, as she beheld the vision in soft white draperies approaching.

The Beautiful Lady was tall and slim

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"I AM KEEPING MY PROMISE, AND AM WRITING TO YOU ON THE MACHINE YOU AND DAD GAVE TO ME," DICTATED THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

and gracious, and she carried herself as a princess ought to do but generally doesn't. She was very fair, with finely chiseled features and a rose-and-cream complexion, and eyes like corn-flowers sparkling with dew in the morning sunlight.

She gazed at the little stenographer frankly, as one who observes a curious insect; yet not unkindly, rather with sympathy. "How d'you do?" she said.

Sadie thrilled rapturously at the sound of the soft, low voice, it fitted in so com-

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pletely and perfectly with everything else.

"I hope I've not kept you waiting too long, have I? Let me see. I have a letter I want you to write for me. You'd better take off your jacket and hat. Warm, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Sadie in her prim, matter-of-fact way, "it's very warm." And she began to calculate how many years it would take at her salary to save enough money to buy a gown like the one the Beautiful Lady was wearing. And as for the rings—Sadie glanced at her reflection in the looking-glass—sallow, positively sallow, and covered with freckles—and, needlessly pessimistic, choked down a sigh.

Then she turned her attention resolutely to business. "I'm ready," she murmured.

The Beautiful Lady was looking at her with a far-away expression in her cornflower blue eyes. "You needn't bother about taking it down in shorthand," she said. "There's a typewriter here. It may be a different make from what you're accustomed to, but I guess you'll manage. I dictate very slowly, anyway."

She crossed over to the big bow-window and swung open the top of a rosewood desk.

"This is it. I've paper here in the drawer. Can you manage?"

Sadie sat down at the desk and touched the keys lightly. "Sure," she said. "It's fine." And, inserting a sheet of paper into the holder, she waited patiently with her back very straight and her two little fingers poised on the guide keys, exactly as they had taught her at the business college where she had learned the science of typewriting and the art of shorthand and the misery of book-keeping.

"I'm quite ready," she said.

But the Beautiful Lady gazed out of the window and made no reply.

Little Miss Conway watched her closely, treasuring up in her mind certain things that should never be forgotten. She wondered how it would feel to be dressed like the Beautiful Lady and be the mistress of so much wealth and such possessions. Paradise, of course! She also wondered what the Beautiful Lady would do if she had to work day after day at a typewriter, copying deeds and law reports, and taking dictation from rude, loud-voiced, double-chinned men who expected one to combine the speed of a court reporter with the knowledge of an encyclopedia, 1912 edition.

But perhaps the men would not be rude and loud-voiced to the Beautiful Lady, thought little Miss Conway.

The Beautiful Lady seated herself gracefully on a couch near the desk and stared at Sadie so closely that Sadie flushed and put her hand hurriedly up to her hair.

The Beautiful Lady laughed. "I won't detain you long," she said. "There's only the one letter." She paused. "You're not in a hurry, are you?" she asked. "Because if you are——"

"Not in the least," said Sadie most untruthfully, staring in a demure fashion down the sides of her small, tilted nose.

There was a silence in the room while the clock struck five silvery notes.

"How long have you been a stenographer?" said the Beautiful Lady very haughtily.

"About six months."

"And you learned shorthand in the city, I suppose?"

"No'm. Back home. I went through a business college there and then I came out here."

The Beautiful Lady leaned forward, her lips parted, a strange softness shining in her eyes. "Why, do you mean to tell me your people are not in California, too?"

"No'm. I came out here to live with an aunt. She'd been terribly sick and asked—— Well, there's heaps of us at home and she was lonely, I guess. She's better now."

"How do you like being out here?"

Sadie glanced at her quickly, puzzled by the questions. "It ain't nearly as nice as being at home, of course; but it's nice enough."

"Lonesome, eh? I know."

"Yes'm, a bit. I miss being at home—the garden and the farm and the woods—naturally." Sadie smiled rather a forlorn little smile. "But I've got heaps of friends in San Francisco now, and—yes, I'm getting along fine. Besides, I'm not out here for good, of course; I'm going back East in a year's time."

She wondered if they were ever going to settle down to work. But the Beautiful Lady continued to ask questions in her low, even voice.

"Don't you find your work very difficult?" she said. "I don't think I could ever take down a letter in shorthand."

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"No'm." Sadie smiled at the thought of the rude, loud-voiced, double-chinned men and the Beautiful Lady. "I don't think my speed's quite what it used to be, but it's good enough, and they can't dictate so terrible quick. And then in the office I get one of the other girls to give fast dictation now and again, if we have time. It's so awful easy to lose your speed—you've no idea."

The Beautiful Lady nodded. "Yes, I understand. And how much do you——" She hesitated, and a richer color crept into her cheeks. "You don't mind my asking you all these questions, do you? It's unpardonably rude, I know, but——"

Sadie laughed. "Ask me anything you like. Why, it's not a bit rude!"

"Well, then," said the Beautiful Lady, not without a touch of embarrassment, "how much do they pay you?"

"Fifty a month; but I'll be getting sixty very soon. That's not bad wages, really."

"And what hours do you work?"

"From about eight-thirty in the morning to five at night, or later if they want me to, of course." And then by way of forestalling the next question, she added: "I'll be eighteen in about three months."

"Eighteen!" said the Beautiful Lady in a reflective tone. "You look younger."

Sadie began to feel rather restive. She wished she could see the clock without twisting her head. That was the worst of people who had never had to work for their living: time meant nothing to them. But still she gave no outward signs of impatience, for it was neither manners nor policy to betray weariness or inattention in business hours.

"You really like the work, then?"

"It's better than anything else I could do," said Sadie. "No, I don't like it so terribly much, but—I can't afford to pick and choose. Yes, I like it all right." Her eyes strayed back to the Beautiful Lady, noting the clusters of pearls in her ears, the two diamond rings, the—Sadie choked down another sigh of envy.

"It's awful to be poor," said the Beautiful Lady very slowly. "Money can do such a lot."

Sadie played absent-mindedly with a pencil; a little furrow showed between her level eyebrows. "Of course, I'd like to have money. But I'm not—not worrying any. And it's—it's funny what a lot you can do without if you've got to. Besides, I'm lucky. I earn heaps more money than most girls."

A wistful smile crossed the Beautiful Lady's face, and she twisted a lace handkerchief between her fingers until it tore. "Lucky, lucky girl!"

She raised her head, and Sadie saw in her eyes a sadness that she did not understand. What trouble could the Beautiful Lady have to make her sad? And why should she call her lucky? What did she know of work?

"Don't believe what they tell you," said the Beautiful Lady impatiently. "Money's nothing, child. I know. Nothing at all. Less than nothing." She pressed her lips together very tightly. "That's the way with you girls. Money, money, money. And then—then——"

Sadie stared at her in blank amazement. "But—but you said just now——" She stopped abruptly, feeling rather indignant. Of course, any one with money could afford to talk in that strain!

"Did I?" said the Beautiful Lady. "Perhaps. I don't remember. But—if you're ready now, you might take down the letter." She laughed nervously. "I find it necessary to employ a stenographer occasionally. My spelling's very, very extraordinary at times. And besides—well, I want this letter typed, anyway."

"I'm quite ready," said Sadie in a frigid, professional tone.

"Head it 'General Delivery,' please. And —let me see, what is the day of the month?" The Beautiful Lady watched the fingers rattling over the keys.

"'Dear Mother:'"

"Yes," said Sadie, after a while. "'Dear Mother.'"

The Beautiful Lady seemed to have lost something of her repose and dignity and patrician ease of manner. "'It is a long time,'" she dictated, "'since I last wrote to you; but I have been very busy.'" She spoke very slowly and deliberately, and her voice trembled.

The keys rattled vigorously.

"Yes'm," said Sadie, bent on showing off her speed.

"'However, I have a few minutes to spare to-day, so I am keeping my promise, and am writing you on the machine you and Dad gave to me. You can see how nicely I use it.'"

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The Beautiful Lady was staring out of the window.

"'The work is hard, but I like it, and I am making good money. I get fifty dollars a month'—No; wait a minute! Where have you got to?"

"'Good money.'" Sadie was too dazed to do anything but answer mechanically.

"Very well. Now, after 'making good money'—period. Then: 'I get sixty dollars a month and have been promised a raise soon. The hours are half-past eight to five; but I have to work overtime when there is any special rush on. I don't mind that, as they pay me—pay me extra, of course.'"

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY SAT AT A WRITING-TABLE AND SCRIBBLED AN ADDRESS ON AN ENVELOPE.

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The Beautiful Lady gazed at the carpet for a long time.

Sadie stole a startled glance at her. "Yes, ma'am: 'of course.'"

"Let me see; that was what I said last, was it? Ready? 'I sometimes think I am losing my speed at shorthand, which I don't want to do, so I and one of the other girls in the office dictate to each other for practise. I am much better now than I was, but the doctor says I would never be well enough to live through the winters back East. It scarcely seems two whole years since I left home, does it? I miss you all more and more every day. But I've made heaps of friends here, now, and the people I am living with are very kind. I left the last house I was in, as it was so far from the office, and I am now living with some dear old ladies who take great care of me.'"

Sadie waited until she had finished the sentence; then she turned and stared at the Beautiful Lady, who met her eyes coldly, though her cheeks were very pink.

"But," said Sadie, "I—I—don't understand."

"You're not paid to understand," said the Beautiful Lady. "If you're ready——"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Sadie, very humbly indeed.

"'It is a long time to the spring, but I have been promised a two weeks' vacation in April or May. If I can, I will come home and see you all. How is Bob? And Annie? Has Dad cut down the old pear-tree yet? Kiss everybody for me. Dear mother, you must not worry about me being so far from home. I am getting along fine, and I have plenty of money. You must never send me any more. Is the rheumatism any better? How I wish you could get out here to this climate.

"'Your loving little daughter.'"

The rattling of the keys ceased. Little Miss Conway sat at the typewriter, waiting.

"I'll sign it," said the Beautiful Lady in a low tone.

"The envelope?"

"I'll address it."

Sadie took the letter off the roller and laid it on the desk. "There are no mistakes," she said quietly.

She stood up and looked at the room with the pictures and curtains and silver ornaments and the yellow roses; then she looked at the Beautiful Lady and wondered once more what it would be like to wear such clothes.

"But—you're not—not a stenographer," she stammered, "working for sixty a month. You don't——" She paused. A strange fear took possession of her. The room seemed to have grown very dark all of a sudden. "Is that all?" she asked.

She held her head very erect; unconsciously, without realizing it, she adopted an attitude of hostility.

"Yes," said the Beautiful Lady. "That's all. And quite enough, too."

Sadie put on her jacket and hat. Her heart-beats almost suffocated her, and she wanted to escape into the open air.

The Beautiful Lady had risen to her feet and was staring down at Sadie like some tragic young goddess. Then she held out a large gold coin.

"Here, kid. Thanks very much. This is for yourself, remember. I'm paying the office separately." She thrust the coin into Sadie's hand.

"But I—I can't take all this money. Why——"

"Don't be a little fool! I know what girls are. You want money, of course. Buy something with it." She hesitated and looked at Sadie appealingly. "Please! I'd like to help you. You understand the letter, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Sadie, edging away. "I think so."

"I had to," whispered the Beautiful Lady. "I just had to. Once that letter might have been true. It's a lie now; nothing but a pack of lies. I couldn't work that machine to save my life. But I—I didn't think when I called up the office. I ought not to have done it, ought I? It was wrong of me. I should have tried by myself. But what's it matter? Everybody knows about me, I guess." The pain in her voice made Sadie quiver. "I used to think that money was more than anything in the world. Understand, kid? Well, it ain't. I wanted money awful bad. I was alone, with nobody to warn me, not a soul, or tell me what I was doing, and I—I did hate the work. Yes, hated it. You don't know how I hated sitting in an office——"

There was a knock at the door, and the white-capped, supercilious maid entered the room.

"If you please, ma'am——" She paused

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and looked significantly at little Miss Conway.

"Oh! very well. Say I'll be in, in a minute, if—if he won't mind waiting. And you might get my things ready, please."

The maid withdrew noiselessly.

"Well," said the Beautiful Lady, smiling, and her manner had become almost flippant. "Good-by, kid; thanks so much. Hope I didn't shock you with those—those heroics. Bad form, very. But I'm on the blink to-day. It's the weather, I guess. You wrote the letter very nicely indeed. Well, be good."

Sadie went out of the room into the hall, and opened the front door of the apartment. She did not wait for the elevator, but ran down the flight of stairs into the lobby and out into the street.

Not until she felt the fresh evening breeze on her cheeks did she breathe freely. Then she realized that she was clutching something tightly. She opened her hand and found the gold coin.

Now ten dollars is quite a sum, and Sadie was not rich. She looked at the coin longingly, but a quaint, priggish, puritanical little fear seized her. She stopped and glanced around quickly, dropped the coin into the gutter, and hurried away, hoping that some one who really wanted the money would find it.

And the Beautiful Lady sat at a writing-table and scribbled an address on an envelope. She wrote badly because she was in a hurry, for even the dearest friend does not care to be kept waiting too long. Moreover, she could scarcely see, for the Beautiful Lady was actually crying. This was silly of her, as she was old enough to have outgrown all tears. But then the Beautiful Lady was only twenty-one, which perhaps isn't so very old, after all, if you come to think of it.

A Little Mother Hen

by

Parker Fillmore

AUTHOR OF "THE HICKORY LIMB," "THE YOUNG IDEA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

MRS. O'BRIEN smiled imploringly.

"Rosie dear, now that vacation's come and you don't have to go back any more to school, won't you, like a good child, help your poor Ma and take care of your little sister, Geraldine? Here, baby darlint, go to sister Rosie."

Mrs. O'Brien held out the baby, but Rosie backed resolutely away.

"Now see here, Ma, you just needn't begin on that, because I won't. I guess I do enough in this house without taking care of Geraldine: I wash all the dishes, and that old Ellen O'Brien hardly ever even wipes them; and I do the outside scrubbing; and I go to the grocery for you six times a day; and I help with the cooking, too; and I always carry up Jarge's supper to the cars; and I take care of Jackie. Besides all that,

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"I TELL YOU, MA, JACKIE'S MY BABY. I'VE TAKEN GOOD CARE OF HIM, AND THAT'S ALL YOU CAN ASK."

I got my paper route. I guess that's enough for any one person."

Mrs. O'Brien conceded this readily enough. "Of course it is, Rosie dear, and I'm not sayin' it isn't. You're a great worker, and a fine little manager, too. I used to be a manager meself, but after ye've been the mother of eight, and three of them dead and gone—God rest their souls! —things kind o' slip away from you, do ye see? What was it I was sayin' now? Ah, yes, this: now that summer's come, if only ye'd help me out with Geraldine, p'rhaps I could catch up with me work. Like a darlint, now."

Mrs. O'Brien, shifting Geraldine from one warm arm to the other, smiled ingratiatingly; but Rosie only shook her head more doggedly than before.

"No, Ma. The rest of the people in this house don't do things they don't want to do, and for once I'm not going to either. I tell you I'm not going to begin lugging Geraldine around!"

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"You poor infant!" Mrs. O'Brien crooned tearfully, "and does nobody love you? Ah, now, don't cry! Your poor Ma loves you even if your own sister Rosie doesn't!"

Responsive to the pity expressed in her mother's tones, Geraldine raised a fretful wail, but Rosie, though she felt something of a murderess, still held out.

"I tell you, Ma, Jackie's my baby. I've taken good care of him, and that's all you can ask."

Mrs. O'Brien sighed in patient exasperation. "But, Rosie dear, can't you see that Jackie's a big b'y now, well able to take care of himself?"

"Take care of himself! Why, Ma, how you talk! Don't I have to wash him and button his shoes and put him to bed?"

"Well, I must say, Rosie, it's high time he did such things for himself—a fine, healthy lad going on six! Why, yourself, Rosie, hadn't turned six when you began mothering Jackie!"

It was not a subject Rosie cared to argue, so she retired in dignified silence. But her mother's words troubled her. In her heart she knew that Jackie was a well-grown boy even if in many things he was still a baby. But why shouldn't he still be a baby? The truth was Rosie wanted him to be a baby; it delighted her to feel that he was dependent on her; it was her greatest pleasure in life to do things for him. And if she was willing to serve him, why, pray, should other people object?

Unfortunately, though, certain disturbing changes were coming over Jackie himself. Within a few months he had burst, as it were, the chrysalis of his babyhood and come forth a full-fledged small boy with all a small boy's keenness to be exactly like all other small boys. Rosie's interest in his welfare he had begun to resent as interference; her supervision of him he was openly repudiating; and, worst of all, he was showing unmistakable signs of becoming fast friends with Joe Slattery, youngest member of the family and neighborhood gang of the same name. Rosie had done her best to check the growing intimacy, but in vain. So long as school continued, Jack could meet Joe in the schoolyard, and Rosie had been helpless to interfere. But now, for the coming of vacation, she had a project carefully thought out. In her own mind she had already arranged picnics at the zoo, excursions to the woods, jaunts to the park, that would so occupy and divert the attention of Jack that he would soon forget Joe and the lure of the Slattery gang.

What time, may one ask, would Rosie have for this work if she burdened herself with Geraldine? None whatever. No. Geraldine was her mother's baby, and if her mother didn't insist on Ellen's relieving her a little, why, then she would have to go on alone as best she could. Rosie's older sister, Ellen, with her everlasting excuse of business college, did little enough about the house anyway. Rosie hardened her heart and, as the family gathered for the midday meal, was ready with a plan for that very afternoon.

She broached the subject at the table. "Say, Jackie, do you want to come with me this afternoon? I'm going somewheres."

"Oh, I dunno."

Rosie's heart sank. But a short time ago he would have jumped down from his chair and rushed over to her with an eager: "Oh, Rosie, where you going? Where you going?" Now all he had to say was an indifferent "I dunno."

Rosie made one more effort to arouse his old enthusiasm. "Me and Janet are going up to Boulevard Place."

She waited expectantly, and Jack finally grunted out in bored politeness: "That so?"

A moment later his indifference vanished at a vigorous shout from outside: "Hi, there, Jack! Where are you?" It was Joe Slattery's voice.

"I'm th'u," Jack announced, gulping down a last bite. "I got to go."

"Where you going, Jackie?" Rosie tried to keep out of her voice the anxiety she felt.

"Oh, nowheres. Don't you take hold o' me, Rosie, 'cause I'm in a hurry."

Rosie went with him to the door, still keeping her hand on his shoulder. "Please tell me where you're going."

"You just let go my arm! I'll kick if you don't!"

Jack struggled violently, broke away, and, escaping to a safe distance, scowled back at Rosie angrily. "'Tain't none o' your business where I'm going! Guess I can go where I want to!"

"Oh, Jackie, Jackie! Is that the way to talk to your poor Rosie?"

Joe Slattery, who had, of course, instantly espoused his friend's cause, now spoke.

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"He's goin' in swimmin'! That's where he's goin'!"

"Swimmin'! You mustn't, Jackie, you mustn't! You'll get drownd-ed! Sure he will, Joe! He doesn't know how to swim one bit!"

Joe grinned scornfully. "Guess he can learn, can't he?"

Rosie paused distractedly, then clutched at the only straw that floated by. "See here, Jackie, you can go with Joe and you can look on, but listen: if you promise me you won't go in, I'll give you a whole nickel!"

Jack looked at Joe and Joe looked at Jack. Then with the eye farthest away from Rosie, Rosie thought she saw Joe screw out a small wink. Thereupon Jack turned to Rosie with a frank, guileless smile.

"All right, Rosie. You give me a nickel and I won't—honest I won't."

"You promise me faithfully you won't go in?"

"Sure I won't, Rosie! Cross my heart!"

Rosie drew out one of her hard-earned nickels and gave it to him. He and Joe promptly hurried off.

"Now, remember!" Rosie called after them, beseechingly; but neither of them made any answer.

Rosie went back to the table almost in tears. "Jackie's gone off with that Joe Slattery and they're goin' in swimmin' and I just know he'll get drownd-ed!"

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Mrs. O'Brien. "Why didn't you tell me, Rosie dear, before they got started?"

"Tell you!" Rosie's tears changed to scorn. "Why'd I tell you? You know very well how much you'd do! You always let every one do just what they want!"

Mrs. O'Brien blinked reproachful eyes. "Why, Rosie, how you talk! If you'd ha' told me that Jackie was goin' in swimmin' I'd ha' gone out to him and said: 'Now, Jackie dear, mind the water! Don't go in the deep places first!' I give you me word, Rosie, I'd ha' said it if it were me last breath!"

Rosie lost all patience. "I know very well that's exactly what you'd say! That's all the sense you got! That's all the sense anybody in this house has got! And I suppose by this time Jackie's drownd-ed, and if he is I want to die, too!"

Mrs. O'Brien looked at her in amazement. "Why, Rosie dear, what a flutter ye do be puttin' yourself into! Ah, now, I see. It's because Jackie's your first chick! Take me word for it, darlint, when ye're the mother of eight ye won't be carryin' on so. Come to think about it, I remember meself over Mickey—God rest his soul!—the first day he went swimmin'. Mickey was just turned seven, and Terry here was toddlin' about on the floor, and yourself was in me arms no bigger than Geraldine.

" 'Where's Mickey?' says I to Mrs. Flaherty, who was livin' next door.

" 'Mickey?' says she. 'Why, didn't I see Mickey start off with the b'ys? They be gone swimmin',' says she.

" 'Swimmin'!' says I, and with that I lets out a yell. 'He'll be drownd-ed!' says I. 'Me poor Mickey'll be drownd-ed!'

" 'Be aisy, Mrs. O'Brien,' says she; 'or ye'll be spoilin' yir milk and then what'll ye do?' And she was right, Rosie, was Mrs. Flaherty, for Mickey got back safe and sound, to be carried off two years later with scarlet fever!"

Mrs. O'Brien nodded her head complacently and poured herself another cup of tea.

Rosie, her face still tragic and woe-begone, turned to her brother Terrence. "Will you do something for me, Terry?"

"What?"

"Follow Jackie out and see that he doesn't get into deep water."

Terry looked at her as if she were crazy. "Sorry, Rosie, but I got something more to do than trail Jack around. Besides, he's not going to get hurt. It'll be good for him."

Rosie washed the dinner dishes in silence, thinking to herself what a cold-blooded family she had. There was poor wee Jackie out there drowning, for all they knew, and not one of them willing to stretch forth a helping hand. She escaped as soon as she could to seek the sympathy of her friend, Janet McFadden.

Another blow was in store for her. Janet heard her out and then said: "But, Rosie, don't all boys go swimming?"

Rosie was ready to weep with vexation. "What do I care what all boys do? This is Jack!"

"Well," said Janet, with maddening logic, "even if it is Jack, I guess Jack's a boy."

Drawing herself up to her greatest height,

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Rosie looked her friend full in the face. "If that's all you got to say, Janet McFadden, I guess I'll be going. Good-by."

"So she's against me, too," Rosie told herself as she hurried off, feeling more miserable than before.

Terrence O'Brien had a large afternoon paper route and, to the scandal of Miss Ellen O'Brien, he had recently employed Rosie as an assistant. So Rosie got her papers now and went about delivering them, nursing her grief in her heart until she came to old Danny Agin's cottage. Then she talked, and Danny—nice old Danny of twinkling apple face and crippled joints—listened sympathetically.

At first he had nothing to say. He screwed his head about thoughtfully, squinted at his pipe, tapped it several times on the porch rail, blew through the stem, then finally cleared his throat.

"It's just this way, Rosie: I know exactly how ye feel. Jack's yir own baby, as it were; but, whist, darlint, he can't be always taggin' after ye, don't ye see? He's a pretty big lump of a b'y now, and if I was you I'd just let him run and play by himself whin the mood takes him. Thin, whin

"YOU PROMISE ME FAITHFULLY YOU WON'T GO IN THE WATER?"

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he comes back, just talk to him like nuthin' was the matther, and upon me word, Rosie, he'll love ye all the more for it."

"But Danny," Rosie wailed, "what if he was to get drownd-ed?"

Danny reached over and patted her on the arm confidentially. "Ah, now, Rosie, what if we was all to get drownd-ed? You know it happened wance. Noah was the gintleman's name. From all accounts 'twas a fearful experience. But 'twas a long time ago, and since then any number of us have escaped. Why, Rosie dear, I've never yet been drownd-ed meself, and in me young days I was mighty fond of the wather. So cheer up, darlint, for the chances are that Jackie'll come out all right."

Rosie dried her eyes listlessly. It seemed to her they were all in conspiracy against her. Yes, she was sure of it.

Jack was home in good time for supper.

"Ah, now, do you see, Rosie?" Her mother pointed to him in triumph. "It's just as I told you. Here he is safe and sound. But Jackie dear, mind now: the next time don't ye go into the deep water until ye know how to swim."

Ellen glanced at him amusedly. "Been in swimmin', kid?"

To Rosie the question seemed both stupid and inane, for Jack's face had a clean, varnished look that was unmistakable, and his hair had dried in stiff, shiny streaks close to his head.

He was hungry and ate with zest, but he said little and carefully avoided Rosie's eye. Very soon after supper he slipped off quietly to bed. Rosie did not pursue him. She was waiting for George Riley. George Riley was a young street-car conductor who boarded with the O'Briens. He was Rosie's sworn friend, and now, in the trouble that had overtaken her, the person upon whom she was pinning her last hope.

He came, but before she had time to get his advice she was hurried up-stairs by Jackie himself, who called down in urgent, tearful tones:

"Rosie! Oh, Rosie! Come here! Please come! Come quick!"

The little front bedroom with its sloping walls and one dormer window was Ellen's room, theoretically. Actually, Rosie shared Ellen's bed, and Jack's little cot stood at the bottom of the bed between the door and the bureau.

Rosie felt hurriedly for matches and candle. "Now, Jackie dear, what's the matter? You're not sick, are you? Tell Rosie."

"It hurts! It hurts!" Jack was sitting up, wailing dolefully. He reached toward Rosie in a helpless, appealing way that warmed her heart. Whatever was the matter, it was bringing him back to her.

"What is it hurts, Jackie?"

"My back! It burns! I tell you it's just burnin' up!"

Rosie gently lifted off his nightshirt and held the candle close.

"Jackie! What's *happened* to your back and shoulders? They're all red and swollen! What did those Slattery boys do to you?"

"They didn't do nuthin', Rosie, honest they didn't. Ouch! Ouch! Can't you do something to make it stop hurting?"

"Wait a minute, Jackie, and I'll call Jarge Riley. Jarge'll know what to do."

George came at once and as quickly recognized Jack's ailment. "Ha, ha, Jack, old boy, how's your sunburn? Jiminy, you've got a good one this time! . . . Say, how's the water?"

"Ugh-h-h!" moaned Jack. "It hurts!" Then with a change of voice he answered George enthusiastically: "Dandy! Just as warm and nice!"

George sighed. "Golly! Wisht I was a kid again! There sure is no place like the old swimmin'-hole in the good old summertime!"

Rosie glared indignantly. "Jarge Riley, ain't you ashamed of yourself! It's dangerous to go in swimmin,' and you know it is! Jackie's never goin' in again, are you, Jackie?"

Jack snuffled tearfully: "My back hurts! Can't some o' you do something for it?"

Rosie turned stiffly to George. "What I called you up here for was to ask you what's good for a sunburnt back."

"Excuse me," murmured George, meekly. "Let's see now: We ought to put on some oil or grease, then some powder or flour."

"Will lard do?" Rosie still spoke coldly.

"Yes, but vaseline would be better. There's a bottle of vaseline on my bureau. Do you want to get it, Rosie?"

Rosie hurried off and returned just in time to hear George say: "Oh, you can go in again in two or three days."

Rosie blazed on him furiously. "Jarge Riley, what are you telling Jackie?"

"I?" He spoke with an assumption of

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"JACKIE! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR BACK AND SHOULDERS?"

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innocence and that look of guilelessness which Rosie was fast learning to associate with male deceit. "I was just telling him it would take a couple o' days for his back to peel. Then he'll be all right again."

Rosie looked at him in scorn, but made no comment. She resolved one thing: George Riley should have no more moments alone with Jack. When the time came, she made him go down-stairs for the flour-shaker, then curtly dismissed him.

"I guess you can go now, Jarge. Jackie wants to go to sleep. Now, Jackie dear, just lie on your stummick and you'll be asleep in two minutes."

George hesitated a moment. "Didn't you say you wanted to see me about something, Rosie?"

Rosie looked at him steadily. "If ever I said that it was before I knew you as well as I know you now. Now they isn't anything I want to say to you."

George gasped helplessly and departed, and Rosie, after settling Jack comfortably, blew out the candle. . . . So even George Riley had joined the conspiracy against her! Well, she was not done fighting yet.

She insisted upon making an invalid of Jack the next morning, keeping him in bed and carrying up his breakfast to him. All day long she waited on him, hand and foot, loved, amused, coaxed, threatened, bribed him, until by evening she had him weak and helpless, ready to agree to anything she might suggest.

At supper Mrs. O'Brien beamed on him sympathetically and remarked to Ellen, who was just home from business college: "Ellen dear, do you know the awful back o' sunburn poor wee Jack's got on him? Rosie's been nursing him all day."

Ellen glanced at Terry and laughed. "Do you remember, Terry, how you used to come home after your first swim every summer?"

Jack looked up eagerly. "Oh, Terry, did you used to get sunburned, too?"

Terry nodded. "Sure I did. Every fella does."

Jack's face took on an expression of heavenly content.

"Is it peeling yet?" Terry asked.

"No, but it's cracking." Jack's tone was hopeful.

Rosie moved uneasily. "Terrence O'Brien, I just wish you'd look out what you're sayin', and you too, Ellen! It's dangerous to go in swimmin', and Jackie's never going again, are you, Jackie?"

Jack hesitated a moment, then murmured a weak little "No."

Mrs. O'Brien nodded approvingly. "Ah, now, isn't Jack the good b'y to promise sister Rosie never to go in swimmin' again!"

Ellen chuckled. "At least until his back's well!"

Rosie flew at her sister like an angry little clucking hen. "Ellen O'Brien, you just mind your own business! Come on, Jackie, we're through. We're going out in front by ourselves, aren't we?"

Jack, apparently, wanted to remain where he was; but when Rosie whispered, "And I've got another penny for you," he slipped quietly down from his chair.

When you know that this was Jack's fifth penny for that day, you have some idea of what the struggle was costing Rosie. A week's wages from her paper route seemed in a fair way of being eaten up in a few days. It took seven cents to hold him the following day, and before noon of the day after he had collected a whole nickel from her. It was a fearful drain on her resources, but anything, Rosie told herself, anything to keep him out of the clutches of the Slattery gang!

By the third day his back was dry and peeling. After dinner, as Rosie was coming home from the grocery, she found him at the front gate boasting about it to Joe Slattery.

Rosie interrupted politely: "Jackie, will you come into the house a minute? I got something to ask you."

Jack looked at her kindly. "All right, Rosie. You go on in and I'll be in in a minute."

The dismissal was so friendly that Rosie could not gainsay it. She hurried around to the back door and then rushed through the house to the front door, which she slipped open wide enough to see and to hear what was going on at the gate. Joe Slattery's voice carried distinctly.

"Say, Jack, what do you say to goin' down now? Aw, come on! Let's."

Rosie did not have to ask herself what Joe Slattery was proposing; she knew only too well. Breathless, she awaited Jack's answer. It came with scarcely an instant's hesitation.

"All right. Let's."

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Jack was out of the gate and off before Rosie could push open the front door.

"Jackie! Jackie! Where you going? Wait for Rosie!"

"Me and Joe got to go down and see a fella. We'll be back soon, won't we, Joe?"

"Sure we will, Rosie. We'll be back in ten minutes."

Rosie shook her head reproachfully. "Jackie, Jackie, you're telling Rosie a story, you know you are! You're going swimmin' and you promised me you wouldn't! Oh, Jackie, how can you, after the nickel I gave you this morning, and the seven cents yesterday, and the nickel the day before, and the nickel of the first day you went withJoe? Oh, Jackie, how can you take poor Rosie's money and then act that way?"

Jack had nothing to say, but Joe Slattery was able to answer for him.

"Aw, go on, Rosie O'Brien—Jack's goin' in swimmin' if he wants to! I guess you ain't his boss! Come on, Jack!"

Joe threw his arm about Jack's shoulder and together they marched off.

Rosie put forth one last effort: "Jackie O'Brien, you listen here: If you go swimmin' with Joe Slattery, I—" She searched about frantically for some threat sufficiently terrifying. She paused a moment, then hit upon something which, a few months earlier, would have worked like magic. "If you do, *I'll never button your shoes again!*"

Jack glanced back insolently over Joe's shoulder. "Aw, go on! What do I care? Anyway, it's summer-time and I'm goin' barefoot!"

For Rosie this was the end. This was defeat, and she accepted it as such. Slowly and tearfully she dragged herself into the house.

"Ma, Ma, Jackie's gone off swimmin' again with that old Joe Slattery!"

"Is that all it is, Rosie? You gave me quite a turn."

AT THE COOLING TOUCH OF WATER, LITTLE GERALDINE QUIETED HER WHIMPERING AND BEGAN TO SMILE.

"But, Ma, what am I going to do?"

"Well, Rosie dear, what do you want to do?"

"I want to save Jackie from those old Slatterys."

Mrs. O'Brien sighed sympathetically. "Ah, I'm afeared you can't do that, Rosie. Jack's a b'y and you know how it is: b'ys do like to run around with other b'ys."

"But what if he gets all sunburnt again and maybe drownd-ed?"

"Ah, now, but maybe he won't."

There were times when, to Rosie, her mother's easy-going optimism was maddening. To-day it seemed to her the very sort of thing you might expect to find in a hot, untidy kitchen cluttered up with clothes-horses and steaming with fresh ironing. The rickety old baby-carriage, draped in mosquito netting, stood near the ironing board, and Mrs. O'Brien, as she changed irons, would give it a push or two. Geraldine was whimpering miserably, and little wonder, Rosie felt.

Mrs. O'Brien, on the other hand, seemed surprised and grieved that she was not cooing herself comfortably to sleep. "Ah, now, baby, what can be ailin' ye? Can't you see your poor Ma is working herself to

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death to get your nice clean clothes all ready for you? Now stop your cryin', darlint, or your poor Ma won't be able to iron right, and then what'll sister Ellen say when she comes in? Ho, ho, Ellen's a Tartar, dear, she is that! Now you wouldn't want your poor Ma to be scolded by Ellen, would you? Indeed and you wouldn't! So hush now like a good baby and don't be always cryin'. . . ."

Rosie stood it as long as she could, then her heart overflowed in indignant speech: "Of course she's crying in this horrible hot kitchen! Why wouldn't she? And they's flies in her mosquito netting, too!"

Mrs. O'Brien paused in her ironing to shake her head in mournful reproach. "Why, Rosie, how you talk! Where else can I put the poor child but right here? Upstairs in Ellen's room and in my room it's just like an oven. Jarge's room, downstairs here, is cool enough, but I can't use that, for Jarge pays good money for it and besides lets Terry sleep with him. No, no, Rosie, I can't impose on Jarge."

Rosie's blue eyes snapped. "Well, why can't you put her in the front room? That's cool."

"Why, Rosie! You know very well why I can't. Ellen won't let me. When a girl's a young lady like Ellen, she's got to have a place for gintlemin callers, and how would she feel, she says, if her gintlemin friends was to smell Geraldine?"

"Smell Geraldine! Maggie O'Brien, I'd think you'd be ashamed o' yourself! Geraldine'd be all right if you changed her and washed her often enough! You can bet nobody ever smelled Jackie! It's just your own fault about Geraldine, and you know it is!"

"Rosie dear, why do you be so hard on your poor Ma? I'm sure I wash her whenever I get the chance. I'm always washin' and ironin' somethin'!"

"Yes. You're always washing and ironing Ellen's things!"

"Why, Rosie, how you do be talkin'! When a girl's a young lady she's got to have a good supply of fresh skirts and clean shirt-waists. Men like to see their stenogs dressed clean and pretty."

"Aw, what do I care how men like their stenogs? All I want to say is this: If you got a baby, you ought to wash it!"

"Yes, Rosie dear, but what'd you do if you'd been like your poor Ma and had had eight babies? Ah, you don't know how wearyin' it is, Rosie!"

Rosie rushed out of the kitchen, unable longer to endure the discussion. But she was back in a few moments, carrying towels and a large white basin.

"Why, Rosie dear, are you really goin' to give poor little Geraldine a nice——"

"Maggie O'Brien, if you say a single word to me I won't do a thing!" Rosie glared at her mother threateningly.

"Mercy on us, Rosie, how you talk! I won't say a word! I promise you on me oath I'll be as quiet as a mouse! You won't hear a sound out o' me, will she, baby darlint? I'll be like the deaf and dumb man at the museum. He talks with his fingers, Rosie. You'd die laughin' to see him. . . ."

At the cooling touch of water, little Geraldine quieted her whimpering and began to smile wanly. The sight of her neglected body made Rosie's anger blaze anew.

"Maggie O'Brien, I don't believe you've touched this baby for a week! You ought to be ashamed o' yourself! Just look at how chafed she is, and her body all over prickly heat, too! . . . Where's the corn-starch?"

"Rosie dear, I'm awful sorry, but we're out o' corn-starch. Couldn't you run over to the grocery and get some?"

"No, I couldn't! It's almost time for my papers. I know what I'll do: I'll borrow Ellen's talcum."

"Oh, Rosie, Ellen wouldn't like that!"

"I don't care if she wouldn't! I guess she helps herself to other people's things. Besides, if she's so particular about her gentlemen friends, she ought to be glad to have Geraldine all powdered up with violet talc."

"Don't tell me, Rosie, that you mean to be puttin' Geraldine in the front room! Ellen'll be awful mad!"

"Let her be! When she begins to ramp around, you just sick her on to me! I'll be ready for her! Besides, I guess Geraldine's got some rights in this house!"

On the floor of the front room, between two chairs, Rosie made a cool little nest, protected with mosquito netting. The tired baby sighed and turned and was asleep in two minutes.

"You poor little thing!" Rosie murmured as she stood a moment looking down at the dark circles under Geraldine's closed eyes

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and at the cruel prickly heat that was creeping up her neck. "You poor little thing!"

She went back slowly and thoughtfully to the kitchen. Before her mother she paused a moment, then looked up defiantly. "Ma, has Geraldine a clean dress to go out this afternoon in the baby buggy?"

Mrs. O'Brien's face began to beam with delight. "Ah, now, do you mean to say——"

Rosie cut her off shortly. "Maggie O'Brien, if you say one word to me I'll drop the whole thing!"

Mrs. O'Brien stopped her ironing to stretch out a timid, conciliatory hand. "Rosie dear, why do you always be so sharp to your poor Ma? I won't say a word, I promise I won't. Geraldine's things is at the bottom of the basket, and the moment I finish this waist of Ellen's I'll get at them."

Rosie felt a sudden pang of shame, but a foolish little pride made her keep on scolding.

"Well, I got my papers to attend to now, but see that you have those things ready by the time I get back."

"Indeed and I will!" Mrs. O'Brien declared with head-shaking emphasis.

"LOOK AT THE BLISSED INFANT, AS HAPPY AS A LAMB WITH TWO MOTHERS!"

All afternoon on her paper route Rosie was thinking of poor, neglected little Geraldine with her chafed body and sad, tired eyes. It wasn't her fault, poor baby, that she had come eighth in a family when every one was too busy and hard-worked to pay attention to her. . . . But it was a shame, that's what it was! I just tell you when there's a baby around, some one ought to take proper care of it! . . . Rosie wanted dreadfully to fasten blame somewhere, and the person naturally responsible would seem to be her mother.

For some reason, though, she couldn't work up much of a case against Mrs. O'Brien. That poor soul had enough to do, and more than enough, without ever touching Geraldine. She was not, it is true, the best manager in the world, and she was dreadfully helpless in the hands of unscrupulous people like, say, her own daughter Ellen; but when all was said and done, she was fearfully hard driven, early and late, and never a day off. And yet how cheerful and uncomplaining she was! How loving and kind, too, never remembering the cross words you gave her or the short, ill-natured answers. No matter how you had been acting, she would call you "dear" again, the moment you let her. . . .

Moreover, even if she did not wash Geraldine as often as she should, Heaven knows it was not to save herself. Maggie O'Brien would have gone through fire and flood for the benefit of any of her children, living or dead, and Rosie knew this. No, no. The things slighted were not slighted because she was lazy and selfish, but because there were not hours in the day for her one pair of hands, willing but not very skilled, to

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do all there was to do in the crowded little household.

But if it were once granted that her mother was unable to give Geraldine proper care, was the child, Rosie asked herself, never to receive such care? In her heart Rosie knew the one way possible and at last forced herself to consider it. Could she take this baby and raise it as she had raised Jackie? . . . To have Geraldine occasionally for a morning or an afternoon would be a pleasure; but all day and every day—that was another matter. Rosie sighed. She knew how time-consuming it was to be a mother. She knew what it meant to look after a baby's food and its naps and its baths and its walks and its clothes. What time would there be left for all those vacation picnics which Rosie had planned for herself and Janet and Jackie? . . . Jackie! . . . She had forgotten: *there wasn't any Jackie now.*

Rosie stopped, expecting again to be swallowed up in that ancient grief. But it scarcely touched her. Instead, she found herself looking at Jackie with the critical eyes of an outsider. He was pretty big. Perhaps he did not need her any longer. George Riley and Danny Agin and Janet McFadden and Terry and her mother—hadn't each of them said the same thing? Rosie had wanted to make herself believe that they were all in league against her, but deep down in her heart she knew they were not and had always known it. Now at last she was ready to confess the truth: Jackie did not need her any longer. . . . And poor little Geraldine did.

Of course, though, she would never love Geraldine. All the love in her heart she had poured out upon Jackie, and there simply wasn't any left. How could there be? It was merely that, in any case, she must fill up the barren days remaining with something. Why not with Geraldine?

It would, however, be rather pleasant to see Geraldine grow plump and happy under her wise care. Ever since hot weather the poor birdie had not had half enough sleep. Rosie would not be long in remedying that. And it would surprise her much if she did not have the little chafed body well within a week. . . .

When you take a baby to raise, it's a satisfaction to get a pretty one. Geraldine promised to be very pretty. Her hair was growing out in loose little ringlets like Rosie's own, and her eyes, too, were like Rosie's, only bluer. Perhaps, when Rosie fattened her, she would have a dimple. Rosie herself had a lovely dimple that was much admired. Let's see: was it in the right cheek or the left? Rosie made sure by smiling and feeling for it. Yes, she really hoped that Geraldine would develop a dimple. Was there anything on earth sweeter than a dimpled baby? . . . The baby buggy was a rickety old affair that had done service for Jackie and for little Tim that was gone. Rosie did wish they could afford a nice new up-to-date go-cart. No matter, though. Having any sort of thing to push about would give her and Janet all the excuse they needed to promenade for hours on Boulevard Place.

Not that Rosie was looking forward with any pleasure to her new undertaking. Heavens, no! She shook her head emphatically. Henceforth it was duty, not pleasure, to which she would devote her life. You know how it is in this world: though our hearts are breaking, we must all do our duty.

She found Geraldine refreshed and happy after her long nap. She dressed her carefully in the clean clothes that were waiting and settled her comfortably in the old carriage. Then, when they were ready to start, she turned to her mother.

"I want to tell you something, Ma: I'm going to take care of Geraldine this summer. Then maybe you won't have to work so hard."

Mrs. O'Brien laughed and cried and hugged Rosie to her bosom.

"Oh, you darlint, you darlint! What's this ye're tellin' me! . . . Ah, Rosie, if I do say it, ye're the best child that ever stood in shoes! Geraldine, darlint, do ye hear what sister Rosie says?"

Mrs. O'Brien paused a moment, then spoke more quietly: "And, Rosie dear, I've been sorry about this Jackie business—I have that. It's a turrible thing when a little mother hen has only one chick, to have that chick turn out a goslin'! But take me word for it, Rosie, Geraldine'll niver disapp'int ye so. Ye'll niver take to water, will ye, baby dear?"

Rosie choked a little. "I—I guess we better be going. We got to stop for Janet."

They started off, and Mrs. O'Brien, in a fresh ecstasy of delight, called after them: "Ah, look at the blissed infant, as happy as a lamb with two mothers!"

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The BALKAN THUNDERBOLT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The "chocolate soldier" has at last got the world to take him seriously. In the Balkans he is no longer a theme for light opera and newspaper jest. Mr. Frederick Palmer, the foremost American war correspondent in the Philippines, Manchuria, Macedonia, and Turkey, has just returned from observations among the Little Christian nations that are making the Big Christian nations heed them. As the only American to report the war from the victorious side, his account has a special importance beyond its absorbing interest. Mr. Palmer's news despatches were published in leading newspapers; but this is the first, and the only, complete and assembled report of what he found out about Little Europe.*

Do ***you*** *know what, fundamentally, the war was about?*

"WAS it worth while going?" friends ask.

Yes, though I had seen only half of what I actually did see. Yes, in the name of Christ against Mohammed, of church spire against minaret, suffragette against harem favorite, the Holy Grail against the Arabian Nights, parliaments against padishahs, the hat against the fez—yes!

It was a war that sank into the marrow of the bones and stirred the imagination and gripped the processes of reason with each fresh fact that I learned. Returning home, I found the story as a whole untold. No one knew the why or how of what had happened. In the public mind for a few weeks a confusion of fragmentary and disconnected information and misinformation played over the Balkans. There were glimpses through a keyhole in feeble flashes of light of armies in deadly grapple, followed always by a brief, unilluminating, official announcement of another Turkish defeat.

The story is one of the world's great stories—human, classic, elemental, picturesque. I am going to tell it from the beginning, as I should want you to tell it to me if I were one of a group around a table and you had had a look in at the siege of Adrianople and at the work of the Bulgarian army, while we had taken our war in headlines over our morning coffee.

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THE WHOLE ARMY OF THE ALLIES WAS MOVED TO THE FRONTIER IN DELIBERATE ORDER, AND WITH IT EVERY GUN AND EVERY RESOURCE OF TRANSPORTATION.

A glance at a railroad map of Europe reveals, in the region north and west of where the Save enters the Danube, a mass of lines like the circulatory network in a frog's leg under the microscope. This is the land of the Great Powers, of high civilization, congested population, and intensive farming, where every tree is counted and every square rod of land made to serve. It might be called Big Europe. South and east of the Danube, in what might be called Little Europe, the lines are relatively fewer than those of our Southwest compared to those of New York, New Jersey, and southern New England.

Yet southeastern Europe has no deserts. It is a region as fertile as France itself, with a noble climate, undeveloped coal and ore, bounded by seas with waiting harbors, in the pathway of Central Europe and Russia to the Mediterranean, across from Africa, and at the gateway of Suez to India. Once it was within the small central circle of the world's civilization, as Nature's gifts meant it to be. But European immigration, European enterprise and capital, passed it by, on the way to the ends of the earth.

Why? Because of the blight of misrule. Because in Arabia, where heads grow hot and eyes see visions between sand and sky, the Prophet Mohammed dreamed the religion of the sword which permitted a true believer to have as many wives as his sword could win. It was no less definite about heavenly bliss than about earthly license. It made Constantinople a Moslem city and turned the great Church of St. Sophia into a mosque. Sweeping northward, it engulfed the little Bulgarian empire, and later the kingdom of Servia, whose czar had just granted a Magna Charta of the same kind as that of the English, which was the lowly beginning of the initiative and referendum.

The victories that carried the Turks to the very walls of Vienna brought more wives to the harems of all officers, from captain

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to padishah. The private, if he fell after killing a Christian, got any number of houris in a practical fleshly heaven of eternal idleness. Casuists in theology reading the Koran may say that this is not real Mohammedanism; but it was to the Turks and still is to the mass of them.

After the invasion was pressed back, the spirit of the Crusades died out of Big Europe, which to this day remains undisturbed in its masses and prayers by the call of the muezzin from St. Sophia, or by the thought of the Holy Sepulcher guarded by Turkish soldiers. Little Europe was regarded as a part of the Orient; a concern of Big Europe's politics, but not of her soul.

The Bulgars, the Serbs, and the Greeks had received the shock of the attack. They remained the buffer. They exceeded in numbers the Turks in Europe, who held them subject and alien in race and religion, while they had no right to bear arms. Back of the Turkish soldiery in Europe to enforce their will were the hordes of Turks in Asia, who would come at call to suppress any rebellion.

With each generation, Bulgar and Serb and Greek sent their young men to the hills in insurrection, with contraband arms. They fought, expecting no quarter and giving none. With each insurrection went up a prayer to their fellow Christians of the great Christian nations for help. It was answered when the formidability of their guerrilla warfare finally won for a portion of the Serbs their independence in 1817, and for a portion of the Greeks theirs in 1829.

The chain of Turkish rule was a series of autocratic links from sultan to *vali* (or governor) and vali to village *mouktar*. There was law only as the Turkish official decided to enforce it; beyond his judgment no appeal. If a Turk wanted a Christian woman, he took her; if a Turkish soldier killed a Christian peasant, there was no redress. Between the religions and the races there could be no truce. Their principles

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OX-CARTS CARRYING AMMUNITION AND FOOD TO THE FRONTIER WERE DRIVEN BY THE AGED MEN, THE WOMEN, OR THE CHILDREN

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SELIM PASHA, THE LEADER OF THE TURKISH CAVALRY DIVISION WHICH FOUGHT AT LÜLE BURGAS.

were death to each other. The true Christian woman would not permit any weakening in the continuous war. She was not going from independence and a single wifehood to share a husband with other women in the harem. For the genesis of all that we have seen in this war and all from which this war sprang is with the Christian woman voicing in primitive horror the same instinct that sets every wife and mother against divorce and concubinage.

The Bulgar, the Greek, and the Serb each retained his religion, his racial character, and his picturesque racial garb. The Bulgars and the Serbs were altogether pastoral; the Greeks more often traders, who were to be found in every port and were a commercial power in Constantinople itself. For the Turk was not a business man: he was a fighter, a ruler, a gentleman, when he was not the poor, believing underdog of a Turkish peasant. With this "gentleman" was associated in some Occidental minds the attraction of the animal that hunts in contrast to the animal that plows. He stood for the romance of the minaret, the scimitar, the turban, and the mystery of latticed windows where over-perfumed, languorous women who did not know their letters, peered out on filthy streets rank with another kind of odor, coursed by mangy dogs, and with the lower orders of the male taking the place of beasts of burden in the day of the dynamo, the telegraph, and A.B. degrees, as they had in the day of Mohammed.

Even as the Jews congregated in the Ghetto, so the Bulgars and Serbs congregated in communities for mutual protection. Riding across the country you would find in this valley a Bulgarian village and in that valley a Servian village. Between insurrections their weapon was the adroitness of the subject race, which, smiling with tongue in cheek, gives unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. The same racial intensity and tenacity which kept each

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Christian race in existence kept it from making common cause with the other. Bulgar and Serb rarely rose at the same time. Very narrow-minded and stupid, of course. But they still plowed with a pointed stick. They had not the opportunities of round-the-world tours or even Chautauqua lecture courses.

The Bulgars, more numerous than the Serbs, but nearer Constantinople, had to wait longer than the other races for the establishment of a nation of their own. With the outbreak of the Bulgarian insurrection of 1876 a new force, modern journalism, was demanding to be heard. Great English newspapers were no longer willing to take their food out of official hands. They sent men of the MacGahan type to the Balkans, who came back with the red truth of the horrors.

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MEN OVER FORTY-FIVE WHO WERE PUT TO GUARD PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND TRANSPORTATION, READING THE NEWSPAPER REPORTS OF THE WAR.

There was corroboration from another source — American. One of those rich Americans who have practical ideas of their own about doing good with their money, established Robert College in Constantinople, which was named after him. Instead of trying to proselytize Mohammedans who would not be proselytized by missionary efforts, he opened the doors to an Occidental education to poor young men of the Orient. The Turk was not interested, because memorizing the Koran was not in the curriculum. But the Bulgars came from Thrace and the Balkan tablelands, their baggage in home-knit saddlebags and their young minds keen. They learned the English language, and new chambers were opened in their heads for a lot of thinking which they would never have done if they had remained in their native villages.

Now a wave of indignation passed over Big Europe. In Russia it took the form of righteous action. The czar moved his armies to the relief of his co-religionists of the Greek Church—with the result we know. After the fall of Plevna in '77 his victorious troops pressed on through Thrace.

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Then the Powers intervened. Russia must not take Constantinople; St. Sophia must remain a mosque, said Christian Europe. The Berlin Convention, dominated by Bismarck, adjusted a new territorial arrangement that would throw a sop to the world's indignation against the Turk and not interfere with the delicate European balance of power. Servia's and Montenegro's boundaries were readjusted, and out of Turkey in Europe was formed the new principality of Bulgaria under the suzerainty of the sultan.

Thus, Bulgaria is only thirty years old as a nation. She came into being sixteen years after the close of our Civil War. When our nation started, after the American Revolution, we had a public familiar with the use of the jury system, a Congress that was the outgrowth of colonial legislatures, good colleges and schools, army officers who had made an army under a general who had served in the French and Indian wars. Bulgaria had none of these—nor had the new Greece and the new Servia at the beginning. Its people were peasants and shepherds who had known no voice in government. There was no army, no legislative, school, or finance system. There was far less to start with than Japan had; for she had leaders and government and the heritage of a national life for a thousand years.

Those young men from Robert College, and a sprinkling of other young men whose fathers were well-to-do enough to send them abroad for an education, were now in vital demand. They had all Europe to learn from: its wisdom to imitate and its errors to avoid. The wonderful thing was that they realized this, and profited by it.

Bulgarian gratitude to Russia still persists. But young Bulgaria, with a peasantry far superior to Russia's serflike tenantry of the vast estates, at once cut up the big Turkish land holdings into small plots,

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THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN OF THE BALKANS WOULD NOT PERMIT ANY WEAKENING IN THE CONTINUOUS WAR. SHE WAS NOT GOING FROM INDEPENDENCE AND SINGLE WIFEHOOD TO SHARE A HUSBAND WITH OTHER WOMEN IN THE HAREM.

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THEIR FACES HAVE A SET LOOK LIKE THE BALKAN RIDGES, STOICAL, DETERMINED, NARROW, SLIGHTLY SUSPICIOUS—THE SHADOW OF CENTURIES OF RESISTANCE TO TYRANNY.

which were sold to the people. For leaders in the new army were men who had risen to natural leadership in the insurrectionary bands, and the czar loaned a large body of officers as drillmasters and organizers.

Young Bulgaria stumbled, of course. Greece and Servia had stumbled and were still stumbling. Every time any one of the little nations tripped, Big Europe said cynically: "There! You see what a miserable lot these Christians of the Balkans and the Ægean are. They are only fit to be governed by the Turks." France could say this in the midst of revolution; England could say it while she protected her opium trade in China; Germany while she knocked things about with the mailed fist. It was a helpful message to an infant trying to learn to walk, when none of his forebears had been allowed to use his legs for five centuries.

All three nations had hard luck in the matter of kings. Greece tried an Otto first and then settled down under the George who never worries. Bulgaria did not like Alexander and Alexander did not like his job, so he abdicated. Looking about Europe for a successor, she found all princes otherwise engaged when they were offered a seemingly uncertain tenure of throne among peasant boors so far from Berlin, Vienna, and the shooting-boxes.

Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha finally agreed to come. He is not sorry now that he went; for hereafter, when he visits Big Europe as king of the Bulgars, he will not have to say: "Don't you remember me? I am your forgotten cousin Ferdinand from the Balkans." The other kings will be very glad to see so important a person. As kings go, he has earned his pay. He obeys orders excellently; for the Bulgars require that kind of a king.

Poor Servia has fared the worst. Instead of bringing in a prince of the established, thoroughbred German stock, she tried the home product, who would not stay at home nearly as well as the imported

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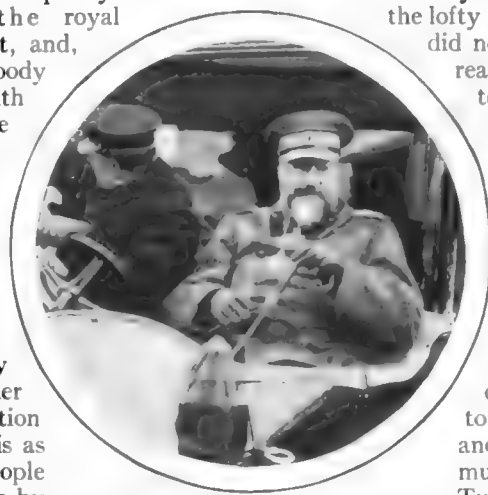
article. Without going too far back in history, there was in more recent times the old roué Milan, succeeded by his son Alexander, who banished his father and married Draga Mashin, a courtesan. Among Draga's many indecencies was trying to palm off (in want of one of her own) another woman's child as the royal heir.

In June, 1903, a conspiracy of officers burst into the royal apartments one night, and, after making a bloody mess of the pair with their swords, threw the bodies into the garden. There is no excuse for the nauseating barbarity of the deed except the disgust of a people with a foul ruler who was himself ruled by a foul woman. By this ghastly sensation Servia got her present-day reputation before the world. It is as unfair to judge her people by it as to judge ours by negro lynchings or the Becker case, or to judge Austrian royalty and army by the way that Crown Prince Rudolph met his death.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

KING FERDINAND IN HIS CAR, FOLLOWING IN THE PATH OF HIS VICTORIOUS ARMY.

Peter Karegeorgevich, who belonged to the rival family of princes—as if one bad one were not enough, Servia has had to suffer two—was brought from a Swiss boarding-house and set up in the palace. His eldest son George in a rage kicked his valet. The valet died and the Crown Prince resigned his right of succession to his brother Alexander, who is said not to be top-heavy with character. Since the war, while Peter is better tolerated he is not exactly popular. It will take a pretty good king to win the love of the Serbs after all their bad investments in royalty.

In 1886 Servia had flared up against Bulgaria. Eastern Rumelia, which had been given a kind of autonomy by the Berlin Convention, rose to a man and demanded annexation to Bulgaria. Servia, playing real, high-class European politics, decided that this must not be permitted, as it would destroy the balance of power in the Balkans; and Bulgaria accepted the challenge. Russia withdrew her officers, disgusted that two Slav children should quarrel in this fashion. But the Bulgarian army without any generals went after the Serbs pell-mell and finished the war in a single action.

Cynical Europe smiled over this as a victory of one picnic party of chocolate soldiers, which had charged first with a loud yell, over another. The number of casualties was merely a toll of butchery, said the lofty military experts. They did not indicate that it was really a battle according to Hoyle, which was the excuse Europe fell back on before Napoleon, and kept falling back on while Napoleon kept advancing. Indeed, the whole business demonstrated that as soon as you gave these miserable Balkan Christians a chance they would set to work to murder one another. Yes, they were much better off under the Turk.

However, Bulgaria had shown that she was quite able to get along without her Russian military tutors. She got Rumelia. She began to develop a public-school system; a university, agricultural schools, libraries, and a free press were established. Sofia was growing from a peasant village into a city; Philippopolis throve, taking trade away from Adrianople. That stubborn peasant—the gay dog!—was really flirting coyly with steel-pointed plows and harrows. Bulgar and Greek and Serb were beginning to think along modern lines just a little. The leaven was working

The Bulgars under the Turk in Macedonia wanted to be in with Rumelia on the good things, and to gain their end started an insurrection in 1903. Rifles and recruits came to them from the Balkan fastnesses of Bulgaria. The old appeal of '77 was made to European public opinion, but European public opinion was no more in the mood to listen at the time than we were in 1900 for the moral awakening about business moralities which came to us a few years later.

In answer to the cry for autonomy, the

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diplomatic agents of Big Europe made investigations. The witnesses on one side were suave Turkish officials speaking French. The upper-class Turk is the suavest of deliberate diplomats. On the other side was the grim, embittered, unprepossessing Bulgarian peasant, whose one desire was to have a fair fight, man to man, with the Turkish official. It was like setting a smooth, parlor politician into dialectics with a cowboy before a butler as judge. The only redress of the cowboy would be to lead with his right.

The diplomatic agents reported that both sides were guilty of outrages. Suppose they had declared that the Turk was a menace to modern civilization and progress, who ought to be put out of Europe!

The English Foreign Office would have said to its representatives: "Here, don't you know that we have a vast Mohammedan population in India?" The French: "Did you forget that we are heavy holders of Turkish bonds?" The German: "What! Stir up more trouble in the Balkans when we can't possibly get anything out of it, and we are interested in railroads in Asia Minor?" The Austrian: "We shall not listen to anything that might bar our way to Salonika." The Russian: "We have all we can digest out around Vladivostok and Port Arthur. Don't start anything down Constantinople way!"

And all would have said together: "Young gentlemen, have you never heard of the Balance of Power? On it depends the peace of Europe. Young gentlemen, it is evident that you were not intended for the diplomatic service."

So nothing was done except to extort some promises from the Turk and to make a few extra berths for Europeans by appointing officials to oversee the application of the proposed reforms. It took one hundred and twenty thousand Turkish soldiers to put down the insurrection. The guerrilla warfare of the Boers was glorious in the eyes of Big Europe, but not that of the Bulgarian peasant in his woolskins and homespuns. Europe salved its conscience by saying that, after all, the Macedonian was not a European, but an Oriental. By the way, Jesus Christ was an Oriental.

Satyr Abdul Hamid was still Sultan in Turkey. He would be an anachronism in the twentieth century as the arch-fiend of hell. He used daggers, poison, flattery, bribes, women, anything to hand, in keeping the Serbs, Bulgars, and Greeks estranged, or for any other purpose. So much did he distrust his own army that he stopped both maneuvers and field drills, and shut it up in barracks. His generals must not know their officers too well; the officers must not know their men, lest they engage in plotting against the throne. This was all very well for Asiatic Turkey; but the European Turkish army, which was nearer the source of infidel contamination, led by young officers educated abroad, rose in a body. It marched to Constantinople in the spring of 1909 and deposed the sultan. Some Macedonian bands went along. They were only too glad to have any kind of a slam at Abdul Hamid.

With Turkey in revolution, Bulgaria seized the opportunity to declare its independence of Turkish suzerainty. Ferdinand became a czar in his own right. The Young Turks embarked on a parliament in polyglot Turkey, where the Turkish race had had unlimited authority over all other races since the Turk came to power. There was to be real parliamentary government—only there was not. There were to be real reforms—only there were not. The Turkish army was increased and reorganized—on paper. Turkey was to be another Japan—in imagination.

THE YOUNG TURKS AND THEIR DREAM

A little group of impractical Young Turks were breathing and living dream stuff in a nation with pitifully poor, ignorant masses used to the Abdul Hamid method of initiative and referendum, and not caring much, anyway; because if you said your prayers you needn't bother about your *a-b-c's*, and you were bound to have a comfortable divan in heaven when you died.

The Young Turks, having observed that the English, Irish, and Scotch served together in the British army, and the Hungarians, Czechs, and Germans in the Austrian army, applying European progress by pattern forms, decided, with a view to giving Turkey an enormous military establishment, to include Christians among the soldiers. Keep that point in mind.

The new Turkish army was a strange combination of von der Goltz, medievalism, and sophomoric theories. At its head was the new sultan, whose character

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had been developed as a prisoner in a garden up to the age of sixty, without being allowed by his fond brother Abdul Hamid to read anything or to meet any men except the eunuchs of his harem. When he came to the throne he wanted to know if it were true that the Giaours had invented a machine that enabled one to talk over wires. If so, he wanted one installed at Yildiz Palace. Such was the padishah of reform!

Meanwhile, conditions in Macedonia went from bad to worse, and intelligent self-interest was continuing to make cracks in the shell of the inter-racial prejudices of Bulgar, Serb, and Greek, who discovered a great original idea, namely: "In union there is strength." As all were against the Turk, why not all together against the Turk? All wanted to extend the egis of free government over their kindred.

Servia wanted not only that, but also the right to breathe. Like Switzerland she had no seaport; and unlike Switzerland she could not live off the hotel and guide business. She was wedged between Austria and Turkey. Her exports had to go over foreign railroads, and Austria held a tariff pistol to her head. The Austrian agrarians had only to establish a quarantine, on the ground that there was cattle and swine fever in Servia, and Servia could not get a market for her beef and pork.

TURKEY'S IDEA OF THE "CHOCOLATE SOLDIERS"

Big Europe smiled when rumors began to be circulated last summer that Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and little Montenegro were forming an offensive alliance. The Balkans again! Here was the most preposterous proposal yet come out of that preposterous region.

Skepticism of the rumors gave the little nations the very cover they wanted for their negotiations. Premiers and chiefs of staff worked together over the map. Look at it and you will see that Turkey in Europe, covering the peninsula of Thrace, runs past Bulgaria along the Ægean and then spreads out fanwise north and south toward Montenegro and Greece. A narrow line of communication for a big body, which the four nations could strike on four sides. Their strategic advantage was overwhelming. The difficulty in the way was division of territory if they won. This diplomacy met with careful delimitations of spheres of influence to avoid every contingency for disagreement; and behind them their peoples, in the new idea of unity, rose with a surprising enthusiasm.

Separately they raised diplomatic questions with Turkey, who refused to take them seriously. This also suited their plan, for they wanted to be ready and did not want Turkey to be ready. Preparations were under way all summer. Late in September and early in October they began to mobilize with a startling rapidity.

"In a month snow will be falling in the Balkans," said Big Europe. "These chocolate-caramel armies propose a winter campaign in the mountains. Why, our own armies would not undertake that! Now we understand that it is all the bluff of spoiled children to make us intervene and give them another slice of Turkey. A cunning lot, but we know them of old. Haven't we seen the 'Merry Widow' and 'Arms and the Man'?"

While the allies proceeded with their mobilization the sluggish Turk was depending on the promise of the Powers that they would intervene. Certainly these craven little Christian nations would heed the warning of the big Christian nations. With the crisis thickening fast, the Powers presented their joint note to the allies, practically commanding them not to go to war.

The Powers were a trifle late. It was the turn of the allies to smile. Who knew so well the nature of the concert of Europe as these people who suffered from the very powerlessness of the Powers? Their shrewd statesmen understood that the big nations could act together only in a negative sense. Who was to be the policeman to enforce their latest edict? Was Austria to be permitted to march down through the *sanjak* of Novi-Bazar to Salonika, which was the dazzling jewel of her ambition? Could anybody imagine her ever withdrawing, once her soldiers were in possession? At least her enemy Russia could not imagine it. There the concert would split.

A winter campaign alone was practicable. One beginning in the spring and running through the summer would have meant ensuing famine for nations of farmers. The mobilization was set for the period when the crops were in and all the men and animals of the land could be spared. Cold weather has no terrors for the shepherd and

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the peasant. He is comfortable in unheated rooms at a temperature of forty degrees Fahrenheit. Used to sleeping in straw shacks on the mountain sides when guarding his flocks, sleeping in a trench or in the open was little hardship to him. His food is black bread, cheese, and mutton. Black bread and mutton are his army ration, with cheese when he can get it.

Nowhere will you find four million people who surpass the Bulgars physically. A man or a woman of small stature is rare. They are a superbly moral race, the product of many generations of rigorous living in the open air. I asked many surgeons of the foreign Red Cross missions, but I never heard of a case in the hospitals of disease due to vice. The Bulgars marry young and marital virtue is absolute, as if in racial antithesis to the religion of the harem. Many of the people have blond hair and high cheek-bones and prominent noses.

All are hard-working. There is no concern over any Schedule K; no shoddy is worn by the peasantry. Their clothes are homespun from the wool of the flocks which they tend. A primitive people with primitive virtues, they are picturesque in their native garb; the women with white wool bodices and leggings and the men in woolskin coats and hats. Their faces have a set look like the Balkan ridges, stoical, determined, narrow, slightly suspicious—the shadow of the centuries of resistance to tyranny upon them.

TO WIN IN THREE MONTHS!

Every peasant is a property-holder, grimly tenacious of his property rights. His position is that of our own farmers who own their farms. The continual subdivision of these plots among sons becomes a problem for the future. But for peasant ownership the war would not have been economically possible. Panics come in time of war when industry is complex, credits extended, and hoarding of gold begins; hardly when the soldiers own the land which they till and the grazing rights for their flocks, and are ready to sacrifice all for the cause. Austria has suffered relatively as sharp economic distress from mobilization as Bulgaria and Servia from the war.

The statesmen had looked carefully to financial contingencies. They were ready for a three-months' campaign. If they could not win in three months, everything was lost. The food for the army was inside of the national borders under national control. There was no need to import grain or meat. Whether at war or not, the same number of mouths must be fed. Therefore the regular supply was sufficient and the outside world could not inflate food values.

From the people the government had power for extreme war measures; for the people wanted war. Any ambitious speculator who might have a corner in the grain market in mind was forestalled. Through a leading bank the government bought up most of the wheat in the land at the ruling price, while a ruling price was paid to the mills for grinding it. Anybody caught charging more privately was arrested, fined—and his goods impounded.

THE LOYALTY OF LITTLE NATIONS

"What do you wish us to do? We are ready!" spoke the spirit of every man, woman, and child. The solidarity and the simplicity of tribal spirit were aroused. I try to avoid rhapsodizing; a case-hardened correspondent who was a disgusted victim of the censorship, I can not withhold admiration. The Balkan plateau seemed empty of men and animals. The whole army was moved to the frontier in deliberate order and with it every gun and every resource of transportation. Every man from twenty to twenty-two years of age was serving his term in the standing army; all from twenty-two to forty-five had once served their term and were in the reserve. The call for reservists living abroad to come home to the colors was heard in San Francisco at the same time as in Vienna or St. Petersburg.

"They all answered it?" I asked.

"All, unless ill or mad," was the answer. "How could they do otherwise? They would no longer be Bulgars if they did not. They could not look their fellow countrymen in the face."

The same spirit ruled the Greeks and the Serbs. After all, the patriotism of real sacrifice seems to thrive best in the hearts of the subjects of poor little nations; their very knowledge of their numerical inferiority awakens individual responsibility and self-reliance. Again and again I was accosted in English by privates who had come

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from all parts of America. One Serb whom I met at the siege of Adrianople was an American citizen.

"I thought that I could be a good American and fight for Servia at the same time," he said. "Servia is small and needs every son she has, wherever he may be."

A Bulgar who had been wounded at the great, decisive battle of Lüle Burgas said that he was a pedler in Panama when he received his summons to the colors. Greek merchants from all parts of the Mediterranean region poured in subscriptions to the national war fund. The greatest comradeship in the world is that of conscription. Day-laborer and pedler fell into ranks beside the man who had made his fortune; college students served beside fellows who scarcely knew their *a-b-c's*; all facing death for a cause on equal terms in a democracy of courage and discipline.

"After this," said the pedler, "when I say I am a Bulgar, people will not ask where Bulgaria is. A Bulgar will no longer be a nobody."

The men over forty-five had their share of service. They were given old Russian Bertran rifles, and their business was to guard public buildings, transportation, and prisoners, and look out for bashi-bazouks (Turkish assassins and marauders) in the rear. This left the rest of the army free for the charge.

A poor people's taxes had been spent freely to get costly, up-to-date field artillery and rifles and ample ammunition. With its limited funds, unable to afford both, the staff never hesitated between the choice of an ambulance and a gun. Everything was sacrificed to the end of efficiency in killing—by which wars are won. The hospital corps was inadequate and there was nothing like sufficient tentage. While the Serbs and the Greeks had better hospital provision and regular army transportation, the Bulgars depended almost entirely upon native ox-carts.

The ox is the beast of burden of the Balkans. It does the plowing; it takes the grain and sugar beets to market. A Government slip of paper with a promise to pay the owner for the use of his oxen represented no outlay in cash. As son and grandson were in the army, grandfather or the boy drove the cart; and sometimes, when no menfolk were left at home, mother herself drove it. While the ox-carts laden with ammunition and loaves moved to the frontier, the mutton went on the hoof.

Not only were the mass of men and resources on the frontier, but all were in order and subject to a single will. For this science of war is a very old science. It is not for tyros. Its victories are no longer to impulse and hurrahs, but to skill and industry and prevision. Tirelessly the armies of Little Europe had drilled and prepared, while Big Europe overlooked them in their Balkan fastnesses.

In keeping with Turkish precedent, the Turkish commanders could not work together. That old pincushion of a helpless sultan agreed with the view of the latest adviser who had been granted an audience. Indirection of policy ruled in the effort to apply the German system of mobilization to a disorganized army scattered from the Montenegrin and Greek borders to Adrianople. The isolated garrisons were without sufficient food or a common plan. A badly equipped Turkish single-track railway with scant rolling-stock was the link between them and their base.

The allied staffs understood the situation of the enemy perfectly. They were in touch with the Christian conscripts in the Turkish ranks and with Christian residents of towns and villages. They knew the numbers of the enemy and where located, and at what point reinforcements and supply trains were *en route* to the isolated garrisons. They did not worry about a reserve army. They put their trust in the spirit which had been making medicine for this war for centuries. We know how long the Hessian outrages and the Indian massacres kept sections of our own country bitter against the British through grandfathers' and grandmothers' tales. Consider, then, that in this army there was hardly a man who had not been brought up on stories of women of his family wronged and massacred!

When the forces of Bulgar, Serb, and Greek were ready, toe to the mark, the telegraph flashed the word to go.

The war had begun. In a sense it was already won, and the story half told.

In the April number Mr. Palmer will tell the story of the battles of the war and the siege of Adrianople.

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The IRON TRAIL

by REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE NET," "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," "THE SPOILERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: When the *Nebraska*, bound from Seattle to Alaska, struck a rock and sank, Murray O'Neil, builder of the North Pass and Yukon Railway, was among the passengers. After the others were taken off in lifeboats, O'Neil stayed behind to work for the release of the horses he had on board. As he gave up the vain effort and prepared to leave the ship, a girl, dazed and frightened, appeared at his door, and together they plunged into the icy waters. The girl could not swim, but O'Neil kept her afloat until at last they were picked up by a lifeboat. Later O'Neil learned that the girl he had saved was Natalie Gerard, ward of Curtis Gordon, a promoter whose flourishing Alaskan projects were under suspicion. The next day, when Miss Gerard found that O'Neil was going on north, she persuaded him to take her along, so that she might join her mother and Gordon at Hope, Gordon's new mining-town.

That night they journeyed in an open launch out into the Sound to intercept the north-bound freight steamer, which stopped at O'Neil's bidding to take them aboard. The next day they reached Hope, and O'Neil, after staying over as Gordon's guest for a few hours, left with a former employee, "Happy Tom" Slater, who had been working for Gordon but resigned the moment he saw O'Neil. At Cortez, Murray acquired also Dan Appleton, a young engineer whom Gordon had just fired for telling the truth about his worthless mine. Then O'Neil's expedition, bound for the Kyak coal-fields to make good Murray's claims, pushed on till they came within sight of the delta extending from the cañon by which the Salmon River bursts through the coast range, and within sound of the twin glaciers that made the river a battle of icebergs. Here O'Neil began to speculate on the possibility of carrying a railroad by this apparently impossible route to the rich resources of interior Alaska. If this could be done, Gordon's road, starting from Hope, and the Copper Trust's, from Cortez, would be defeated. O'Neil determined at any rate to investigate, and his little party, defying hardship and danger, fought icebergs and icy currents till they penetrated the cañon to the terrible glaciers themselves.

When they emerged, it was to plan the preliminaries of an undertaking that "Happy Tom" gloomily pronounced "nothing more nor less than hydrophobia."

CHAPTER VIII

THE clerk of the leading hotel in Seattle whirled his register about as a man deposited a weather-beaten war-bag on the marble floor and leaned over the counter to inquire:

"Is Murray O'Neil here?"

This question had been asked repeatedly within the last two hours, but by people totally different in appearance from the one who spoke now. The man behind the desk measured the stranger with a suspicious eye before answering. He saw a ragged, loose-hung, fat man of melancholy countenance, who was booted to the knee and chewing gum.

"Mr. O'Neil keeps a room here by the year," he replied guardedly.

"Show me up!" said the newcomer as if advancing a challenge.

A smart reply was on the lips of the clerk, but something in the other's manner discouraged flippancy.

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"Mr. O'Neil is not here."

The fat man stared at his informant accusingly. "Ain't this the fifteenth?" he asked.

"It is."

"Then he's here all right!"

"Mr. O'Neil is not in," the clerk repeated, gazing fixedly over Mr. Slater's shoulder.

"Well, I guess his room will do for me; I ain't particular."

"His room is occupied at present. If you care to wait you will find——"

At that moment the breath was driven out of Tom's lungs by a tremendous whack, and he turned to behold Dr. Stanley Gray towering over him, smiling expansively.

"Look out!" Slater coughed, and seized his Adam's apple. "You made me swallow my cud." The two shook hands warmly.

"Where's Murray?" demanded Slater.

"He's around, somewhere. He arrived this morning, but we've barely seen him."

"This rat-brained party said he hadn't come." Slater turned a resentful, smoldering gaze upon the hotel clerk and looked about him for a chair with a detachable leg; but the object of his regard disappeared abruptly behind the key-rack.

"What's in the air?" Dr. Gray inquired. "None of us know. We didn't even know where Murray was—thought he was in Kyak, until he sounded the tocsin from New York. The other boys have quit their jobs and I've sold my practise."

"It's a railroad!"

Dr. Gray grinned. "Well! That's the tone I use when I break the news that it's a girl instead of a boy."

"It's a railroad," Slater repeated, "up the Salmon River!"

"Good Lord! What about those glaciers?"

"Oh, it ain't so much the glaciers and the floating icebergs and the raging chasms and the quaking tundra—Murray thinks he can overcome them; it's the mosquitoes and the Copper Trust that are going to figure in this enterprise. One of 'em will be the death of me, and the other will bust Murray if he don't look out. Say, my neck is covered with bumps till it feels like a dog-collar of seed-pearls."

"Do you think we'll have a fight?" asked the doctor hopefully.

"A fight! It'll be the worst massacre since the Little Big Horn. We're surrounded already, and no help in sight."

O'Neil found his "boys" awaiting him when he returned to his room. There was Mellen, the bridge builder, lean, gaunt, and serious-minded, with the dust of Chihuahua still upon his shoes; there was McKay, the superintendent, who had arrived from California that morning; Sheldon, the commissary man; Elkins; "Doc" Gray, and Happy Tom Slater. Parker, the chief engineer, was to arrive the next day.

"I sent Appleton in from Cortez," O'Neil told them, "to come down the river and make the preliminary survey into Omar. He cables me that he has filed his locations and everything is O. K. On my way East I stopped here long enough to buy the Omar cannery, docks, buildings, and town-site. It's all mine, and it will save us ninety days' work in getting started."

"What do you make of that tundra between Omar and the cañon?" queried McKay, who had crossed the Salmon River delta and knew its character. "It's like calves'-foot jelly—a man bogs down to his waist in it."

"We'll fill and trestle," said O'Neil.

"We couldn't move a pile-driver twenty feet."

"It's frozen solid in winter."

McKay nodded. "We'll have to drive steam points ahead of every pile, I suppose, and we'll need Eskimos to work in that cold; but I guess we can manage somehow."

"That country is like an apple-pie," said Tom Slater—"it's better cold than hot. There's a hundred inches of rainfall at Omar in summer. We'll all have web feet when we get out."

Sheldon, the light-hearted commissary man, spoke up. "If it's as wet as all that, we'll need Finns—instead of Eskimos."

He was promptly hooted into silence.

"I understand those glaciers come down to the edge of the river," the superintendent ventured.

"They do," O'Neil acknowledged, "and they're the liveliest ones I ever saw. Tom can answer for that. One of them is fully four hundred feet high at the face and four miles across. They're constantly breaking, too."

"Lumps bigger than this hotel," supplemented Slater. "It's quite a sight—equal to anything in the state of Maine."

O'Neil laughed with the others at this display of sectional pride, and then explained:

"The problem of passing them sounds

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"IS THAT YOUR DELICATE WAY OF TELLING ME I'M DISCHARGED?" INQUIRED ELIZA.

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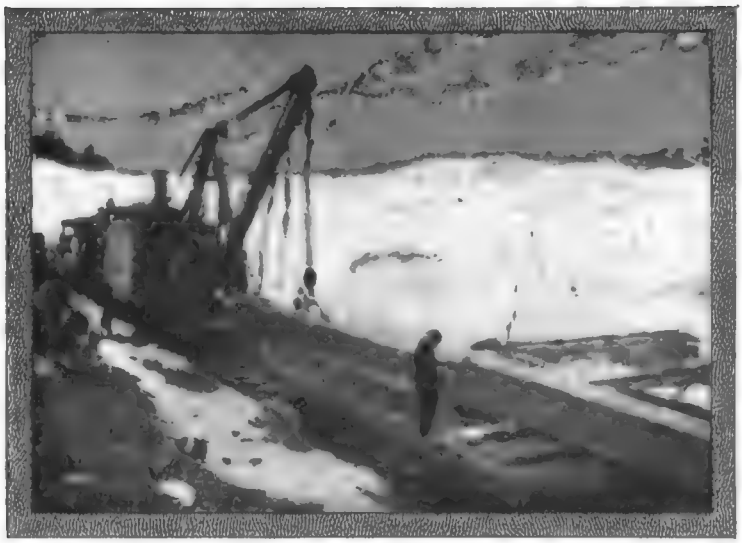

difficult, but in reality it isn't. If those other engineers had looked over the ground as I did, instead of relying entirely upon hearsay, we wouldn't be meeting here to-day. Of course, I realized that we couldn't build a road over a moving river of ice, nor in front of one, for that matter; but I discovered that Nature had made us one concession. She placed her glaciers on opposite sides of the valley, to be sure, but she placed the one that comes in from the east bank slightly higher up-stream than the one that comes in from the west. They don't really face each other, although from the sea they appear to do so. You see the answer?"

His hearers nodded vigorously.

"If we cross the river, low down, by a trestle, and run up the east bank past Jackson glacier—the one on the west—until we are stopped by Garfield—the upper one—then throw a bridge directly across, back to the side we started from, we miss them both and have the river always between them and us. Above the upper crossing there will be a lot of heavy rock work to do, but nothing unusual, and once though the gorge we come out into the valley, where the other roads run in from Cortez. They cross three divides, while we run through on a one per cent. grade. That will give us a down-hill pull on all heavy freight."

"Sounds as simple as a pair of suspenders, doesn't it?" inquired Slater. "But wait till you see it. The gorge below Niagara is stagnant water compared to the cataract above those glaciers. It takes two looks to see the top of the mountains—and those glaciers themselves—well! Language just gums up and sticks when it comes to describing them."

Mellen spoke for the first time.

"As I understand it, we will cross the river between the glaciers and immediately below the upper one."

"Exactly!"

He shook his head. "We can't build piers to withstand those heavy bergs, which you tell me are always breaking off."

"I'll explain how we can," said O'Neil. "You've hit the bull's-eye—the tender spot in the whole enterprise. While the river is narrow and rapid in front of Jackson—the lower glacier—opposite Garfield there is a kind of lake, formed, I suppose, when the glacier receded from its original position. Now, then, here lies the joker—the secret of the whole proposition. This lake is deep, but there is a shallow bar across its outlet which serves to hold back all but the small bergs. This gives us a chance to cross in safety. At first I was puzzled to discover why only the ice from the lower glacier came down river; then, when I realized the truth, I knew I had the key to Alaska in my hands. We'll cross just below this bar. Understand?"

"Where's the money coming from?" Slater inquired bluntly.

"I'm putting in my own fortune."

"How much is that? I'm dead to all sense of modesty, you see."

"About a million dollars," said O'Neil.

"Humph! That won't get us started."

"I've raised another million in New York." The chief was smiling and did not seem to resent this inquisitiveness in the least.

"Nothing but a shoestring!"

"My dear Happy," laughed the builder, "I don't intend to complete the road."

"Then—why in blazes are you starting it?" demanded Slater in a bewilderment

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which the others evidently shared. "Half a railroad ain't any good."

"Once my right of way is filed, it will put those projects from Cortez out of business. No one but an imbecile would think of building in from there with the Omar route made possible. Before we come to that Salmon River bridge the Copper Trust will have to buy us out."

"That's language!" said Happy Tom in sudden admiration. "Those are words I understand. I withdraw my objections and give my consent to the deal."

They were deep in their discussion when the telephone broke in noisily. Sheldon, being nearest to the instrument, answered it. "There's a newspaper reporter downstairs to interview you," he announced after an instant.

"I don't grant interviews," O'Neil said sharply; he could not guess by what evil chance the news of his plans had leaked out.

"Nothing doing!" Sheldon spoke into the transmitter. He turned again to his employer: "Operator says the party doesn't mind waiting."

O'Neil frowned impatiently.

"Throw him out!" Sheldon directed bruskly, then suddenly he dropped the receiver as if it had burned his fingers. "Hell! It's a woman, Murray! She's on the wire. She thanks you sweetly and says she'll wait."

"A woman! A newspaper woman!" O'Neil rose and seized the instrument roughly. His voice was freezing as he said: "Hello! I refuse to be interviewed. Yes! There's no use—" His tone suddenly altered. "Miss Appleton! I beg your pardon. I'll be right down." Turning to his subordinates, he announced with a wry smile: "This seems to terminate our interview. She's Dan Appleton's sister, and therefore—" He shrugged resignedly. "Now run along. I'll see you in the morning."

His "boys" made their way down to the street, talking guardedly as they went. All were optimistic save Slater, whose face remained shrouded in its customary gloom.

"Cheer up, Happy," Dr. Gray exhorted him. "It's the biggest thing we ever tackled."

"Wait! Just wait till you've seen the place," Tom said.

"Don't you think it can be done?"

"Nope!"

"Come, come!"

"It's impossible! Of course *we'll* do it, but it's impossible, just the same. It will mean a scrap, too, like none of us ever saw, and I was raised in a logging-camp where fighting is the general recreation. If I was young, like the rest of you, I wouldn't mind; but I'm old—and my digestion's gone. I can't hardly take care of myself any more, Doc. I'm too feeble to fight or—" He signaled a passing car; it failed to stop, and he rushed after it, dodging vehicles with the agility of a rabbit and swinging his heavy war-bag as if it weighed no more than a good resolution.

O'Neil entered the parlor with a feeling of extreme annoyance, expecting to meet an inquisitive, bold young woman bent upon exploiting his plans and his personality. He was amazed and offended that Dan Appleton, in whom he had reposed the utmost faith, should have betrayed his secret. But he was agreeably surprised in the girl who came toward him briskly, with hand outstretched.

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Miss Appleton was her brother's double. She had his frank blue eyes, his straw-gold hair, his humorous smile and wide-awake look. She was not by any means beautiful—her features were too irregular, her nose too tip-tilted, her mouth too generous for that—but she seemed crisp, clean-cut, and wholesome. What first struck O'Neil was her effect of boyishness. From the crown of her plain straw "sailor" to the soles of her sensible walking-boots, there was no suggestion of feminine frippery. She wore a plain shirt-waist and a tailored skirt, and her hair was arranged simply. The wave in its pale gold was the only concession about her to mere prettiness. Yet she gave no impression of deliberate masculinity. She struck one as merely not interested in clothes, instinctively expressing in her dress her own boyish directness and her business-like absorption in her work.

"You're furious, of course; anybody would be," she began, then laughed so frankly that his eyes softened and the wrinkles at their corners deepened.

"I fear I was rude before I learned you were Dan's sister," he apologized. "But you see I'm a bit afraid of newspaper people."

"I knew you'd struggle. But I won't detain you long. I don't care where you were born, or where you went to school, or what patent breakfast-food you eat. Tell me, are you going to build another railroad in Alaska?"

"Possibly. There seems to be an opportunity there—but Dan has probably told you as much about that as I am at liberty to tell. He's been over the ground."

Her eyes widened with a flash of indignation. "You know very well, or you ought to know, that Dan wouldn't tell me a thing while he's working for you. He hasn't said a word, but—is that why you came in frowning like a thunder-cloud? Did you think he set me on your trail?"

"I think I do know that he wouldn't do anything really indiscreet." Murray regarded her with growing favor. There was something about this boyish girl which awakened the same spontaneous liking he had felt upon his first meeting with her brother. He surprised her by confessing boldly:

"I *am* building a railroad—to the interior of Alaska. I've been East and raised the money; my men are here; we'll begin operations at once."

"Where does your road start from?"

"The town of Omar, on King Philip Sound, near Hope and Cortez. It will run up the Salmon River and past the glaciers which the other men refused to tackle, and it will put the other lines out of business."

"If I weep, it is for joy," said the girl. "I don't like Curtis Gordon. I call him Simon Legree."

"Why?"

"Well, he impresses me as a real, old-time villain—with the riding-boots and the whip and all that. This is a big story you've given me, Mr. O'Neil. I think you are a very nice person to interview, after all."

"Wait! I don't want you to use a word of what I've told you."

Miss Appleton's clearly penciled brows rose inquiringly. "Then why didn't you keep still?"

"You asked me. I told you because you are Dan Appleton's sister. Nevertheless, I don't want it made public."

"Let's sit down," said the girl with a laugh. "To tell you the truth, I didn't come here to interview you for my paper. I'm afraid I've tried your patience awfully." A faint flush tinged her clear complexion. "I just came, really, to get some news of Dan."

"He's perfectly well and happy, and you'll see him in a few days."

Miss Appleton nodded. "So he wrote, but I couldn't wait! Now won't you tell me all about him?—not anything about his looks and his health, but little, unimportant things that will mean something. You see, I'm his mother and his sister and his sweetheart."

O'Neil did as he was directed, and before long found himself reciting the details of that trying trip up the Salmon River. He told her how he had sent the young engineer out to run the preliminary survey for the new railroad, and added: "He is in a fair way to realize his ambition of having you with him all the time. I'm sure that will please you."

"And it is my ambition to make enough money to have him with me," she announced. With an air of some importance she continued: "I'll tell you a secret: I'm writing for the magazines—stories!" She sat back, awaiting his enthusiasm. When she saw that it was not forthcoming, she exclaimed: "My! How you do rave over the idea!"

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O'NEIL'S "BOYS" FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO THE TASK OF ENTERTAINING HIS GUESTS WITH WHOLE-SOULED ENTHUSIASM.

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"I congratulate you, of course, but——"

"Now, don't tell me that you tried it once. Of course, you did. I know it's a harmless disease, like the measles, and that everybody has it when they're young. Above all, don't volunteer the information that your own life is full of romance and would make a splendid novel. They all say that."

O'Neil laughed. "I didn't suppose you had to write," he said. "Dan told me you had invested your fortune and were on Easy Street."

"That was poetic license. I fictionized slightly in my report to him because I knew he was doing so well."

"Then your investment didn't turn out fortunately?"

Miss Appleton hesitated. "You seem to be a kindly, trusting person. I'm tempted to destroy your faith in human nature."

"Please don't."

"Yes, I shall. My experience may help you to avoid the pitfalls of high finance. Well, then, it was a very sad little fortune, to begin with; but even a boy's-size fortune looked big to me. I wanted to invest it in something sure—something stable and agricultural, with the inexhaustible resources of Nature back of it—this isn't my own language; I cribbed it from the apple-man."

"Apple-man?"

"Yes. He had brown eyes, and a silky mustache, and a big irrigation plan, over east of the mountains. You gave him your money, and he gave you a perfectly good receipt. Then he planted little apple-trees. He nursed them tenderly for five years, after which he turned them over to you with his blessing, and you lived happily forever after. At least that was the idea. You couldn't fail to grow rich, for the water always bubbled through his little ditch and it never froze nor rained, to spoil things. I used to love apples—and then there was my name, which seemed a good omen. But lately I've considered changing 'Appleton' to 'Berry' or 'Plummer' or some other kind of fruit."

"I infer that the scheme failed." O'Neil's eyes were half closed with amusement.

"Yes. It was a good scheme, too, except for the fact that the irrigation ditch ran up-hill, and that there wasn't any water where it started from, and that apples never had been made to grow in that locality because of something in the soil, and that Brown-eyed Betty's title to the land wouldn't hold water any more than the ditch. Otherwise, I'm sure he'd have made a success and I'd have spent my declining years in a rocking-chair under the falling apple-blossoms, eating Pippins and Jonathans and Northern Spies. I can't bear to touch them now. Life at my boarding-house is one long battle against apple-pies, apple-puddings, apple-tapioca — ugh! I hate the very word."

"I can understand your aversion," laughed O'Neil. "I wonder if you would let me order dinner for both of us, provided I taboo fruit. Perhaps I'll think of something more to tell you about Dan. I'm sure he wouldn't object——"

"Oh, my card is all the chaperon I need; it takes me everywhere and renders me superior to the smaller conventionalities." Laughingly she handed him one and he read:

"Eliza V. Appleton,
The Review."

"May I ask what the 'V' stands for?" He held up the card between his thumb and finger.

Miss Appleton blushed, for all the world like a boy, then answered stiffly:

"It stands for 'Violet.' But that isn't my fault, and I'm doing my best to live it down."

CHAPTER IX

ELIZA GETS A COMMISSION

One day about a year later the editor of the *Review* called Eliza to his desk. "Miss Appleton," he said, "would you like to take a vacation?"

"Is that your delicate way of telling me I'm discharged?" inquired Eliza.

"You know very well we wouldn't fire you. But you haven't had a vacation for three years, and you need a rest. We're going to send you on an assignment—to Alaska—if you'll go."

"I'm thinking of quitting newspaper work for good. The magazines pay better, and I'm writing a book."

"I know. Perhaps this will just fit in with your plans, for it has to do with your pet topic of conservation. Those forestry stories of yours and the article on the Water Power Combination made a hit, didn't they?"

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"SHE ACCUSED ME LAST NIGHT. I TRIED TO LIE, BUT—HOW I HAVE LIVED THROUGH THESE HOURS I'LL NEVER KNOW."

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"I judge so. Anyhow, the magazine people want more."

"Good! Here's your chance to do something big for yourself and for us. Those Alaskan coal claimants have been making a great effort in Washington to rush their patents through, and there seems to be some possibility of their succeeding unless the public wakes up. We want to show up the whole fraudulent affair; show how the entries were illegal, and how the agents of the trust are trying to put over the greatest steal of the country. It's the Heidlemanns that are back of it—and a few fellows like Murray O'Neil."

"O'Neil!"

"You know him, don't you?"

"Yes. I interviewed him a year ago, when he started his railroad."

"He's fighting for one of the biggest and richest groups of claims. He's backed by some Eastern people. It's the psychological moment to expose both the railroad and the coal situation, for the thieves are fighting among themselves—Gordon, O'Neil, and the Heidlemanns."

"Mr. O'Neil is no thief," said the girl shortly.

"Of course not. He's merely trying to snatch control of an empire, and to grab ten million dollars' worth of coal for nothing. That's not theft, it's financial genius! Fortunately, however, the public is rousing itself—coming to regard its natural resources as its own and not the property of the first financier who lays hold of them. Call it what you will, but give us the true story of the Kyak coal and above all the story of the railroad battle. Things are growing bitter up there already, and they're bound to get worse rapidly. Give us the news and we'll play it up big through our Eastern syndicate. You can handle the magazine articles in a more dignified way, if you choose. A few good, vigorous, fearless newspaper stories, written by some one on the ground, will give Congress such a jolt that no coal patents will be issued this season and no Government aid will be given to the railroads. You get the idea?"

"Certainly! But it will take time to do all that."

"Spend a year at it if necessary. The *Review* is fighting for a principle; it will back you to any extent. Isn't it worth a year, two years, of hard labor, to awaken the American people to the knowledge that they are being robbed of their birthright? I have several men whom I could send, but I chose you because your work along this line has given you a standing. This is your chance, Eliza—to make a big reputation and to perform a real service to the country. It's a chance that may never come your way again. Will you go?"

"Of course I'll go."

"I knew you would. You're up against a tough proposition, but I can trust you to make good on it. You can't fail if you play one interest against the other, for they're all fighting like Kilkenny cats. The Heidlemanns are a bunch of bandits; Gordon is a brilliant, unscrupulous promoter; O'Neil is a cold, shrewd schemer with more brains and daring than any of the others—he showed that when he walked in there and seized the Salmon River cañon. He broke up all their plans, and set the Copper Trust by the ears, but I understand they've got him bottled up at last. Here's your transportation—on Saturday's steamer." The editor shook Miss Appleton's hand warmly as she rose. "Good luck, Eliza! Remember, we won't balk, no matter how lively your stuff is. If I were you, I'd gum-shoe it. They're a rotten crowd, and they might send you back if they got wise."

"I think not," said Eliza, quietly.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH WE COME TO OMAR

The town of Omar lay drenched in mist as the steamer bearing the representative of the *Review* drew in at the dock. The whole region was sodden and rain-soaked, verdant with a lush growth. No summer sun shone here to bake sprouting leaves or sear tender grasses. Beneath the sheltering firs a blanket of moss extended over hill and vale, knee-deep and treacherous to the foot. The mountain crests were white, and down every gully streamed water from the melting snows.

The country itself lay on end, as if crumpled by some giant hand, and presented a tropical blend of colors. There was the gray of fog and low-swept clouds, the dense dark-green of the spruces, underlaid with the richer, lighter shades where the summer vegetation rioted. And running through it all were the shimmering, silent reaches of the Sound.

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Omar itself was a mushroom city, sprung up by magic, as if the dampness at its roots had caused it to rise overnight. A sawmill shrieked complainingly; a noisy switch-engine shunted rows of flat-cars back and forth, tooting lustily; the rattle of steam winches and the cries of stevedores from a discharging freighter echoed against the hillsides. Close huddled at the water-front lay the old cannery buildings, greatly expanded and multiplied now, and glistening with fresh paint. Back of them again lay the town, its stumpy, half-graded streets terminating in the forest like the warty feelers of a stranded octopus.

Dan Appleton, his clothing dewy from the fog, his cheeks bronzed by exposure, was over the rail before the ship had made fast, and had Eliza in his arms, crushing her with the hug of a bear.

"Come up to the house, Sis, quick!" he cried, when the first frenzy of greeting was over. His eyes were dancing, his face was alight with eagerness.

"But, Danny," she laughed, squeezing his arm tenderly, "you live with Mr. O'Neil and all those other men, in a horrible, crawling bunk-house!"

"Oh, do I? I'll have you know that our bunk-houses don't crawl. And besides—but wait! It's a s'prise."

"Tell me what it is, quick! You know I never could wait for s'prises."

"Well! It's a brand-new, ultra-stylish residence, for just you and me. When the chief heard you were coming he had a cottage built."

"Danny! It was only five days ago that I cabled you!"

"That's really ten days for us, for you see we never sleep. It's finished and waiting, and your room is in white, and the paint will be dry to-morrow. He's a wonder!"

Remembering the nature of her mission, Eliza demurred. "I'm afraid I can't live there, Dan. You know"—she hesitated—"I may have to write some rather dreadful things about him."

"What?" Dan's face fell. "You are going to attack the chief? I had no idea of that!" He looked genuinely distressed and a little stern.

She laid a pleading hand on his arm. "Forgive me, Dan," she said. "I knew how you would feel, and to tell the truth, I don't like that part of it one bit. But it was my big chance—the sort of thing I have been waiting years for. I couldn't bear to miss it." There was a suspicion of tears in her eyes. "I didn't think it all out. I just came. Things get awfully mixed, don't they? Of course, I wouldn't attack him unfairly, but I do believe in conservation—and what could I do but come here, to you?"

Dan smiled to reassure her. "Perhaps you won't feel like attacking him when you learn more about things. I know you wouldn't be unfair. You'd flunk the job first. Wait till you talk to him. But you can't refuse his kindness, for a time at least. There's nowhere else for you to stay, and Murray would pick you up and put you into the cottage, muck-rake and all, if I didn't. He had to go out on the work this morning, or he'd have been here to welcome you. He sent apologies and said a lot of nice things."

"Well"—Eliza still looked troubled—"all right. But wait," she cried, with a swift change of mood. "I've made a little friend—the dearest, the most useless creature! We shared the same state-room, and we're sisters. She actually says I'm pretty, so of course I'm her slave for life." She hurried away in the midst of Dan's loyal protestations that she *was* pretty—more beautiful than the stars, more pleasing to the eye than the orchids of Brazil. A moment later she reappeared to present Natalie Gerard.

Dan greeted the new arrival with a cordiality in which there was a trace of

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"WE MUST GO! WE MUST GO!" SHE KEPT REPEATING; BUT HER TRAGIC LOOK ALARMED NATALIE FAR MORE THAN HER WORDS.

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shyness unusual with him. "We've made quite a change since you were up here, Miss Gerard," he remarked. "The ships stop first at Omar now, you see. I trust it won't inconvenience you."

"Not in the least," said Natalie. "I shall arrive at Hope quite soon enough."

"Omar Khayyam is out in the wilderness, somewhere," Eliza informed her friend, "with his book of verses and his jug of wine, I suppose."

"Mr. O'Neil?"

"Yes. But he'll be back soon, and meanwhile you are to come up and see our paradise."

"It—looks terribly wet," Natalie ventured. "Perhaps we'd better wait until the rain stops."

"Please don't," Dan laughed. "It won't stop until autumn, and then it will only change to snow. Now come! Nobody ever catches cold here—there isn't time."

He led the two girls ashore and up through the town to a moss-green bungalow, its newness attested by the yellow sawdust and fresh shavings which lay about. Amid their exclamations of delight he showed them the neatly furnished interior, and among other wonders a bedroom daintily done in white, with white curtains at the mullioned windows and a suite of wicker furniture.

"Where he dug all that up, I don't know," Dan said, pointing to the bed and dresser and chairs. "He must have had it hidden out somewhere."

Eliza surveyed this chamber with wondering eyes. "It makes me feel quite ashamed," she said, "though, of course, he did it for Dan. When he discovers my abominable mission he'll probably set me out in the rain and break all my lead-pencils. But isn't he magnificent?"

"He quite overwhelms one," Natalie agreed. "Back in New York he's been sending me American Beauties every week for more than a year. It's his princely way." She colored slightly, despite the easy frankness of her manner.

"Oh, he's always doing something like that," Dan informed them, whereupon his sister exclaimed:

"You see, Natalie! The man is a viper. If he let his beard grow, I'm sure we'd see it was blue."

"You shall have an opportunity of judging," came O'Neil's voice from behind them, and he entered with hands outstretched, smiling at their surprise.

"I've just covered eighteen miles on a railroad velocipede," he explained, when he had welcomed them, "and my back is broken. The engines were busy, but I came anyhow, hoping to arrive before the steamer. Now, what is this I hear about my beard?"

It was Eliza's turn to blush, and she outdid Natalie.

"They were raving about your gallantry," said Dan, with all a brother's ruthlessness, "until I told them it was merely a habit of mind with you; then Sis called you a Bluebeard."

O'Neil smiled, stroking his stubbly chin. "You see it's only gray."

"I—don't see," said Eliza, still flushing furiously.

"You would if I continued to let it grow."

"Hm-m! I think, myself, it's a sort of bluish gray," said Dan.

"You are still working miracles," Natalie said to O'Neil, an hour later, while he was showing his visitors the few sights of Omar —"miracles of kindness, as usual."

Dan and his sister were following at a distance, arm in arm and chattering like magpies.

"No, no! That cottage is nothing. Miss Appleton had to have some place to stop. By the way, I've arranged to send you to Hope in my motor-boat, just as Mr. Gordon sent me on my way, a year and a half ago. You will stay with the Appletons to-night, and help at the housewarming; then Dan will take you on in the morning. Women are such rare guests at Omar that we refuse to part with them. You agree?"

"How can I refuse? Your word seems to be law here. I'll send word to mother by this afternoon's ship that I am detained by royal decree."

She spoke with a gaiety that seemed a little forced, and at mention of her departure a subtle change had come over her face. O'Neil realized that she had matured markedly since his last meeting with her; there was no longer quite the same naive girlishness.

"This has been a very unhappy year for your loyal subject, Mr. O'Neil."

"I'm sorry," he declared, with such genuine kindliness that she was moved to confide in him.

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"Mother and I are ruined."

"Will you tell me about it?"

"It's merely—those wretched coal claims. I have a friend in the Land Office at Washington, and, remembering what you said, I asked him to look them up. I knew no other way to go about it. He tells me that something was done or was not done, by us, and that we have lost all we put in."

"I urged Gordon to obey that ruling, last spring." Natalie saw that O'Neil's face was dark with indignation, and the knowledge that he really cared set her heart to pounding gratefully. She was half tempted to tell him about that other, that greater trouble which had stolen in upon her peace of mind and robbed her of her girlhood; but she shrank from baring her wounds.

"Does your mother know?" he queried.

"No, I—preferred to tell her in Mr. Gordon's presence." Murray noticed that she no longer called the man "uncle." "It seems to me he was—unfaithful to his trust. Am I right?"

"That is something you must judge for yourself," he answered gravely. "You see, I don't know anything about the reasons which prompted him to sacrifice your rights. He may have had very good reasons; I dare say he had. In building this railroad I have felt but one regret—that is the indirect effect it may have upon you and your mother. Your affairs are linked closely with Gordon's, and the success of my enterprise will mean the failure of his."

"You mustn't feel that way. I'm sure it won't affect us at all, for we have nothing more to lose."

"I'm deeply distressed," said O'Neil. "I hope things are not as bad as you think and that Mr. Gordon will be able to straighten them out for you. If ever I can be of service, you must be sure to call upon me."

Her thanks were conventional, but in her heart was a deep, warm gratitude; for she knew that he meant what he said and would not fail her.

Dan Appleton, eyeing Natalie and his chief from a distance, exclaimed admiringly: "She's a perfect peach, Sis. She registered a home run with me, the first time at bat."

"She *is* nice."

"You know a fellow gets mighty lonely in a place like this. She'd make a dandy sister-in-law for you, wouldn't she?"

"Forget it!" said Eliza sharply. "That's rank insubordination. Omar Khayyam snatched her from the briny, and tried to die for her. He has bought her two acres of the most expensive roses, and he remembers the date of her birthday. Just you keep your hands off."

"How does she feel about him?"

"Oh, she heroizes him, of course. I don't know just how deep the feeling goes, but I got the impression that it was pretty serious."

"Then, as for Daniel Appleton, C. E., *good-night!* "exclaimed her brother ruefully. "If I were a woman I'd marry him myself, provided I could get ahead of the rush; but being a male of the species, I suppose I shall creep out into the jungle and sulk."

"Right-o! Don't enter this race, for I'm afraid you'd be a bad loser! Personally, I can't see anything in him to rave about. What scares me pink is the knowledge that I must tell him the wretched business that brings me here. If he strikes me, Danny, remember I'm still your sister."

When the big gong gave the signal for luncheon, Appleton conducted Natalie and Eliza to the company mess-room, where the field and office force dined together, and presented to them his fellow lieutenants. At supper-time those who had been out on the line during the day were likewise introduced, and after a merry meal the whole party escorted the two girls back to the green bungalow.

"Why, here's a piano!" Eliza exclaimed upon entering the parlor.

"I borrowed it, for the evening, from the Elite Saloon," O'Neil explained. "It's a dissipated old instrument, and some of its teeth have been knocked out—in drunken brawls, I'm afraid—but the owner vouched for its behavior on this occasion."

"It knows only one tune—'We Won't Go Home until Morning,' " Dan declared.

McKay, however, promptly disproved this assertion by seating himself at the keyboard and rattling off some popular melodies. With music and laughter the long twilight fled, for O'Neil's "boys" flung themselves into the task of entertaining his guests with whole-souled enthusiasm.

So successful were their efforts that even Happy Tom appeared to derive a mild enjoyment from them, which was a testimonial indeed. His pleasure was made evident by no word of praise, nor faintest smile, but rather by the lightened gloom in which he

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chewed his gum and by the fact that he complained of nothing.

At her first opportunity Eliza undertook to make that confession the thought of which had troubled her all the afternoon. Drawing O'Neil aside, she began with some trepidation: "Have you any idea why I'm here?"

"I supposed either you or Dan had achieved your pet ambition."

"Far from it. I have a fell purpose, and when you learn what it is, I expect you to move the piano out—that's what always happens in the play when the heroine is dispossessed. Well, then, I've been sent by the *Review* to bare all the disgraceful secrets of your life!"

"I'm delighted to learn you'll be here so long. You can't possibly finisb that task before next spring." His manner, though quizzical, was genuinely hearty.

"Don't laugh!" said the girl. "There's nothing funny about it. I came north as a spy."

"Then you're a Northern Spy!"

"Apples!" she cried. "You remembered! Well, here goes for the worst." She outlined her conversation with the editor of her paper.

"So you think I'm trying to steal Alaska," he said when she had concluded.

"That seems to be the general idea."

"It's a pretty big job."

"Whoever controls transportation will have the country by the throat."

"Yet somebody must build railroads, since the Government won't. Did it ever occur to you that there is a great risk involved in a thing of this sort, and that capital must see a profit before it enters a new field? I wonder if you know how badly this country needs an outlet and how much greater the benefit in dollars and cents will be to the men in the interior than to those who finance the road. But I perceive that you are a conservationist."

"Rabid!" Eliza stiffened a little at the hint of amused superiority in his voice. "I'm a suffragist, too! I dare say that adds to your disgust."

"Nonsense!" he protested. "I have no quarrel with Conservation nor with 'Votes for Women.' Neither have I anything to conceal. I'm only afraid that, like most writers, you will be content with half-information. Incomplete facts are responsible for most misunderstandings. If you are in earnest and will promise to take the time necessary to get at all the facts, I'll make an agreement with you."

"I promise! Time and a typewriter are my only assets. I don't intend to be hurried."

Dan approached, drawn by the uncomfortable knowledge of his sister's predicament, and broke in:

"Oh, Sis has time to burn! She's going to write a book on the salmon canneries while she's here. It's bound to be one of the 'Six Best Smellers'!"

O'Neil waved him away with the threat of sending him out among the mosquitoes.

"I'll agree to show you everything we're doing."

"Even to the coal-fields?"

"Even to them. You shall know everything; then you can write what you please."

"And when I've exposed you to the world as a commercial pickpocket; as a looter of the public domain; after Congress has appropriated your fabulous coal claims—will you nail up the door of this little cottage, and fire Dan?"

"No."

"Will you still be nice to me?"

"My dear child, you are my guest. Come and go when and where you will. Omar is yours as long as you stay, and when you depart in triumph, leaving me a broken, discredited wretch, I shall stand on the dock and wave you a *bon voyage*. Now, it's bedtime for my 'boys,' since we rise at five o'clock."

When the callers had gone Eliza turned to Natalie and Dan: "He took it so nicely that I feel more ashamed than ever. One would think he didn't care at all. Do you suppose he does?"

"There's no denying that you appeared at an unfortunate time," said her brother.

"Why?"

"Well—I'm not sure we'll ever succeed with this project. Parker says the glacier bridge can be built, but the longer he studies it the graver he gets. It's making an old man of him."

"What does Mr. O'Neil say?"

"Oh, he's sanguine, as usual. He never gives up. But he has other things to worry him: Money! It's money, money, all the time. He wasn't terribly rich, to begin with, and he has used up all his own fortune, besides what the other people put in. You see, he never expected to carry

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the project so far; he believed the trust would buy him out."

"Well?"

"It hasn't, and it evidently doesn't intend to. When it learned of his plan, its engineers beat it out to the glaciers and looked them over. Then they gave up their idea of building in from Cortez; but instead of making terms with us, they moved their whole outfit down to Kyak Bay, right alongside of the coal-fields, and now it has become a race to the glaciers, with Gordon fighting us on the side just to make matters lively. The trust has the shorter route, but we have the start."

"Why didn't Mr. O'Neil take Kyak as a terminus, instead of Omar?"

"He says it's not feasible. Kyak is an open harbor, and he says no breakwater can be built there to withstand the storms. He still clings to that idea, although the trust is actually building one. If they succeed, we're cooked. Meanwhile he's rushing work and straining every nerve to raise more money. Now you come along with the proposition to advertise the whole affair to the public as a gigantic graft, and set Congress against him. I think he treated you mighty well, under the circumstances."

"I won't act against my convictions," Eliza declared firmly, "even if it means calamity to everybody."

Natalie spoke for the first time, her voice tuned to a pitch of feeling that contrasted oddly with their conversational tones.

"Don't you dare hurt the 'Irish Prince', Eliza Appleton," she said. "If you do, I'll never forgive you."

CHAPTER XI

WHEREIN GORDON SHOWS HIS TEETH

Affairs at Hope were nearly, if not quite, as prosperous as those at Omar, for Curtis Gordon's advertising had yielded large and quick returns. His experiment, during the previous summer, of bringing his richest stockholders north, had been a great success. They had come, ostensibly at his expense, and once on the ground had allowed themselves to be fairly hypnotized. They had gone where he led, had seen what he pointed out, had believed what he told them.

Gordon showed them Hope and its half-completed mine buildings; he showed them the mountain behind. It was a large mountain. They noticed there were trees on the sides of it and snow on its top. They marveled. He said its heart was solid copper ore and they gasped. Had he told them in the same impressive manner that the hill contained a vein three inches thick, they would have exhibited the same astonishment.

They entered the dripping tunnels and peered with grave approval at the drills, the rock-cars, and the Montenegrin miners. They rambled over the dumps, to the detriment of shoe-leather and shins, filling their suit-cases with samples of perfectly good country rock. They listened with appreciation to Gordon's glowing accounts of the railroad enterprise, the physical evidence of which consisted of a mile or two of track which shrank along the steep shore-front and disappeared into a gulch, as if ashamed of itself.

Gordon entertained them on a scale that was almost embarrassing; and when they returned to their homes, as a matter of course they one and all advised their friends to buy, vouching for the fabulous richness of Hope Consolidated. And since their statements were backed by a personal examination of the property, subscriptions came pouring in.

All in all the excursion had proved so profitable that Gordon had arranged for another, designed to accommodate new investors and promising "prospects." Preparations for their welcome were under way when Natalie arrived.

The girl and her mother talked late that evening, and Gordon saw on the following morning that Gloria, at least, had passed a trying night; but he gave himself no uneasiness. Emotional storms were not unusual; he always disregarded them as far as possible, and usually they passed off quietly. During breakfast he informed them:

"I received a letter from Miss Golden in yesterday's mail. She is to be one of the new party."

"Did you invite her to return this summer?" Mrs. Gerard inquired.

"Yes."

"I remember her well," said Natalie, "too well, in fact. I thought her very bold."

"She is one of our largest investors, and she writes that she would enjoy spending a

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fortnight here after the others go back."

"Will you allow it?"

"Allow it! My dear Gloria, I can't possibly refuse. In fact, it would be the height of inhospitality not to urge her to do so. She is welcome to stay as long as she chooses, for these quarters are as much hers as ours. I hope you will be nice to her."

Mrs. Gerard made no answer, but later in the morning sought Gordon in his private office. "I preferred not to discuss the Golden woman before Natalie," she explained coldly, "but—you don't really intend to have her here, do you?"

"Most assuredly!"

"Then I shall have to tell her she is not welcome."

"You will do nothing of the sort, my dear; you will assume the duties of hostess, for which no one is more charmingly qualified."

Mrs. Gerard's lips were white with anger as she retorted: "I shall not allow that woman under the same roof with Natalie."

Gordon's coldness matched her own as he began: "This is no time for jealousy——"

"Jealousy! It's an insult to Natalie."

"Miss Golden is one of our largest stockholders, and I can't allow your foolish fancies to interfere with my plans."

"Fancies!" cried the woman furiously. "You behaved like a schoolboy with her. It was disgraceful. I refuse to let her associate with my daughter."

"Aren't we drawing rather fine distinctions?" Gordon's lip curled. "In the first place, Natalie has no business here. Since she came, uninvited, for the second time, she must put up with what she finds. I warned you last summer that she might suspect——"

"She did. She does. She discovered the truth a year ago." Mrs. Gerard's usually impassive face was distorted, and she voiced her confession with difficulty.

"The devil!" ejaculated Gordon.

The woman nodded. "She accused me last night. I tried to—lie, but—God! How I have lived through these hours I'll never know."

"Hm-m!" Gordon reflected briefly. "Perhaps, after all, it's just as well that she knows; she would have found it out sooner or later, and there's some satisfaction in knowing that the worst is over."

Never before had his callous cynicism been so frankly displayed. It chilled her, and made the plea she was about to voice seem doubly difficult.

"I wish I looked upon the matter as you do," she said slowly. "But other people haven't the same social ideas as we. I'm —crushed, and she— Poor child! I don't know how she will bear it!"

Gordon laughed. "Nonsense! Natalie is a sensible girl. Sooner or later the young must confront the bald facts of life, and I venture to say she will soon forget her school-girl morality. Let me explain my views of——"

"Never!" cried the woman, aghast. "If you do I shall—" She checked herself and buried her face in her hands.

"My dear, of course I shall say nothing, if you prefer. But calm yourself. What is done can not be undone."

In more even tones Mrs. Gerard said: "You seem to think the matter is ended, but it isn't. Natalie will never allow us to continue this way, and it isn't just to her that we should. We can't go on, Curtis."

"You mean I must marry you?"

She nodded.

He rose and paced the room before answering. "I always supposed you understood my views on that subject. Believe me, they are unalterable, and in no way the result of a pose."

"Nevertheless, for my sake and Natalie's you will do it. I can't lose the one thing I love best in the world."

Gordon frowned in his most impressive manner. "I will not be coerced. You know I can't be bullied into a thing. I deny that you have any right to demand——"

"I'm not demanding anything. I merely ask this—this favor, the first one I have ever asked. You see, my pride is crumbling. Don't answer now; let's wait until we are both calmer. The subject came up—at least she approached it, by asking about the coal claims. She is worried about them."

"Indeed?"

"She was told by a friend in the Land Office that our rights had been forfeited. I assured her——"

"I refused to heed the absurd rulings of the Department, if that is what she refers to."

"Then we—have lost?" Mrs. Gerard's pallor increased.

"Technically, yes! In reality I shall show that our titles were good, and that our patents should issue."

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"But—" the woman's bloodless fingers were tightly interlaced—"all I have, all Natalie has, is in those claims!"

"Yes! And it would require another fortune the size of both to comply with the senseless vagaries of the Interior Department and to protect your interests. I grew weary of forever sending good, hard-earned dollars after bad ones, merely because of the shifting whim of some theorist five thousand miles away."

"Then I am afraid—" Mrs. Gerard's voice trailed out miserably. "It is all we have, and you told me——"

Gordon broke in irritably: "My dear Gloria, spare me this painful fault-finding. If I can win for you, I shall do so, and then you will agree that I acted wisely; if I lose—it will merely be the luck of the average investor. We played for big returns, and of course the risks were great."

"But Mr. O'Neil told her his claims——"

Gordon's blazing eyes warned her. "O'Neil, eh? So, he is the 'friend in the Land Office'! No doubt he also gave Natalie the suggestion that led to her scene with you. Tell her to occupy herself less with affairs which do not concern her, and more with her own conduct. Her actions with that upstart have been outrageous."

"What about your own actions with the Golden woman?" cried Mrs. Gerard, reverting with feminine insistence to the subject of their first difference. "What are you going to do about her?"

"Nothing."

"Remember, I refuse to share the same roof with her. You wouldn't ask it of your wife."

Now this second reference to a disagreeable subject was unfortunate. Gordon was given to the widest variations of temper; and this interview had exasperated him beyond measure, for he was strained by other worries. He exploded harshly:

"Please remember that you are not my wife! My ideas on matrimony will never change. You ought to know by this time that I am granite."

"Then—I will go," said Mrs. Gerard faintly.

"Not by any wish of mine," he assured her. "You are quite welcome to stay: things will run along in the usual way—more smoothly, perhaps, now that we have attained a complete understanding. You have no place to go, nor means with which to insure a living for yourself and Natalie. I would hate to see you sacrifice yourself and her to a puritanical whim, for I owe you much happiness and I should miss you greatly. But some one must rule, and since nature has given me the right I shall exercise it. We will have no more rebellion."

Mrs. Gerard left the room dazed and sick with despair.

"We must go! We must go!" she kept repeating; but her tragic look alarmed Natalie far more than her words.

"Yes, yes!" The girl took her in her arms and tried to still the ceaseless trembling which shook her mother's frame, while her own tears fell unheeded.

"We must go! Now!"

"Yes, dearest! But where?"

"You—love me still?" asked Gloria. "I suppose you need me, too, don't you? I hadn't thought of that."

"Every hour!" The round young arms pressed her closer. "You won't think of—of leaving me."

Mrs. Gerard shook her head slowly. "No! I suppose that must be part of the price. But—penniless! Friendless! Where can we go?"

"The 'Irish Prince'," faltered the daughter through her tears. "Perhaps he would take us in."

The next instalment of "THE IRON TRAIL" *will appear in the April number.*

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Cherchez la Femme

by

Dorothy Canfield

AUTHOR OF "THE SQUIRREL CAGE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN THE kitchen she was called Stacy; but her entire name was Anastasia, from her mother's patron saint. Her mother and the rest of the family were in the village of Kilcree, County of Cork, and she lived chiefly in a kitchen on Fifth Avenue. It was the greatest kitchen in New York, in the greatest private house, and the house belonged to one of the greatest coal magnates in the United States. He was magnate of several other of the necessities of life, too, but just at this time every one thought of him in terms of coal; for the winter was beginning and the most terrible of strikes was threatened, if the great man who owned Stacy's kitchen did not say the word to stop it.

It is not true that every one thought of him in terms of coal, for certainly Stacy did not—rather in terms of potato parings, for it was her chief business in life to prepare the vegetables. She was assistant to the assistant to the second cook.

Yet it is not quite true, either, that Stacy thought of the great man in terms of potato parings; for the fact is that she did not think of him at all. She was eighteen years old, and she had the prettiest curling brown hair in the world, and she was thinking, among other things, how well two jeweled side-combs would look in it. She had seen the combs in a shop on Broadway, the evening before, when she had been taking a walk with her young man. He was a former A. D. T. boy, promoted to be in charge of one of the little cubby-holes from which there was a perpetual flight and return of blue-uniformed bicycle messengers. It had been a free evening for him, and the assistant to the second cook had let Stacy off, and they took a walk together. When they saw the combs Stacy stopped and looked long at them.

"Oh, ain't they grand!" she said—for she had been in this country seven months.

"They'd look good on you," said the former A. D. T. boy. "How much do they cost? I—Gee! Five dollars! Well, I guess not!" He spoke with emphasis which Stacy considered ungallant.

Her Irish eyes sparkled angrily. "You needn't be afther thinkin' I'd take thim from you, if they cost thur-rty cints, which wu'd be an appropriate price for ye to pay!" she said, lifting her chin. As she would have put it, Stacy was "all fer bein' brisk wid th' byes and makin' thim know their place."

The rest of the walk was spoiled. The two Celtic tongues had fallen foul of each other's sharp points (for Denny's family came from County Kerry), and the two hot, unreasoning Celtic hearts had flamed into a curious bitter warfare that was quite the opposite of their usual tenderness. When they had reached the home of the great magnate, Stacy's blue eyes were half filled with tears, and her red lips were quivering so ominously that Denny had a sudden revulsion of feeling.

"Oh, Stacy, ye're not afther really wanting thim foolish combs, are ye? Sure, you know they cost half a week's wages, and I have to give that to the mother to kape th' flat runnin'."

It was too late for reason to reach Stacy

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now. "There's others," she gulped savagely, "that know how to threat a lady. Ye're not the only pin in the cushion."

Denny's resentment rose at thus being unjustly threatened with rivals. "An' why should I spind all my money on a sharp-tongued, lemon-hearted gur-r-l that cares for nothin' but show?" he cried angrily down the steps to Stacy's retreating back. "What'll ye give me for the combs? Can I have the kiss I've been asking for so long? Will ye sell it, if ye'll not give it?"

Stacy stopped at the door and looked back to aim her Parthian arrow. "I'm quite safe in promisin' that—or anything!" she cried. "Ye'll niver git th' cash—*or* the spirit to do it!"

And then the door banged. Denny walked away in an exasperated turmoil, and Stacy sought her little cot in the servants' dormitory, struggling vainly to keep back the big ache which swelled her pretty white throat to the point of suffocation.

Hence it was that the next morning she did not think of the great magnate in terms of coal, or of potato parings, or any other terms whatever: she thought of Denny, and how mean and cruel he was, and what a fool she was to act so to the best boy in the world, and how very homesick she was for Kilcree, in the County of Cork, where her mother was.

Denny sat in the dingy little abode of frowzy desolation where he presided, and looked at the clock. It was almost one—time for his helper to come and relieve him for his lunch hour. The messenger boys lounging about on the dilapidated chairs shrank from his eye as he looked them over. He had been in a furious temper all the morning, and apparently hunger had not improved it. He drew out of his pockets all the change he had, and counted it over for the fortieth time. It amounted to two dollars and eighty-five cents. "I cud murder somebody to git th' rest," he said to himself.

His thoughts ran along curiously the same lines as Stacy's over her potatoes. He was thinking how frivolous and cold-hearted she was, and what a beast he had been to behave so to the prettiest and gayest and sweetest little colleen that ever came out of Ireland, who only wanted nice things as all girls did—and she should!

A little man with a bit of crumpled paper in his hand dashed past Denny's helper just as that astonished lad was opening the door. "Five dollars to the boy who'll get this to the *Gazette* office in twenty minutes!" he gasped, and Denny sprang over the counter, grabbed the paper, and ran past him out of the door.

A little man with a big red mustache sat dejectedly in one corner of a fashionable restaurant. He looked out of place there, and he was, but he did not care. He was a reporter on the *Gazette*, and he was failing steadily on the assignment at which he had been put—to find out something about the coal strike from the side of the sphinx-like coal magnate. He was very eager to accomplish something, for he had been promised a raise in salary if he was successful, and that meant that he could marry the girl he had been engaged to for a long, long time.

So he sat dejectedly across the room from the great magnate and eyed him venomously as he ate, and drank, and talked in loud, chuckling whispers with his confidential secretary.

The reporter looked at him with as furious an intensity as if looking could break through the bald head into the busy and nefarious brains beneath. He looked so intently that, when the great man rose and betook himself out of the room, the reporter saw a slip of paper drop to the floor under the table. Before the waiter could catch his breath, the little man had sprung across the room, stooped, caught up the paper, and was reading it with famished eyes. What he saw made him turn very pale, so that his red mustache blazed out in sudden contrast to the white face behind it.

The waiter stepped up to him. "That paper belongs to Mr. Magnason, please, sir," he said hesitatingly, for the reporter looked like a man about to have a fit. He turned glazed eyes upon the waiter; he did not see him. He saw a little flat in Harlem with his own name on the door-plate; and the girl he was engaged to sat inside and waited cheerfully for him to come home evenings.

"What's that!" he cried sharply, coming to himself a little.

"That paper belongs to Mr. Magnason, sir," repeated the waiter, backing away timidly.

The reporter said nothing, but moved with great rapidity toward the door.

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"HOW MUCH DO THEY COST? FIVE DOLLARS! WELL, I GUESS NOT!"

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"Please, sir," began the waiter again, his voice trailing in uncertain tremors.

"Hold your tongue!" commanded the reporter, so savagely that the boy waiter shrank into himself. "Don't you see I'm just going out after him?"

The servant followed feebly along a few steps more, and then stopped miserably in the middle of the floor. The head-waiter noticed him with disapproval.

"What are you doing here, Aristides?" he asked in a stern whisper. "Get back to your place at once."

The young Greek started to obey, when the door was opened with a burst—so violently that every one in the restaurant jumped and turned, startled, to see two men rush madly into the room and up to the table the magnate had just left. The larger of the two was purple with emotion and walked like a blind man, feeling with a despairing haste of all his pockets, and slapping his portly person in every conceivable place with trembling fingers. "It's gone, Sidney!" he called hoarsely to his secretary, who had darted ahead of him and was tossing the napkins about on the table they had just left, and looking with a frenzied care under the plates and table ornaments. The secretary, now very pale, gave a sign of caution to his chief, dropped to his knees, and disappeared under the table.

At this point the young Greek advanced. He was shaking with agitation and fear lest he had not done the right thing. "Was it," he queried tremulously, "was it that one of the gentlemen had dropped a little piece of paper?"

On hearing these words, the man under the table thrust his head from beneath the hanging folds of the white cloth and said wildly, "Yes, yes, yes, yes! Where is it?" He spoke for the older man, who was too far gone with suspense to do more than wave his arms in an agony of impatience for the waiter to continue.

The little Greek trembled before the tornado of emotion his words had evoked. His timid heart sank in a sudden apprehension. He might lose his place—his good position—and then his mother would be without help in her sickness. His first instinct was to excuse himself. His tongue grew stiff. Helplessly he surveyed the speechless old man towering over him, and the strange face, contorted grotesquely with an insane eagerness, which hung motionless in strained attention, like the delusion of a nightmare, between the folds of the table-cloth.

"I told him it was yours," he stammered excusingly. "I tried to make him give it up, but he wouldn't—he said—" Aristides's tongue refused to work. He was literally frightened silent by the rush upon him of the two men. They closed in on him, the secretary upsetting the table as he scrambled to his feet. *"Who? Who? Where? Where?"* they cried, in voices that cracked and broke.

"Why don't you answer the gentleman, you fool!" cried the head-waiter in Greek. He had come up hastily to the center of the excitement.

Aristides tried to swallow, but there was nothing in his mouth to swallow. After a moment of breathless, silent suspense, the secretary had an inspiration. He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a hundred-dollar bill. "Who?" he asked. "And where is he?"

The sight of the money gave the frightened little waiter a curious sensation of having emerged into the air after a long dive under water. It meant health for his mother. He gave a gasp, reached his hand for the money, and spoke coherently and rapidly: "It was a little man with a big red mustache, in a gray suit of clothes, with a gray soft hat. You must have met him as you came back. I heard him ask for the nearest messenger office."

The two men wheeled in unison, like racers rounding a curve in a running track, and vanished from the room as suddenly as they had come.

In the editorial office of the great newspaper things were humming as usual. The steady boom of the city outside was heightened and intensified by the roar of presses and the rattle of machinery. The private office of the editor-in-chief was, on the contrary, as ominously quiet as the still black spot in the midst of the whirlpool. The editor was sitting at his desk, looking fixedly out of the window, and a woman sat on the other side of the table looking fixedly at him. She was very pale, and this made her seem almost spirit-like, with her exalted and fervid eyes. They suddenly grew dull and heavy in a blighting change of feeling. She spoke bitterly:

"It means more than a strike to me—it

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"WAS IT," HE QUERIED TREMULOUSLY, "WAS IT THAT ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN HAD DROPPED A LITTLE PIECE OF PAPER?"

means the triumph of evil. It means more than the dreadful suffering of all those poor families I've come so well to know in my work in the settlements. It's worse even than that. It means that good does not prevail—that all we're working for, you and I, all we live for, is the weak and negative side of things. We might as well give up our dream of a life together doing good. I'll go back to the convent. The sisters shouldn't have let me come out and see the world—and you."

The editor was also very pale, and nervous lines of extreme fatigue crossed and recrossed his lean, aquiline face. "I've done my best, Anastasia, but it's no use," he said wearily, no lift in his voice making an attempt at contradicting the gloom of her speech. "Nothing's any use. Magnason is impregnable. We haven't been able to get hold of a thing to move him—even to get near him. And to-day is the last day. It is after one o'clock now, and at six to-night the ultimatum——"

The door opened, and a very young man in messenger boy's uniform staggered into the room. He was covered with mud, his clothes were torn, and he used his coat-sleeve to stop the flow of blood from a long cut over his left eye. With his right hand he held out a soiled and crumpled piece of paper. He did not speak, as his breath still came in long, sobbing gasps.

The editor took the paper and looked at it uncomprehendingly. "Where did you get this?" he asked. The messenger put his hand to his throat and tried to speak. As he struggled, the woman was at his side with a glass of water. The first words came in a whispering rush.

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"A little man with a red mustache gave it to me. He said to tell you Magnason dropped it in a restaurant. He said you'd give me five dollars if I got it to you safe."

The editor caught the table to steady himself. "Anastasia!" he called in a loud voice, staring at the paper with a look of utter amazement. Then he handed the letter to her, and she knew that Magnason was the man back of the big steal of public lands, and that Harris was only his straw man!

Denny sank into a chair just outside the door and waited. From the room he could hear the sound of voices alternately raised in what seemed like a dispute and sunk to fierce whisperings. "Sounds like Stacy and me havin' a row," he said to himself. Once the door opened and the editor appeared, flushed and resolute; but the woman's hand on his arm was strong to restrain. Her voice reached the boy's ears:

"I say do this, not only because it is the only way to hold me—and it is the only way—but because it is right. You'd know it was right if you were not sinking the man in the editor."

The editor groaned and shut the door again. Denny sank back to his shapeless abandon of relaxation and waiting.

After half an hour's time, the man and the woman came out together. They were both very white, but their eyes were bright and steady. "I bet he's kissed her," thought Denny. "*Her* name is Anastasia, too." Limping and stiff, he followed the pair. The cut on his forehead was a broad red band of congealing blood. "Please, mister," he said, touching the editor on the arm, "please, mister, he said you'd give me five dollars if I got it to you safe."

The man looked at Denny blankly, making an attempt, patently unsuccessful, to focus his attention on the disreputable figure before him. The woman spoke first.

"Oh, yes, the messenger," she said absently, and without a word she took from her purse a five-dollar bill, gave it to Denny, and passed on with her companion, leaving the boy with the impression that neither of them had been aware of his existence.

The private sanctum of the coal magnate, who was also a magnate in many other lines, was usually the most silent of places, walled from the noises of the street by a hundred expensive devices; but as the clock struck two and the editor paused for a moment in his remarks, the room became horribly resonant with bellowings of rage. At first they were quite inarticulate, like the yells of hungry wild beasts; but soon the furious old man controlled himself enough to speak, screamingly: "It's blackmail—simple, outrageous blackmail! I could wreck your paper and ruin you in an instant by telling how you have tried to hold me up!"

The editor went on, evenly, looking at his watch: "I think not, when you come to consider the information I have. Do you think that the public, roused as it is on the question of graft, would accept for a moment anything you might say after the revelation I could make? You may have forgotten how detailed is the letter I hold, or how far-reaching in your operations the effects of its publication would be. Used as this country is to corruption, I think you can imagine what would happen if it were known that the whole sale of Government land (as well as what was stolen outright) was manipulated for your benefit.

"Of course you ought to be exposed for the sake of public morals; but this affair is too far past to save any of the people you wrecked, and it is still possible to avert the horrors of your iniquitous coal strike. I deserve no credit for what I am doing. My first instinct was to print the whole matter in full and make the everlasting reputation of my paper by the tremendous scoop. But a woman, a noble-hearted woman, has shown me—has forced me to—the better way. It is she who now sits outside in a carriage, holding the paper which we will give you to-morrow—any time as soon as we have your assurance that the coal strike will be averted. I give you till half past two to decide. At a quarter of three the carriage below will drive back to the *Gazette* office, without waiting for me."

He stopped speaking, with a resolute effect of having completed his remarks, and gazed steadily at the corner of the table. During the furious and revolting scene which followed, he broke silence but once or twice. From time to time, in answer to a frantically bellowed demand for terms or a groveling appeal for mercy, he said bitterly: "I have said all I have to say."

When the clock struck half past two, he

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rose and started for the door. At a quarter of three he stood before the carriage, reeling a little and looking deathly sick. "It's all right—he's come to terms—but it was—he lives in hell, and I have been there with him!"

And then he saw the woman's face shining like a star. "Oh, Anastasia!" he cried, and as he stumbled his way into the carriage, she took him in her arms.

The first hint of the trouble that reached the kitchen was in the ferocious temper of the second laundress. She was the favorite of the valet to the coal magnate, and was in the habit of slipping away for a brief interview with her sweetheart in the darkness of the upper hall. At four o'clock she came down from one of these rendezvous, crossing the kitchen on her way back to the laundry and emanating bad temper as she walked. The assistant to the second cook looked after her knowingly, and winked at Stacy. "Guess there's been a row there," he said.

Stacy did not answer. It brought up to her the state of affairs between Denny and herself, and a moment later a tear dropped into the potato water.

From that minute on, every time the door opened to admit a visitant from the upper world there was trouble. Not only were there dark stories told of the frightfully irritable condition of "the family," but the disease spread. In sightless and impalpable waves there flowed in upon the busy, steaming place of cookery an ever-increasing tide of morose gloom. By the time dinner was served, the second cook had threatened to leave his place on the instant, and the chef was in a mood which made the kitchen an

"WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP OUR DREAM OF A LIFE TOGETHER DOING GOOD."

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inferno of snapping, angry growls. The assistant to the second cook, usually good-natured, had been roused to fury by an impertinent speech, in which one of the lady's maids had eased the tension of her nerves, strained to the breaking-point by the contradictory commands of her mistress, the third daughter of the coal magnate.

Stacy's grief over Denny was somewhat lost in the flood of miserable loneliness and homesickness that swept over her as she sat, trying to shrink out of sight as the trouble in the kitchen increased and every one poured out his bad temper. She quivered if anybody looked her way. The climax of her woe came when she heard on the shutter back of her corner the knock that was Denny's signal for her. She rose heavily to go out and see him, dreading a continuance of their last quarrel.

"I'm clean daft entirely, to act so to the only frind I have in the States—but I won't let on—I'll show him a Cork gur-r-l has spirit as much as a Kerry bye."

She slipped out of the area door, and round the corner into the little niche in the moat-like stone ditch that was the accepted meeting-place for the maids of the household and their "followers." As she felt a fine mist drop softly against her flushed face, she reflected that at least they would be alone for their quarrel.

Denny was leaning on his bicycle, and the faint light from his bicycle lamp showed that he was very pale and that a long white bandage went around his forehead. "Oh, Denny, what is't?" she cried.

The young man said nothing, but produced from his pocket a small velvet box. "I got your combs, Stacy," he said, in a matter-of-fact way.

The girl took the box automatically, not looking at it, and continuing to gaze with frightened eyes at Denny. "What's happened?" she said in a whisper.

Denny laughed a little and said: "Divil a bit do I really know, Stacy darlint, but I've got the combs. I don't know *what* it was all about. 'Tis a r'ale interistin' sthory, only wid no beginnin' and no end to it—just a middle part. 'Twas this way:

"Just as my helper was openin' th' dure to th' office at wan o'clock, to let me get some lunch, somebody pushed him out o' th' way so hard he went double over th' rail like a jack-knife, an' a little man wid a big red mustache an' a pale face came runnin' in wid a little piece o' paper in his hand and lookin' over his shoulder back into th' sthreet. 'There's five dollars waitin' at th' *Gazette* office for anywan that'll get this there inside twinty minutes,' says he, an' '*Done!*' says I, climbin' over th' counter wid both feet to wanst, for I saw thim side-combs a-sparklin' before me very eyes. An' I tuk th' piece of paper.

"The little man began gaspin' out, 'They're afther me or I'd go meself—tell thim at th' office that Magnason dropped it in a restaurant—no! no!—don't tell anybody but the editor himself—an' take it if it kills ye!' and then, as the cyclone strook th' office, he screams out to me between the two av thim: 'Ye've give your word ye'll take it safe!'"

"Who? Who?" asked Stacy, gasping.

"Sure, I'm just tellin' ye!" Denny answered. "At that minute a big, fat, purple man wid a bald head, an' a little, thin, pale wan wid a shock o' black hair, burst in the dure an' were on top of th' little man wid the red mustache before a body cud wink—although I wasn't much in th' business of winkin'. I cud see 'twas me time or niver to get th' side-combs, and I made for th' dure. The big man niver paid no attention to me, but went right on throttlin' the red-mustached man and showin' his teeth like a rat-terrier worryin' a rat—but the little dark feller saw me goin' out, from th' tail of his eye, and I suppose he saw side-combs all over me, fer he come after me like a cat. I dodged, but wan of thim fool byes sthood before me and the little dark man got me—an' by th' powers of Mulkaney's cave, I think he was the light-weight champeen in disguise! We went down together, and I hit the bicycle rack as we lit, and that's how I got this."

He put his hand to the white bandage around his forehead. "And then I thought my last hour had come. He got a sthrangle hold on me, and my tongue hung out like a dog's on a hot day, and I cud feel my eyes standin' right out beyant my eyelids. He was sthranglin' me wid wan hand and reachin' for the piece of paper wid th' other, and the byes was runnin' and whoopin', and I was all for lettin' go th' paper, since 'twas no row o' mine, only th' more me eyes stuck out, the plainer I see thim side-combs o' yours——"

"Oh, Denny, darlint!" breathed the girl softly. "But go on! Go on!"

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"WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT'S HAPPENED?" SHE SAID IN A WHISPER.

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"An' then the bicycle rack fell over on us both and hit him in th' back o' th' head and made him let go fer a minute, kind o' sthunned. I fought like an infant prodigy in th' ring and got up and wint off down th' sthreet wid me piece o' paper, hellity-larrup, wid both o' thim afther me threatinin' to shoot!"

He stopped and drew a long breath.

"Well—" urged Stacy.

"That's all," said Denny. "I told ye it wasn't no proper sthory. That's all I know to it. I delivered th' piece of paper, and got me five dollars; though th' man 'most forgot me, an' if it hadn't been fer a lady, wid your name but not half your good looks, I mightn't ha' got it then; an' I wint over to Broadway an' got th' combs and was late in gettin' back to th' office. I don't know what it was all about—I'm blessed if I do. But I got th' combs, and I wish ye'd put thim in yer hair. Here's me bike-lamp for a light, an' th' wet window-pane fer a lookin'-glass."

Stacy took the shining combs from the box and held them up to the light with gasps of admiration. "Oh, ain't they grand!" she said. "They're more than grand! They're *elegant!*" She set them carefully in the masses of her hair, now jeweled over with drops of mist, and surveyed herself rapturously.

"You sure do look something fierce," commented Denny complacently.

The girl turned to him suddenly, her eyes as bright as the raindrops in her hair. "Oh, Denny!" she said softly, "I love the combs—I just love thim to death! But—but—" she hesitated, looking shyly at him in the dim light—"it's your gettin' thim for me I like th' most! Everythin's been goin' so dreadful this afternoon. The old man's got th' most awful mad on, and th' kitchen ain't no better than th' bad place—ivery wan is in such a timper! An' I thought I'd made you so mad you'd niver speak to me agin, an' I was just ready to cry whin I came out—and yit ready to give ye more o' my lip—an' to find ye've most kilt yerself entirely to give me somethin' I'd no business at all wid wantin'—" She looked up at him, her eyes soft, and full of misty sweetness.

Denny spoke exultingly. "'Tis th' old man himself that's heard o' how ye threat me, Stacy aroon, an' sure he got th' mad on just to be afther makin' ye soften yer heart to me." There was a tender break in his laugh. "He's pushin' ye from wan side and I'm pullin' ye from th' other! Glory be!"

The girl went on:

"And thin, ye're being from th' ould country, too—though ye're but a Kerry bye—an' Ireland seems a long way off whin a person's droopy in her mind—an' thin th' lovely prisint ye give me—I—" She touched the combs and broke off, startled by the look in his eyes.

He came quite close to her, and spoke with an uncertain smile of emotion quivering on his boyish lips. "Stacy, mavourneen, didn't ye say that ye'd maybe have somethin' to give me if I got th' combs for ye? That's what I was thinkin' of when th' little man was trying to kill me."

"I didn't *say* I would—but I will!" cried Stacy, flushing an honest pink.

"Oh, Anastasia!" cried the boy, holding her for a moment at arm's length and looking at her with transfiguring eyes.

There was a silence after this. Above the two happy children towered the dark abode of misery to which the girl must soon return. Before them, and above their heads, as if already submerging them, lay the glistening asphalt, like a still, black, and very deep river on whose sinister bosom the street-lamps flickered a dubious reflection. And the river was waiting for Denny.

Between the two masses of gloom a tiny light shone faintly and outlined in the night a little circle of steady, unwavering light, a kingdom of joy, small, but impregnable by all the black forces that hung about it.

"I've got to go, Denny, sweetheart," said Stacy, releasing herself from his arms.

"But it's all right between us, ain't it, Stacy alanna?" asked the boy confidently.

"I'll write to th' folks in Kilcree about ye, to-night, an' won't they be glad ye're from th' ould country, too!"

The assistant to the second cook came heavily down the areaway. "Are you coming to do your work or aren't you?" he asked, in an exasperated tone.

Denny put Stacy on one side and stepped forward with a protecting air.

"I just dropped in a minute to give my frind th' news. Mebbe ye'll be interisted yerself. The strike is declared off—th' old man knuckled under this afternoon. There's great rejoicin' among th' miners. I got th' news off th' wire as it came in a few minutes ago, but th' papers are comin' out soon."

"The strike?" said Stacy, uncomprehendingly. "What strike?"

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SCENE FROM "RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE," A PLAY FOR CHILDREN, AND ACTED BY CHILDREN. MOST OF THE CHARACTERS ARE DOLLS WHO COME TO LIFE.

The PLAYERS

by

CLAYTON HAMILTON

AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE," ETC.

THERE are times when the observer of the current drama is forced to feel that the theatre-going public has not progressed in general intelligence since 1838, when Victor Hugo, in the preface to "Ruy Blas," made his famous statement that spectators may be divided into three species—the mob, which demands action; the women, who desire passion; and the thinkers, who care for characterization. "All three," the dramatist went on to say, "are seeking for a pleasure: but with the first, it is the pleasure of the eyes; with the second, the pleasure of the heart; and with the third, the pleasure of the mind."

To-day, as in the days of Victor Hugo, the thinkers seem to form a small minority of any audience; and, in consequence, the play of character can scarcely hold its own

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in competition with the play of plot. Action is what the public seems to want—action motivated by the heart instead of by the head; and our most popular plays are those in which the action is so obvious that the story tells itself directly to the eye.

The most successful drama of the present season in New York is "Within the Law," by Mr. Bayard Veiller; and this play may be taken as a type of what the public seems to want. It has plenty of action, for what Hugo called "the mob," and plenty of emotion, for what Hugo called "the women;" and the method of projection is so continuously visual that the drama could be reproduced, with very little loss, by the kinetoscope. The rush of incidents is so rapid that the audience has no time to think, and can enjoy a rich variety of emotions without any interruption from the analytic intellect.

It is only after the play is over and the audience dismissed that even the minority of thinkers are allowed the leisure to observe that there is scarcely any characterization in the play. The heroine, for instance, has no character at all. For four acts we have watched her with interest as she moved through a series of exciting incidents; it is even possible that our responsive hearts may have melted to her tears; but we have gathered no reasonable evidence that would warrant us in determining what sort of woman she precisely is.

Mr. Veiller's melodrama is an excellent example of its species; and no thinker who really relishes the zest of theatre-going would begrudge it its success. The drama is a democratic art; it is, indeed, a function of the populace; and it would not be reasonable to quarrel with the public for wanting what it wants. But the thoughtful theatre-goer may reasonably regret that the public should not also want that other type of drama which emphasizes character instead of plot and ministers to the pleasure of the mind. This regret is based upon a sense of what the public ultimately misses by allowing many admirable plays to be withdrawn and to carry with them from the theatre to the storehouse so many possibilities of thoughtful pleasure which can nevermore be realized.

Two plays of this thought-compelling type were offered in December to the public of New York. One was "Hindle Wakes," by Stanley Houghton, and the other, "Rutherford and Son," by Githa Sowerby. Each of these was a first play by a British author hitherto unknown; yet each exhibited a searching study of life conceived with deep sincerity and executed with high seriousness. These two earnest and admirable works made the month memorable to the minority of thinkers; yet at the moment when this article was written the management had already conceded the failure of "Hindle Wakes," and it did not seem likely that "Rutherford and Son" was destined to be supported by any considerable proportion of the public. It seemed a pity that our public should not want to avail itself of the opportunities which these thoughtful authors offered for intellectual enjoyment.

And yet, if we revert to Victor Hugo's formula, we shall not find it difficult to understand the failure of these plays. They did not interest "the mob," because the authors chose to emphasize character at the expense of incident, and chose also to reveal their characters to the ear, by what they said—instead of to the eye, by what they did. Furthermore, these plays did not interest "the women"—that is, those who, according to Victor Hugo, "desire passion"—because the authors asked their auditors to sympathize in their minds with certain characters with whom they could not sympathize in their hearts.

But though these two plays proved "caviare to the general," the critic must, for once, agree with the minority who care for characterization, and rank them head and shoulders higher than all the other offerings of the middle of the season. Undoubtedly they were not great plays, for every drama that is really great *will* interest the lovers of action and of emotion, as well as purvey to the thinkers the finer pleasure of the mind; but both of them were good plays, because they offered to the capable spectator a vicarious experience of life by awakening within his mind the luminous illusion of reality.

"HINDLE WAKES"

"Hindle Wakes" is an extraordinary play. In the entire story of the drama there is only a single incident, and this incident is assumed to have occurred before the curtain rises. The purpose of the piece is to analyze the after-effects of this event upon

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"STOP THIEF," ONE OF THE CLEVEREST FARCES OF THE SEASON. RICHARD BENNETT AS THE THIEF, AND MARY RYAN AS HIS ACCOMPLICE.

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H. B. WARNER AND LAURA HOPE CREWS IN "BLACKBIRDS."

Photograph by White, New York.

the characters of eight people whom it seriously concerns; and these effects of character are revealed almost entirely through the medium of dialogue. There is scarcely any action to the eye; yet the characters are so profoundly studied and the dialogue is so rich in sudden revelations of humanity that the piece is replete with moments of suspense and of surprise, and maintains at all points the tensity of drama. Something has happened: what are those eight people going to think and feel and say and do about it? . . . . The play is written as an answer to this question; and it is so skilfully developed that one can not guess the outcome till the end.

"Hindle" is the name of a little town in Lancashire, and the "wakes" is the local term for the midsummer vacation that culminates in the August bank-holiday. During the "wakes" the son of a Hindle mill-owner and a girl who works in his father's factory happen to run across each other in a neighboring holiday resort; and, yielding to a mutual impulsion of passion, they run away and consort together for three days and nights. Each of them regards this excursion into immorality merely as a momentary lark; neither cherishes the illusion of any real fondness for the other. They expect their adventure to remain a secret; and neither of them looks forward to any resumption, in the future, of their casual relation. At least it may be said in favor of them that neither has deceived the other and that their irresponsibility is mutual.

The play begins when the girl's delinquency is ac-

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cidentally discovered by her parents. Her father, who is a simple, wholesome-minded man, is deeply wounded; but her more crafty mother scents an opportunity for the social advancement of the girl. Actuated by their different motives, these two agree to demand that the young man shall "make reparation," as the phrase is, by marrying their daughter. The mill-owner is a Nonconformist of very rigid principles; and, when he is told the facts, he agrees with the parents of the girl and orders his son to marry her. The boy is ineffectually supported by his softer-hearted mother, who protests that his life will be ruined if he is forced to marry a girl beneath him in social station. The mill-owner also overrides the objections of the mayor of the town, to whose daughter the young man is engaged. The mayor, who has been a bit of a buck himself, is inclined to look with leniency upon these offenses; but his daughter, who relishes the luxury of self-sacrifice, breaks off her engagement and heroically renounces her lover for the sake of the other girl.

Thus enforced, the young man agrees to make the working-girl "respectable" by giving her his name; but, to the great surprise of the assembled families, the girl refuses to marry him. She does not love him; she does not want to live with him; and, since she is easily capable of earning her own living, in Hindle or elsewhere, she is not dependent on his bounty. She thinks as lightly of him as he has thought of her; and she is unwilling to make her future miserable by linking her life with his. With this unexpected declaration of independence, the discussion of the incident is closed.

Stanley Houghton is a native of Manchester; and he is thoroughly familiar with the local types of character which he has depicted in this play. His people are unfalteringly real, and their reactions strike us with the force of life. The dialogue is written in the dialect of Lancashire, an uncouth medium which the author molds to an astonishing effectiveness. "Hindle Wakes" was first produced in Manchester, by Miss Horniman's noted repertory company; and when it was taken to London, the metropolis awoke to a realization that a true artist had arisen in the provinces. The play is remarkable in itself; but it is even more remarkable when considered as the work of an author formerly unknown.

Photograph by White, New York.

EMELIE POLINI, THE GIRL IN "HINDLE WAKES" WHO REFUSES TO BE MADE "RESPECTABLE" BY A MARRIAGE WHERE THERE IS NO LOVE.

"RUTHERFORD AND SON"

This statement applies with even greater force to "Rutherford and Son." This play is the first work of Miss Githa Sowerby, and it was written when the author was only in

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Photograph by White, New York.

ROBERT HILLIARD AS THE DETECTIVE IN "THE ARGYLE CASE," A PLAY WHICH WILLIAM J. BURNS SAYS IS TRUE TO LIFE AS HE HAS SEEN IT.

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Photograph by White, New York.

JANE GREY AS THE HEROINE IN "THE CONSPIRACY," ANOTHER EXCITING PLAY OF MURDERERS, DETECTIVES, AND POLICE.

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EMMA TRENTINI IN "THE FIREFLY." A DIMINUTIVE, ROMPING STAR WITH A BIG VOICE.

her early twenties. Its most emphatic characteristics are its masculinity and its maturity; and it seems incredible that it could have been composed by a young woman with no previous experience as a dramatist. Perhaps, after all, there is such a thing as genius.

This play is a study of a stern idealist who sacrifices himself, and everybody else whose life he touches, for the sake of his ideal. John Rutherford is sixty years of age. His entire life has been devoted to a single purpose; he has toiled early and late, in season and out of season, to build up the manufacturing business that had been bequeathed to him by his father. He is a man of utter fixity and narrowness of mind and indomitable sturdiness of will.

We meet this dour giant in the living-room of his house, on the outskirts of the dingy little factory-town of Grantley in Northumberland; and we observe how his dominance has crushed the life-spirit out of all the members of his family. His sister has decayed into an ill-tempered scold; his daughter has degenerated to a gloomy household drudge. His elder son had revolted from his father's tyranny, and run away to London; but, having married and become a father, and having found himself unable to support his wife and child, had slunk home meekly to lick the hand that lashed him. Rutherford now employs him in the factory, but never speaks a word to the unwelcome wife he brought from London. There is also a younger son, who is a vicar of the church; but Rutherford has bullied all the spirit out of this youth, so that he is practically worthless. These people live together for reasons of necessity, in an atmosphere of mutual hatred and ineradicable gloom.

But ultimately the children revolt against the joyless life imposed upon them by their father. The vicar summons up enough spirit to accept a curacy in another town,

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and receives his father's consent in the phrase, "Ye can go to the devil in your own way." The despairing daughter drifts into a clandestine love-affair with the foreman of the works; and when her father hears of it, he orders her out of the house and forbids the other members of the family ever to mention her name again.

The elder son has made a money-saving invention which he tries to sell to his father. Rutherford merely laughs at him, and wheedles the foreman, who knows the formula, into betraying it to his master "for the sake of Rutherfords'." Having used the foreman for this purpose, the master discharges him forthwith, because of his relation with his daughter. The elder son, in futile and childish rage against the theft of his invention, rifles his father's money-box of the paltry sum of twenty-three pounds, and runs away a second time, never to return.

No one is now left in the inhospitable household except the deserted wife whom Rutherford has never spoken to. She strikes a bargain with him. If he will support her for ten years, she will at the end of that period give him her little boy to train up in his own way to be the heir of Rutherfords'. "For," she says, "in ten years you'll be an old man; you won't be able to make people afraid of you any more."

The single-minded Rutherford sees the point and accepts the bargain. He will not be beaten, after all. In a mood of musing, he remarks:

"What would ha' gone to the winds, scattered and useless, 'll be his. He'll come on, young and strong, when my work's done, and Rutherfords' 'll stand up firm and safe out o' the fight and the bitterness—Rutherfords' that his grandfather gave his life to build up."

There is very little overt action in this play, since the purpose of the author is to exhibit a psychologic deadlock which paralyzes the wills of all the characters save one; but, static as it is, the piece appeals to the imagination with a terrible intensity. The rôle of Rutherford is acted with overwhelming power by Mr. Norman McKinnel, and the performers of all the other parts make their characters live upon the stage. The dialogue is written with a restraint that suggests unlimited resources in reserve. Considered from nearly every point of view, this grim analysis of character is a notable addition to dramatic literature.

"THE CONSPIRACY"

From the study of these important and unpopular plays we must now descend to the consideration of two popular melodramas of the same type as "Within the Law." Both "The Conspiracy" and "The Argyle Case" tell exciting tales of murderers and detectives and police. In the former a clever criminologist tracks down a white-slave gang, and in the latter a skilled detective entraps a gang of counterfeiters. These two thrillers are of nearly equal interest; and if "The Conspiracy" is the better of the two, it is not because of any superiority in narrative invention, but because the authors have made a more earnest effort to characterize the puppets of their plot.

"The Conspiracy" was written by John Emerson and Robert Baker. The heroine has been helping her brother, who is an assistant district-attorney, to gather evidence against a gang that is engaged in the white-slave traffic. Being trapped by the leader of the conspiracy, she is forced to kill him in self-defense. Eluding the police, she escapes to an East Side settlement-house, where she registers as a stenographer from Chicago and asks for employment.

She is engaged by Winthrop Clavering, a criminologist who makes a living by writing popular stories for the newspapers based on current crimes. Clavering dictates to his new stenographer an imaginary story of the recent murder; and when he comes to the climax, his account tallies so closely with the actual event that the heroine breaks down and confesses that she is the murderer. Clavering's first impulse is to turn her over to the police; but after she has told him her entire story, with all its extenuating circumstances, he joins hands with her and works out a plot to entrap the criminals she has been fighting. Together they round up the gang; and we are allowed to go home with a comfortable sense that all is well.

"THE ARGYLE CASE"

"The Argyle Case" was written by Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins, in cooperation with the famous detective,

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William J. Burns. A wealthy old gentleman has been found mysteriously murdered in his library, and a skilled detective named Asche Kayton is employed to clear up the case. In the first act he questions all the servants and the members of the family; and their evidence is brought forth in such a way that the audience is allowed to suspect nearly all of them in turn. At the conclusion of the act, the detective decides to trail the family lawyer, though the audience has as yet seen nothing to indicate his guilt.

By shadowing the lawyer, Kayton discovers that he is allied with a gang of counterfeiters who have a den in Washington Square. By securing a room in the house next door and installing a dictograph between the houses, Kayton is enabled to break in upon the counterfeiters at the proper time to trap them. The detective then discovers that the lawyer had enticed the late Mr. Argyle into complicity with the gang in order to blackmail him, and that he had murdered the old man because the latter had refused to pay the hush-money demanded of him. Kayton lures the unsuspecting lawyer to his office, handcuffs him suddenly, and forces him to confess his guilt.

This exciting story is told with many interesting visual devices; but scarcely any of the criminals is provided with an adequately human motive for his deeds. It is impossible to take these puppets seriously; but their gyrations are entertaining while the authors pull the wires.

"STOP THIEF"

One merit of a melodramatic plot is that it will serve equally well for the structure of a farce, provided that the mood be altered in the writing and the acting. "Stop Thief," a three-act farce by a new author, Carlyle Moore, tells very nearly the same sort of story as the two preceding plays; but the effect of the narration is exhilaratingly funny from the outset to the end.

A wedding is about to take place in a certain family, and the house is rich with presents. A professional thief is admitted to the house by his feminine accomplice, who has secured employment in the family as a ladies' maid. These two proceed to make away with the wedding-presents—and, when they are interrupted, they slip various articles of jewelry into the pockets of the bridegroom and his prospective father-in-law.

It happens that the old gentleman has always been troubled with an absent-minded habit of tucking other people's property into his pockets, and that the bridegroom suspects himself of a hereditary tendency to kleptomania. Consequently, when the wedding-gifts are missed, each of these innocent gentlemen believes himself to be the thief. Several policemen and detectives are sent for; but while the two imaginary kleptomaniacs are trying to throw them off the trail, the two real culprits manage to escape.

This farce is remarkable for the multiplicity of variations of the central farcical idea developed by the author during the progress of his plot. The successive complications are more and more amusing as the play proceeds. In cleverness of sheer invention "Stop Thief" is easily the foremost farce of the year.

"YEARS OF DISCRETION"

"Years of Discretion," by Frederic Hatton and Fanny Locke Hatton, retells a well-worn story. The heroine is a widow who lives in Brookline, Massachusetts. She has always led a very quiet life; but now, at the age of forty-eight, she resolves to break out and have her fling before she settles down forever. Equipped with several striking Paris gowns, she dashes down to New York to pay a visit to her friend, Mrs. Brinton; and before long she is flirting violently with all the bachelors on Mrs. Brinton's list. Three of these eligible gentlemen fall desperately in love with her; and after many adventures she resolves to marry one of them—a suave and courtly man of fifty years.

They are married in her little house in Brookline; but on their wedding-day each of them is troubled by a foreboding that the other will be disappointed on discovering that they are not so young as they pretended during the adventurous period of their courtship. But these forebodings are allayed by a mutual confession; and, as evening descends over the garden of the quiet little house, they agree to settle down together to enjoy a comfortable middle age.

This pleasant but conventional comedy

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is scarcely important in itself; but it is superlatively acted by a company selected by David Belasco. Like all of Mr. Belasco's productions, it is also beautifully set. The setting for the first act is, perhaps, too elaborately admirable; it tends to distract attention from the actors by tempting the eye hither and thither on some new voyage of discovery; but the second set is simple and tasteful; and the final picture of an old New England garden under the homely light of dusk is indeed a joy to see.

"PEG O' MY HEART"

"Peg O' My Heart," by J. Hartley Manners, possesses little merit as a play; but it serves adequately to display the talents of Miss Laurette Taylor, a very charming actress with a rare temperament for the stage.

The story deals with a crude, uncultivated Irish girl who, by a caprice of her rich uncle's will, is left to be educated by some aristocratic relatives in England. She offends them violently by her lack of manners, and they hate to have her in their house; but they have suffered certain financial reverses which make it necessary for them to avail themselves of the monthly stipend allotted to them by the dead man's will for bringing up his niece. A good deal of amusement is afforded by the comic contrast between the naïveté of the heroine and the artificiality of her relatives.

But, for all her crudity, the poor Irish girl is at heart a better person than the rest of the family. She proves this one night when she prevents her cousin from eloping with a married man, and then, when the household is aroused, shields the girl by thrusting herself into the embarrassing center of the situation. Ultimately the Irish lass is married to a charming gentleman with a handle to his name, who has been captivated by her natural simplicity.

This play is brightened by several passages of humor in the dialogue; but the story is conventional, and the characters are scarcely real enough to remind the audience of life.

"RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE"

Following the lead of Winthrop Ames, George C. Tyler has inaugurated a season of plays designed especially for children; and for the exhibition of these entertainments, he has built a little theatre on the roof of the Century Theatre building. This pleasant little play-house is capable of accommodating eight hundred auditors; and it is as yet the only theatre in the world that is devoted entirely to children's plays.

The initial offering at the Children's Theatre is a humorous fantasy by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "Racketty-Packetty House." Most of the characters in this little play are dolls, who quite naturally come to life as soon as their human owner is not looking. Their owner is a rather snobbish little girl. She has discarded the shabby old doll's-house that used to belong to her mother in favor of a magnificent new creation, fresh from the toy-shop, which wears the noble name of Tidyshire Castle.

The aristocratic dolls of Tidyshire Castle lord it over their neglected neighbors of Racketty-Packetty House; but we feel that it no more than serves them right when young Peter Piper, the ragged leader of the Racketty-Packetties, elopes with the proud Lady Patricia Vere de Vere and marries her, to the discomfiture of all her noble relatives.

This agreeable little play is charmingly presented by a cast composed almost entirely of children; and the action is accompanied by dainty incidental music composed for the occasion by the author's son, Vivian Burnett.

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The REMEDY

by

THOMAS W. LAWSON

V.

The "GOOD MEN" of the Money Trust

"The silver is Thine and the gold is Thine, O Lord of Hosts. May they who occupy this house and do business in it be true and just, providing things honest in the sight of man and in Thy sight. Defend Thy people. Make sure to us our place among the powers of the world and maintain the rights and liberties of the land. Amen."

THIS on April 22nd, in the 1903rd year dating from the birth of Christ, or the 111th if one dates the world's beginning from the borning of the New York Stock Exchange. The occasion was the dedication of a new shrine of chance for the New York Stock Exchange. The benediction was from the lips of that eloquent preacher, the late Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix.

As this thought-gem penetrated the trick-and-chicanery-plated ear-drums of the

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scores of assembled stock-gamblers, how Old Nick and his hoofed and tailed fiends must have held their sides a-laughing!

The Rev. Dr. Dix, ignorant of the deviltries which had been perpetrated in the old Stock Exchange building, and the contemplated new ones for whose facilitation a building costing millions had been erected, saw in the occasion only a fitting opportunity for solemn adjurations for the future. "The silver is Thine and the gold is Thine." Had he been less intent on his benediction, or had he served apprenticeship in the pit of the most heinous sure-thing wholesale gambling-hell on earth, he must have heard the low-chuckled chorus of—"You bet it is!"

That was ten years ago.

In the light of the past decade's exposures of Wall Street's methods, and particularly the past six months' revelations, it would require no verbal long-bow to assert that if the dedication of the home of the New York Stock Exchange were to take place to-day, there could be found in all the land no man of the cloth so deaf to the screamings of its past as to hazard a prayer in its christening.

To-day the Stock Exchange, Wall Street, the System, and all Frenzied Financialdom stand aghast at the spectacle which confronts them. It is almost incredible—the way proof has followed the prophecy in my "Remedy's" Foreword, the way exposure has birthed conviction.

In the past there have been numberless state and Federal investigations. So many, in fact, that such affairs were looked upon as jokes by the sinister Powers That Be. They had been conducted by a set of lawmakers, novices at the investigating game, pitted against the trickiest and slickest corporation-lawyer witness-baiters to be had for hire. The result of such investigations had been an unbroken line of farcical performances.

But when the Congressional Money Trust Investigation, now known throughout the land as the Pujo Committee, opened up for business in the halls of Congress, the American people realized that at last the crooked political and financial powers were "up against" the real thing. The curtain had hardly risen before all felt that this investigation was absolutely in the interests of the people. System lawyers were barred from participation in the examination of witnesses. The Committee's investigation was directed by the ablest inquisitorial attorney in America—Samuel Untermyer.

Mr. Rogers, the blue-ribbon witness-stand performer of them all, once said to me: "There is only one lawyer I fear, and that is Sam Untermyer. I wouldn't mind facing the devil himself in a cross-examination. But the mere knowledge that I possessed information which Sam Untermyer wanted and which I could not afford to part with, would give me a chill."

No higher compliment could be paid a cross-examiner. Mr. Rogers, like Davy Crockett's coon, made it a point to come down to earth as soon as he saw Untermyer, Esquire, unlimbering his witness-pump.

My "Frenzied Finance" readers will recall that at the height of my life-insurance campaign I put this same attorney at the head of my committee of governors with full authority to conduct the fight. Away back there I believed he was the only lawyer in the country equipped to more than hold his own in a life-and-death System contest.

AMERICAN BIG-GAME HUNTING

The Pujo Money Trust Investigating Committee was appointed by Congress to ascertain if there was a money trust. Well-informed students of American economics know that there is a something in the country which gives to the few the power to take from the many the fruits of their labors. During the past few years the people have demanded of their statesmen and governmental officials that they find out what the thing is by which the people are ruthlessly robbed. At first the statesmen believed it was the corporations; but soon the corporations proved they were not the monster. Then they were sure it was the trusts; but in their investigation they found that, bad as they were, the trusts were not the monster. Yet they did find that all trust deviltries appeared foundationed in the banks, trusts, and insurance companies of the System, the depositories of the people's savings. *This, of course, was the money trust; but they didn't know it.*

Easy thinkers who didn't know Frenzied Finance thought that a money trust must be the same as an oil trust, a steel trust, a sugar or a beef trust, the same as any of

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the great monopoly combination trusts which they had learned to dread and hate —a tangible, concrete, physical creature with a chartered backbone, a by-lawed head, and an agreement-in-writing tail; a thing with claws, fangs, and maw, all geared or linked together by some tangible machinery which could be seen or heard.

But the Pujo Committee knew, must have known, that while there is a monster money trust, it is an intangible spirit affair which has no physical, chartered, by-lawed, written-agreemented being such as the steel, oil, sugar, or beef and other monopoly trusts have.

It knew, must have known, that the money trust is a thing which exists in the atmosphere generated by the combined trusts, banks, trust and insurance companies, Stock Exchanges, and other System components. It is the wardman of the gambling end of the Stock Exchange.

One day the steel and oil trusts are the money trust's head, life-insurance is its maw, the Stock Exchange its body, while the next day the steel and oil trusts may be its claws, life-insurance its head, the Stock Exchange its maw. And the wise Pujo counsel, knowing this, knew, must have known, that once a congressional committee was empowered to seek the money trust, such a committee must necessarily at the same time be empowered to investigate all trusts, life-insurance companies, Stock Exchanges, and System individuals who were directly or indirectly connected with any of the economic instruments which enter into the making of the money trust.

This committee could investigate anything and everything which went to make up the System.

THE ETHEREAL MONEY TRUST—

At the beginning of the Pujo Committee's activities, Wall Street and the System lay back and haw-hawed at the farce of it all. There being no tangible, no in-law physical money trust, whom could the Committee subpœna? Whom could it put on the inquisition rack? What could it analyze? Where would it even look for a tangible head, a physical tail, or a maw of legal substance? The Committee, balked in finding a money trust, would throw up its hands and slink to oblivion.

This was the complacent attitude of the Frenzied Finance powers when the Pujo Committee and their agile counsel opened up their show—when, lo! they had upon the witness-stand the head of the coffee trust. Now what in the name of the seven foremen of the devil could coffee have to do with a money trust investigation?

"One of the tangible intangibles of the money trust," said the Committee. And the Committee proved it.

—BEGINS TO MATERIALIZE

There was a monopoly in coffee. Each year the entire crop, by agreement between the Powers That Be—and the Powers That Be in coffee were shown to be the same powers that be in railroads, steel, oil, sugar, and beef trusts—was trustified. It required scores of millions to maintain the coffee monopoly, to "carry" the crop until such time as the people would be compelled to buy it at five, six, and ten cents per pound profit to the trust, profit over and above a legitimate profit. Without these millions there would be no monopoly, could be none; and the millions—came from the banks. They were the people's savings. Yet they were turned over to the coffee monopolists to carry out their game of pillaging the people.

"Does this prove a money trust?" asked the Pujo Committee.

"No, no, no," yelled the System, "no, and again no. For there is no money trust, no chartered money trust, no by-lawed money trust, no written-agreemented money trust."

But the coffee-trust monopolist was suavely bowed from the witness-stand, and the promoter of the newest oil trust followed him.

Again the System was threatened with apoplexy. What in the name of the patron saint of the jugglers of Hindustan had a new oil trust to do with the money-trust investigation?

The Committee answered: "Another tangible intangible of the money trust." And they proved it.

It took millions to prepare the oil trust stock for the Stock Exchange laundry. Where did the millions come from? Banks and trust companies, the depositories of the people's savings. Who advanced it? The System. Why? Because the System bank officials were "in" on a large slice of the

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profits. Why? Just for advancing the people's money. Did these System bank officials turn their easy-money profit over to the owners of the advanced millions, the depositors? No. They put it in their individual private pockets. Where did the millions of the profits come from? All from the people, who bought the oil-trust stock at Stock-Exchange-manipulated high prices.

"Oh," said the inquisitorial Pujo Committee, "without the use of the people's deposits there could be no Stock Exchange thimble-rigging, no millions of easy-money profits, no division of profits with the System bank controllers. Does this not prove a money trust?"

"No, no, no, and again no, for there is no chartered money trust, no by-lawed money trust, no written-agreemented money trust in existence."

COPPER ON THE STAND

But the Pujo Committee only smiled as it subpœnaed the head of the copper-selling monopoly.

"Does the System control the copper industry? Does it make the price of the metal? Did it in 1901 manipulate the price from eleven to twenty cents per pound and then overnight drop it back to eleven cents? And did it in 1907 manipulate the price to twenty-six cents per pound, and overnight drop it back to eleven cents? And did it make over two hundred millions of dollars by the operation? And what individuals made this vast amount? Was it not the System heads—Rogers, Rockefeller, and Stillman? And were not hundreds of millions of capital necessary to perform the operation? And whose were the hundreds of millions of capital? Rogers's and Rockefeller's? No. Again the banks and trust companies'—the depositories of the people. And does not this prove a money trust?"

The System's "No, no, no, and again no" lacked the fire of confidence. The System was beginning to see the handwriting on the wall.

Following the copper-selling monopoly witness came the head of the Clearing-House, who was also president of one of the great System banks.

It was evident to the witness-room audience that this trusted and experienced System official had no intention of allowing money-trust secrets to become the property of the vulgar herd. It was also evident to the audience that the counsel for the Pujo Committee was willing to stake his hard-earned laurels on his ability to get those secrets. Figuratively he removed his coat, waistcoat, and collar, rolled up his sleeves, and took a hitch in his belt.

Mr. Bank-President Frew, chairman of the Clearing-House Committee, had weathered too many investigations and court witness-stands to quail at the preparations, and—the battle was on.

When the Pujo Committee got through with Mr. President of the Corn Exchange Bank and Chairman of the New York Clearing-House Committee Frew, they had what they wanted, what they needed—the vital secrets of the money trust, its methods of creation, operation, and perpetuation. At the finish there was no doubt in the minds of those who heard the testimony as to the existence of a money trust, nor was there any doubt about the ultimate result of the Pujo Investigation, provided the investigators had sufficient time to finish their job.

Mr. Frew was followed by the two former presidents of the New York Stock Exchange, and when the Committee had finished its pumping, for the first time since my "Frenzied Finance" revelations were published the world had an opportunity to know from sworn evidence whether the charges I had made then regarding the methods and operation of the System were based on fact and whether they were over- or under- drawn.

THE FINANCIAL LIONS PURR

Then came the two MacGregors of the money-trust-System-Frenzied-Finance clans—J. Pierpont Morgan and George F. Baker.

The committee-room was packed to overflowing.

There was to be a battle royal. Blood would surely flow. Flesh would be ripped and bones split. The great inquisitor's reputation was at stake; equally so the business and financial reputations of the supreme heads of Frenzied Financialdom—Morgan and Baker.

And, indeed, the world was treated to a remarkable spectacle. Not what it had expected, but still remarkable. The great Morgan had appeared many times at public

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hearings, and his imperious roar or royal growl in answer to the gentlest-put question had made him the terror of all cross-examiners. So the onlooking world had cause for its open-mouthedness over the gentleness of the long passage-at-arms between the Pujo Committee and the two great financiers. To say that the royal lion of Financialdom was working overtime in the rôle of a friendly tabby-cat while he was on the grill, would be but a plain statement of fact. And to say that the tilt between dollar-monarch Baker and the Pujo Committee was anything but an object-lesson in purring fests, would be an imposition upon truth.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE DECEMBER PANIC

As the front pages of the dailies throughout the world carried the testimony broadcast, every one gasped at the velvet-gloved-ness of the exhibition. In saying every one I mean to except the few "in the know." **And to illuminate the mystery I will here give a bit of news which the most alert newspaper ferret must admit *is* news.**

At the beginning of the money-trust investigation, it was widely heralded that the test would come when the Pujo Committee attempted to compel a public exposition of the loans, with the borrowers' names and the collateral behind the loans, that were in the great System banks.

The press said that the Committee would stake the success of their investigation on their ability to compel such an exposition, and the System's press-agents claimed that such an exposition would bring wreck and ruin to the country, and that any attempt upon the part of the Committee to make it would be contested to the bitter end.

Here was the situation: It was known that there were billions of the System-manipulated stocks in banks, trust companies, and insurance companies, and that they were there at factitiously-manipulated high prices as collateral for the loans by which the people's deposited savings were withdrawn. This was generally believed. But there had never been any actual proof to substantiate such belief.

If the Pujo Committee could compel the Federal banking authorities to expose publicly the detailed list of such stocks, there would be a great stock-market crash. For through such exposition the System's operations would be shown in their complete and hideous nakedness.

From the beginning of the Pujo investigation both sides strained every nerve and brought to bear every effort—the Committee to have such exposition; the System to prevent it.

The Committee called upon the controller of the currency to furnish such lists. The controller refused, on the ground that the Committee had no authority to compel such exposition. The United States attorney-general advised President Taft that the Committee could not legally enforce its demand, and that unless the controller of the currency voluntarily submitted such information, or the President of the United States ordered him to furnish it, the Committee could not secure it.

President Taft sided with the controller and refused so to order, and the System's hat was gleefully flung aloft to celebrate its victory.

The Committee introduced a bill in Congress to compel the controller to comply with its demand. The bill passed the House and was killed in the Senate. And every one thought—and almost every one yet thinks—that through the inability of the Committee to get such information it will ultimately be compelled to face its Waterloo.

But the Committee did little talking and much silent sawing of wood. Suddenly, out of a clear sky, there was a terrific crash in the stock market. Stocks shrank in value in a few days over two billions of dollars. On an average the active stocks went down 15 to 20 points, Union Pacific even more.

The press and the Street were filled with "reasons" for the crash:

A great speculator in Chicago had been caught with 200,000 shares of Union Pacific and had been compelled to throw them overboard, thus precipitating the throwing over of large individual holdings and pool accumulations. . . . Mrs. Harriman was selling the tremendous estate holdings which had come to her from her husband, the late Edward H. Harriman. . . . The reason for the tremendous slaughter in prices was the Supreme Court decision against the Union Pacific.

These and many other cleverly-concocted press-agent stories were put afloat to account for the sudden stock-market slump.

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The facts about this crash and the reason why the heretofore imperious Morgan and the unbending Baker entered Washington, accompanied by a retinue of attorneys—head, heart, and soul soothers—with a gentle docility like that of to-be-reprimanded school-children entering the teacher's presence, are here published for the first time:

The Pujo Committee notified the money-trust heads that because the controller of the currency, backed up by the attorney-general and President Taft, had refused to give them the necessary information, they would subpœna each and every one of the employees and officials, from messenger to president, of each of the twenty-four great System banks of New York. The Committee asserted that, regardless of time or expense, they would have their counsel examine each and every one of the hundreds of these employees and officials, and would put them through an examination that would show each and every loan, the kind of stock, bond, and note collateral behind it, and the borrower's name—unless the money-trust, the System, controllers forthwith voluntarily presented the Committee with such a list.

There was no bluff about this threat. The Pujo Committee meant business and the System knew it.

The Committee's threat threw the System into a panic. The picture conjured up was one beyond the nerve and bluff capacity of the System recipients, and they proceeded to run up the white flag. They agreed to give the Committee the desired list, provided they were allowed five days in which to tabulate and "adjust" (with emphasis on the adjust) the loans and collaterals.

THE FREEZE-OUT

It is probably within the exact truth to say that never has there been a more rapid and active adjustment of loans and collaterals in the stock market than that which took place during those five days. Stocks and bonds were thrown over by the scores of millions. Knowing something of the affair, I estimate that the net loss to the money trust and their followers by the adjustment which took place amounted to between fifty and sixty million dollars.

I will hazard the guess that the list which was compiled of the loans and collaterals in the twenty-four banks, a list aggregating close to a billion dollars, had been most scientifically winnowed of scores of millions of "securities" which, with their owners' names, would not make good reading for the American public. I will also hazard the guess that scores of millions of manipulated stocks which had been lying in the vaults of the New York banks and trust companies made a hurried departure for the vaults of like institutions in Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and other cities.

This was the December panic. It was caused by the money trust's discarding, from fright.

THE FIRST NATIONAL'S 18,000% PROFIT

When Mr. Morgan and Mr. Baker had left the stand, the world had received from the supreme heads of American Financialdom their voluntary admission that my most astounding statement in "THE REMEDY" had been so far underdrawn as to make it like the babbling brook compared to Niagara Falls.

For instance: I stated in my FOREWORD that the annual profits of the First National Bank had been as high, in a single year, as 1900%. If I had dared to suggest that the average profits of the First National on its original investment have been 400% a year since its organization, my readers would surely have thought me daft. And yet the Pujo Committee proved with the hard, cold statistics of record that the First National Bank's net profits since its organization in 1874 had amounted to more than 18,000%, and that its owners had accumulated $80,000,000 in profits on a capital of $500,000.

President Baker of the First National Bank frankly and without blush or attempt at disguise admitted that these figures were correct.

I said in "THE REMEDY" that the money trust, the System, had reached the point where if it was allowed to continue it would wreck the nation. President Baker and likewise Banker Morgan frankly admitted that if it went farther the country might be wrecked, and that if the great power now exercised by the money-trust heads should fall into the hands of "bad men," the country would be wrecked.

Mr. Morgan also admitted that so absolute was the control of the money trust

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heads, and so free was such control from any Government regulation or restraint, that he could loan, and had loaned, millions of the people's deposits to men with absolutely no financial resources. They were loaned on "character."

Bad men, regardless of their wealth, would not be allowed by the money-trust controllers to get credit. But the man with "character" as collateral might take possession of the people's savings in million-dollar lots. This sort of evidence gave the country a thrill of goodness feeling. Character in Wall Street was worth more than tangible collateral.

Mr. Morgan "got away with the bluff," for the country and the world in reading his testimony applauded it vigorously.

THE "GOOD" MEN OF THE MONEY TRUST

Almost every witness examined by the Pujo Committee admitted that a few men had absolute control of the money of the people, that such control was unregulated and unchecked by law, but that these few men were so *good* that no harm could come to the country. They were almost unanimous in their opinion that if *bad* men came into control of the money trust, incurable damage would follow.

Therefore, the issue between the money trust, the System, and the American people stands forth clear-cut and defined: **Who are the good men who control the Money Trust?** Are they *good* men or are they *bad* men? What is their past record? What are their present activities? How good are they? And how good are the men of "character" who can borrow millions on honor?

The one man to whom has been given probably more than to any other, the right to dip his hands deep into the people's savings deposited in the money-trust banks, was a man who stands in the history of stock-gambling as the most reckless of all gamblers.

To this man, while employed as chief manipulator of the Standard Oil's Amalgamated, the Morgan-Baker's Steel, and in a score of like rank stock-gambles, was given by the money-trust controllers the use of the people's deposited savings in million-, ten-million-, and fifty-million-dollar lots.

This man bribed the secrets of the cordage trust from employees and, with such knowledge as capital, made to order one of the greatest panics the country has ever known.

This man bribed the secretary of one of the foremost heads of the money trust to divulge to him the secrets of his chief. He was detected in the act, and when the corrupt secretary was cast into the street, this man made him president of a railroad which he was engaged in guerrillaing and which he most disastrously wrecked.

This man who could borrow millions on his word fled to Europe to avoid the consequences of his act. He was exiled until allowed to return on the promise to hire out to the money trust for a particularly vicious manipulation of one of its waterlogged gambles.

This man later entered into a gentleman's agreement with a score of associates for the handling, on honor, of one of the most disreputable stock-gambles ever attempted in Wall Street. And at its height he brought about a crash and the failure and ruin of individuals and firms by dastardly double-dealing.

This gambler must have been one of the men whom Mr. Morgan had in mind when he spoke of loaning the people's savings in million-dollar lots to men of no financial responsibility. Probably no man has ever borrowed more millions of credit from the System than this gambler.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN THE BAD MEN COME?

Another of these *good* men who control the people's savings, one of the very highest heads, is a man whose *goodness* was so great that, while the president of one of the leading banks of the world, he allowed it to honor the checks of his associates, for his own personal gain, for millions of dollars more than stood to their credit.

If there has ever been in all the world's history a ranker record of loaded-dice, sure-thing gambling than the Reading's milking of the American people to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars, I have been unable to discover it. This was conducted from the very center of the money trust, and by the *good* men who are standing shoulder to shoulder to prevent *bad* men from replacing them in their control of the people's savings and industries.

Another of these most powerful and active *good* men, because of his participation

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in a New Year's eve orgy while managing a stock-gambling operation, brought about a panic in which an active railroad stock dropped forty points in almost as many minutes.

Another of these *good* men but a short time ago graduated from the superintendency of a bar which had become noted as a stake-holding rendezvous of legislative and judicial bribers and bribees. His rise to his present position came from his personal supervision of the debauching of state and Federal law-makers.

Space forbids me to dwell longer on the history of these *good* men, and I leave this portion of my work with this positive and emphatic statement, with full knowledge of the past records and present activities of the good men who control the money trust and the System:

It is my firm belief that nowhere on earth can be found an equal amount of badness in an equal number of men mentally equipped to administer such affairs.

STOCK-EXCHANGE DODGING

The Stock Exchange and its insiders, recognizing the fact that gambling will be legally curbed, are working overtime to prepare confusing arguments for the muddlement of Congress. After long pro-ing and con-ing and overtime digging into financial history, they have concluded to rest their case upon an argument which is expected to convince Congress that the curbing of the foreign—the French, German, and English—bourses and Stock Exchanges has well-nigh brought the industrial prosperity of those nations to the verge of ruin.

And that Congress may be ready to weigh intelligently the forthcoming Stock Exchange argument, I will briefly review the foreign stock-gambling situation.

Preliminary to such review I would call my readers' attention to this bit from the lips of that deep student of Financialdom and economics, Maurice Muhleman, secretary of the Hughes Commission, and one of the ablest writers on economics and finance:

"The public asks no favors of the Stock Exchange. It demands a fair deal. That demand was voiced in the report of the Hughes Commission. It has been ignored, either wilfully or through inexcusable indifference, or by reason of incapacity, and the majority of the members have remained inert instead of vigorously and effectively protesting against the lowering of standards.

"By ignoring the sound advice of friendly critics the Exchange deliberately assumed an attitude which compels governmental action. The State of New York, aroused by the action of Congress, appears to be anxious to make up for its own delinquency, and the first suggestion for reform is that the exchanges be compelled to incorporate.

"The sole plausible reason for incorporation is that the State may obtain control over the exchanges. This presupposes that the State has no power of regulation over them. This strikes me as being a pusillanimous conception of the power of the State. I insist that it is not so powerless, that it may at any moment extend its supervisory powers over such bodies and compel them to eliminate improper methods."

In the mass of literature prepared by my friends on the New York Stock Exchange there have been warnings against the adoption of laws such as have long prevailed in England, France, and Germany. Let us see, if we can, in what way foreign exchanges have regulations tending to secure the legitimate speculator and investor from loss, and to upbuild the commercial, mercantile, and industrial prosperity of their respective countries.

Let us begin with London—for London is the city, and England is the nation, of all others, in which both the stock-gambling and the commercial-gambling spirit find widest expression. There little or no objection is raised to betting on the race-tracks. In England, insurance, which is another form of wager, is carried to such extremes that insurance policies, that is, pure wagers, are made on any proposition whatever, from the death or illness of a king to the birth of twins. On athletic contests the Englishman bets as a matter of habit.

LONDON NO PLACE FOR WELCHERS

But the Englishman pays when he loses; the loser who does not pay is an outcast. The bookmaker who welches at the race-tracks gets no police protection. It is so through all classes of society. The man who does not pay can hold no official position in civil life, is cashiered from the army or the navy, is dropped ignominiously from his clubs, and can join no others.

Similarly with the broker.

My friends on the New York Stock Exchange have informed the public that their rules are more drastic than the rules of the London Exchange, which is the only other exchange of all the great financial centers

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of the world organized in the club fashion of the New York Stock Exchange. I grant that, in respect to the protection of members.

As regards customers and the public, I disagree. It can be shown by statistics that there are many more failures, including jobbers and brokers, on the London Stock Exchange than on the New York Stock Exchange. There may be twenty times as many. But it can not be shown that customers have lost any considerable amount of money by the London failures, while the losses in the failures in New York have run into many millions in recent years.

My friends on the Stock Exchange have not pointed out, and will not point out, that *while in London there are more than four thousand members of the exchange, and exchange memberships are worth only a few thousand dollars, the public is protected because* **the broker can not speculate or gamble for his own account.**

The broker can not speculate for his own account. Bear that in mind, and this: **No member of the New York Stock Exchange or any other Stock Exchange in this country can show a solitary instance of public loss through a brokerage failure except a loss occasioned by the broker's individual speculation.**

But it has been put out in Stock Exchange literature that members of the London Stock Exchange are permitted to speculate. This is not so. It is one of those half truths used to muddle the subject.

MARGINAL TRADING UNKNOWN!

On the London Stock Exchange there are two main departments, that of the broker and that of the dealer or jobber. The broker can not deal in stocks, but must confine himself to the execution of orders for others. The jobber may deal for his own account; but the principal business of the jobber has been the marketing of securities for customers, the serving as an intermediary between an investor or speculator and the broker.

Moreover, *in London, marginal trading, as it is carried on in New York, is unknown, as it is unknown in other financial centers of Europe.*

The broker and the jobber in London do business as is the English habit at the racetracks or in the clubs. He does it on credit. He does business only with those persons whom he considers financially responsible and entitled to invest or speculate in securities. He must look up the business of his customer with as close scrutiny as that of the bank officer examining the affairs of a new applicant for a loan. He must be certain that the customer is speculating or gambling with his own money. The law of England will punish him, as it will the knowing recipient of stolen goods, if he accepts from a customer money wrongfully taken by that customer, without first making diligent inquiry into the customer's antecedents.

You hear little of bank funds going astray through bank-gambling in England. They keep the prison doors open too wide.

WHY LONDON BROKERS' FAILURES ARE FEW AND SMALL

The failures of brokers in London thus come only from the welching of customers. The history of the London Stock Exchange shows that such failures are very few, and it can not be shown that all of those failures in the last decade have involved as much loss to the public as any one of twenty failures on the New York Stock Exchange that I can point to. Practically all of the failures have been failures of jobbers, that is, of the class of Stock Exchange members who are permitted to speculate on their own account. Almost all the failures in New York have been dishonest failures due to gambling by brokers with the money and securities of their customers.

Also the failures in London have been small failures. The Englishman takes the common law seriously, and the common law assures him that in the event of fraud or deceit by broker or jobber, the broker or jobber will go to prison. In addition, he will not trust the broker or jobber who engages in any such huge gambling transactions as professional traders on the New York Stock Exchange habitually perform. To say nothing of the speculation in Hocking a few years ago, or of the plunging which led to the downfall of the McIntyre, Brown, Coster, and other firms—in London, purely gambling transactions of such magnitude as those to which some of the members of the New York Stock Exchange are accustomed would not be tolerated for a single session.

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In Paris, the financial center of the thriftiest nation the world has ever seen, there is more rigid regulation for the protection of the investing or speculating public than in London. France, all but bankrupted by Law's Mississippi Scheme, was the first nation to suffer from stock-gambling, and has remembered the lesson the longest. Even under the old monarchical régime France had laws penalizing stock-gambling and, later, the Code Napoléon imposed severe penalties.

As the custom of credit business has expanded, the French laws have become somewhat more liberal; but there has been no relaxation in the provision that the Paris Bourse and members of the Bourse must make good to the last centime every claim of a customer.

The conspicuous features of the Paris Bourse law are, in fact, the articles designed to protect the speculator and investor and at the same time repel the gambler. In the first place, the Bourse is under governmental supervision, and no security can be listed and offered to the public through the Bourse except after a most rigid scrutiny. The intention is that the water be squeezed out of a stock before it is listed, rather than after the water has been exchanged for the money of the investing public.

STRICT LAWS ON THE PARIS BOURSE

In the second place, no *agent de change* or stockbroker can speculate for his own account; and every one of them is bound to contribute toward making good any default on the part of any other member of the exchange. Speculative transactions are permitted to some extent, but are closely watched.

The Bourse is the most exclusive of all Stock Exchanges. There are only seventy licensed *agents de change* or stockbrokers, though each of these seventy may be represented by a clerk or agent on the floor, and though often the ownership of a seat is vested in several persons. The seats are worth approximately $500,000 each.

Not only must the stockbroker refrain from all speculation, but, according to section 85 of the Code of Commerce, *he must not transact any commercial or banking business for his own account. He must have no financial interest in any commercial enterprise, whether in his own name or under an assumed name.* He can not even receive payment or settle any account on behalf of his clients, nor is he permitted to give them any advice or be the editor of or contribute to any financial paper. He is only an intermediary between buyer and seller.

WHERE INSOLVENCY IS A CRIME

French speculators are constantly declaiming against the Bourse as a government monopoly and continually striving to secure greater privileges for the *coulisse* or curb market. The French investor has no such objection. He knows that the *agent de change* never fails, though often, like any other broker, he passes through periods of stress. In 1882, for instance, at the time of the failure of the Union Générale, a bank in no way connected with the Bourse, and in the consequent panic, the Bourse paid up liabilities of individual members to the amount of $80,000,000. Not a customer lost a penny.

The French investor or the banker (the banker customarily does business for the individual investor) has other reasons than the honorable career of the Bourse for knowing that he can suffer no loss through the broker. Before any broker is appointed, he must deposit with the treasury of the nation $50,000 as a guarantee of his good faith, and all the brokers contribute annually to an insurance fund maintained for the compensation of customers in the event of the failure of any one of them.

Moreover, the stockbroker can never be adjudged a bankrupt, pure and simple, his insolvency always involving more or less criminal responsibility. In the absence of fraud, the penalty for insolvency is hard labor for a term. In cases of fraud, the punishment is no less than hard labor for life.

But my friends on the Stock Exchange say that the methods of the Paris Bourse are too cumbersome. It is necessary to use corrupt money before one can secure the listing of a security on the Bourse, and their sensitive souls shrink at that. It sometimes requires as much as two years to secure a listing, and the New York Stock Exchange will do that for you much more quickly. The Paris Bourse, in short, is a monopoly, and the trend of thought in this country is against monopoly.

It *is* a government monopoly—but the government taxes all its transactions and

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derives a substantial revenue from it every year. It is a close corporation—but the New York Stock Exchange has done everything in its power to cripple the Consolidated Exchange and will brook no opposition. The Bourse is surrounded with governmental red tape—but remember the people who have reason to regret the hasty listing of scores of securities on the New York Stock Exchange.

My friends complain because it sometimes takes two years to list a security in Paris. Do they not know that application was made in Paris for the listing of Steel common stock, that the application was made by J. P. Morgan's Paris house, and that the Frenchman, looking in deep, told Mr. Morgan he never would list it?

Efforts have been made to list other American securities there, and few have succeeded. The authorities wanted to know too much about the property behind the securities. Even when the Pennsylvania Railroad, one of the corporations of which we may be proudest, applied for the listing in Paris, not of stock, but of first-mortgage bonds, the Bourse authorities sent their representatives to this country, and these representatives were not satisfied until they had looked into the books, made a physical examination of the road, and studied closely the capitalization of the company and the legality of the bond issue.

Monopolistic the Paris Bourse may be and corrupt in its official entourage—I don't know about that, and I don't care. But I know that it is the great investment market of the world; that there are listed, though under the strictest governmental supervision, more than $25,000,000,000 of securities; and that the French people have taken their savings and put them into these securities, not as buyers of a stack of checks in a gambling game, but for pure investment. The Bourse must have done something to inculcate in the French that thrift which distinguishes them more than any other people.

I know that the French law can not be taken bodily and transplanted over here. But there is enough of the best of the French law in my law, published last month, to correct many abuses. It restricts the broker to the brokerage business. Like the Bourse law, it prevents him from trading for his own account, and that means it would put out of business the floor-traders, the so-called professionals, who are no more than leeches on speculation. They are the brokers who gamble in eighths on the floor; it is their particular business to keep watch over the brokers who are in the habit of executing legitimate orders and try to make a profit at the expense of the customer while the legitimate broker is executing his order. If they see him buying, they buy some for themselves, hoping to sell it back an eighth or a quarter up before he finishes his execution. If he is selling, they adopt the opposite tactics.

My law would stop this manipulation.

OUT WITH THE FLOOR TRADERS!

I have been accused of trying to put the Stock Exchange out of business. I have no such desire, and would not willingly impair the value of Stock Exchange seats. But as for the floor traders, my law would put these gentlemen out of business, and if any professor of economics can recommend a useful place for them, we'll send them there.

There will be no repetition of the scandalous manipulation of the Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron pool, or of the grand slam attempted by A. O. Brown & Co.—when, in one Saturday session, a two-hour session, that firm threw the market into convulsions and jeopardized the accounts of legitimate speculators and investors. Recall that the Brown firm in the short space of two hours dealt on the floor of the Stock Exchange in a million shares—washed sales, practically all of them—and remember it, for episodes of that character will soon belong to ancient history.

My law has also taken note of the theory of governmental supervision.

Of the $25,000,000,000 of securities listed on the Paris Bourse, more than $5,000,000,000 are in securities of governments and corporations foreign to France. But the number of American securities is inconsequential. Is not this palpable distrust of Americans due in part to the lax methods of the New York Stock Exchange and to the violent fluctuations in prices of securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange?

HOW THEY DO IT IN GERMANY

Governmental supervision over Stock Exchanges is even more strict in Germany

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than in France. In France the laws do not prevent the *marche à terme* or so-called futures of gambling transactions. In Germany the Bourse law of 1896 provided that every one who undertook a transaction in stocks for future delivery must be recorded in a registry open to the public. And the law absolutely prohibited short sales of commodities such as grain, cotton, and the like.

The origin of the German Bourse law is peculiar. In Germany it is the ultra-conservative party, the wealthy landowners, the nobility, the agrarians that insist on curbing speculations; and their principal, if not only, concern relates to speculation on the produce exchanges.

However, it is worth noting that the design of the German law, as it affects stocks, was to make every transaction real. It was the theory that every person who bought or sold a stock intended sooner or later to pay for it in full or deliver it. The law was very strictly enforced, for Prussian officialdom brooks no evasion or contempt; and a Government commissioner was placed in charge of the Bourse to see to the law's enforcement.

All German stock and produce exchanges present fundamental and important variations from the New York Exchange in the manner of organization, make-up of membership, mode of fixing quotations, and methods of doing business. *An imperial law, having application to the whole empire, governs their establishment.* It requires, in the first place, the assent of the government to the formation of any exchange.

The government (state) has direct supervision over all things connected with the bourses; but it may, as it does in Berlin, delegate this oversight to the local chamber of commerce, which is a body with an official standing, empowered, among other things, to levy taxes on its members. The governing committee of the Bourse is chosen by the Imperial Federal Council. The president of the state (in Berlin, the president of the province of Brandenburg) approves the Bourse rules.

There is no numerical limit to membership, and the fees are entirely nominal. Women, men not of honorable character, debtors, former bankrupts, etc., are not eligible to membership; but otherwise the obtaining of membership is not difficult.

The admission of securities to listing is hedged about with manifold and severe restrictions. In the first place, the company seeking admission must have a paid-up issue of at least 1,000,000 marks in Berlin, Frankfort, and Hamburg, and 500,000 for the other German exchanges. An unimportant exception is that an issue of purely local interest may be admitted even if it does not reach the sum stated. No certificate of stock for less than 1,000 marks may be issued by the company. (Exceptions are made in the case of foreign companies.)

"LISTING" RESTRICTIONS WE NEED

Applications for listing must be made—usually through a bank—to a special committee, half of whose members must be unconnected with the Bourse. With the application a complete prospectus must be submitted, covering every detail of the company's business, including extracts from its reports, if it has made any; a statement of the reason relied upon to justify listing, and the reasons impelling the issue sought to be listed.

An idea of the extent of this prospectus may be gained from the fact that when the Southern Pacific applied a few years ago for the listing of an issue of bonds, the prospectus covered more than 1,000 square inches of solid nonpareil.

The listing commission is clothed with broad powers to reject any application. It also has power to exclude from the Bourse securities already admitted, if convinced that a condition has arisen since listing which would have justified their rejection originally. If it rejects an application, the commission must also give notice of its action to all other German bourses.

After an application for listing has been granted, the prospectus of the applicant company must be published in a manner prescribed by the commission. This must comprehend at least six days' publication of the complete prospectus in the *Imperial Gazette* and at least two other papers. Until this period has expired no business may be done with the shares in question. *In the case of an issue that has been sold by public subscription, no bourse transaction therein may take place until all stock is in the hands of the subscribers.*

(Continued on Page 67 of the Advertising Section in this number.)

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Fool's Gold

by

Herbert Kaufman

SEE him there, cold and gray,
Watch him as he tries to play;
No, he doesn't know the way—
He began to learn too late.
She's a grim old hag, is Fate,
For she let him have his pile,
Smiling to herself the while,
Knowing what the cost would be,
When he'd found the Golden Key.
Multimillionaire is he,
Many times more rich than we;
But at that I wouldn't trade
With the bargain that he made.
Came here many years ago,
Not a person did he know;
Had the money-hunger bad—
Mad for money, piggish mad;
Didn't let a joy divert him,
Didn't let a sorrow hurt him,
Let his friends and kin desert him,
While he planned and plugged and hurried
On his quest for gold and power.
Every single wakeful hour
With a money thought he'd dower;
All the while as he grew older,
And grew bolder, he grew colder.
And he thought that some day
He would take the time to play;
But, say—he was wrong.
Life's a song;
In the spring
Youth can sing and can fling;
But joys wing
When we're older,
Like birds when it's colder.
The roses were red as he went rushing by,
And glorious tapestries hung in the sky,
And the clover was waving
'Neath honey-bees' slaving;
A bird over there
Roundelayed a soft air;
But the man couldn't spare
Time for gathering flowers,
Or resting in bowers,
Or gazing at skies
That gladdened the eyes.
So he kept on and swept on
Through mean, sordid years.
Now he's up to his ears
In the choicest of stocks.
He owns endless blocks
Of houses and shops,
And the stream never stops
Pouring into his banks.
I suppose that he ranks
Pretty near to the top.
What I have wouldn't sop
His ambition one tittle;
And yet with my little
I don't care to trade
With the bargain he made.
Just watch him to-day—
See him trying to play.
He's come back for blue skies,
But they're in a new guise—
Winter's here, all is gray,
The birds are away,
The meadows are brown,
The leaves lie aground,
And the gay brook that wound
With a swirling and whirling
Of waters, is furling
Its bosom in ice.
And he hasn't the price,
With all of his gold,
To buy what he sold.
He knows now the cost
Of the spring-time he lost,
Of the flowers he tossed
From his way,
And, say,
He'd pay
Any price if the day
Could be made not so gray.
He can't play.

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Fools' Gold

Drawings by Harry Townsend

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

ALICIA AND THE EGGS

BY GEORGE WESTON

"IT'S the eggs," sighed Alicia after we had both pushed back our plates of lemon pudding. "It's so hard to get fresh eggs any more," and "Oh, dear!" she sighed again, looking out of the dining-room window, "I think he's dreadfully lonesome at times."

"Lonesome?" I asked, in utter surprise. "Who?"

"Mrs. Potter," said Alicia.

Mrs. Potter is our valiant Plymouth Rock rooster and was originally purchased by Alicia (who had commissioned the paper-boy to buy her "a large chicken") to cut down our growing bill for eggs. The moment Alicia had seen him she had given him the name of Mrs. Potter because of a resemblance (fancied or real) between his domineering demeanor and that of the woman who lives around the corner in the red house. And even after it had become apparent to all concerned that Mrs. Potter would never reduce our egg bills, the name had stuck to him, and it was as Mrs. Potter that he had endeared himself to Alicia and had become included in the number of our pets.

"Look at him, Edward," said Alicia, still gazing out of the window. "Can't you see how lonesome he is?"

I glanced out of the window toward Mrs. Potter's barrel, which stands under the cherry-tree. When the weather is fine, Mrs. Potter spends the night pleasantly camping on one of the lower branches of the tree, and when the elements are unpropitious our intelligent feathered pet finds refuge in his coop. This coop consists of a headless flour barrel lying on its side near the fence. It is equipped with a length of broom-handle which serves the purpose of a perch.

We are not quite sure what we shall do with Mrs. Potter when the cold weather sets in. Alicia has a plan, which we once discussed in whispers when Fido was asleep, of putting him in Fido's coop and finding another place for Fido; but when I pointed out that Fido's coop is rather low, Alicia responded so triumphantly that I could raise it on stilts that Fido woke up and began to listen, and then, of course, we had to change the subject.

"Poor Mrs. Potter!" said Alicia, resting her chin on her hand while she gazed

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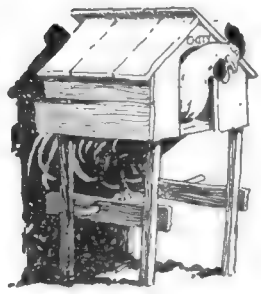
through the window. "Look at him, Edward!"



We were watching Mrs. Potter, who was hopping, in a very disconsolate manner, from one branch of the tree to another, when a low, warning growl from Fido caused us to turn around. Taking advantage of our interest in Mrs. Potter, Peter (our glossy black cat) had stealthily jumped on a chair near the table and, bending far over until his shoulders projected like two sharp horns, he was even more stealthily helping himself to the cream. His ears were flattened against the sides of his head and his tail was lashing because Fido was "telling on him"; but, evidently working upon the hypothesis that he might as well be hanged for an old sheep as a young lamb, he desperately and hurriedly continued to lap the cream until the very moment when I seized him by the scruff of his glossy black neck.

And so I held him while Alicia, to punish him, poured the rest of the cream into a dish and gave it to Fido, and never (no, not though I live to be a hundred) shall I forget the virtuous, though noisy, air with which Fido finished the cream, while Peter writhed and struggled in frantic indignation until I cast him ignominiously and supperless into the gathering darkness.

"There!" cried Alicia, her concern in Mrs. Potter's lonely condition temporarily relinquished, "that'll teach Peter a lesson!" But after the lamps were lighted her heart (I know) began to reproach her. "Poor old Peter!" I heard her murmuring, and I could see that she was imagining him roaming around the suburbs, gaunt, famished, and friendless, and with the iron of Fido's "telling on him" rankling in his soul.

It must have been two o'clock next morning when Alicia awoke me by calling out from the next room: "Edward! Listen!" I was raising myself with a cautious deliberation, ready for anything from distant thunder to a supposititious burglar down-stairs, when a piercing howl arose from our back yard.

"Is that Peter?" I asked, bravely subduing the temptation to put the clothes over my head.

"Yes," Alicia called out, her voice sounding shaky in the darkness. "You don't suppose anything has happened to him, do you, Edward—and that he has come back to haunt us?"

I had seized the clothes with both hands when there was a tremendous scurry on our back porch and Fido began barking like a dog possessed. The sound of Fido reassured me, and I left my head uncovered. I was thus able to hear one of our neighbor's windows creaking open, and the next moment a bottle was reduced to fragments against our back-yard fence.

"Has he been howling long?" I asked when another high-drawn caterwaul ascended into the night.

"Yes," called out Alicia, "for nearly ten minutes. But that's no reason why the Scotts should throw bottles at him!" And with a spirit which set the darkness at naught she cried: "If they hit him with anything and hurt him, those people will hear from me!"

Again Peter gave voice to an embittered howl, again Fido barked, and again the crash of a breaking bottle shattered the air. We listened fearfully until another duet from our pets assured us that the bottle had missed its aim.

"I know!" called out Alicia in subdued excitement. "They are going through their medicine-chest!"

"Going through their medicine-chest?" I called back.

"Yes!" cried Alicia. "For bottles! They haven't had the doctor there for a long time, so it won't last long. But if they throw a peroxide bottle and it splashes on Peter and turns him into a blond, they'll hear from me!" she defiantly exclaimed. And the next morning, when I went down-stairs, I found her in the kitchen, giving Peter a careful examination to see if any

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harm had befallen him from his bombardment in the night.

"Hello!" I said. "So he was around again this morning, was he?"

"Yes," said Alicia. "Hilda says he was on the top step when she opened the door, and he came running in as if he had had a terrible time of it."

Hilda, as a sort of acknowledgment at hearing her name, made something sizzle in the frying-pan, and Peter looked over in that direction with an interest which was almost agonized.

"Poor old Peter!" exclaimed Alicia. "You see, Edward? He's almost starving to death—I don't care what *anybody* says!"

"Why?" I asked. "Has anybody denied it?"

"Not yet," said Alicia darkly.

"Not yet?" I demanded, my wonderment growing. "Why, he's all right, isn't he?"

"He has no bumps on him," said Alicia, "but—" and here her voice fell to a mysterious whisper as if she didn't wish even Hilda to hear—"look here, Edward!"

Looking then carefully at the blinking Peter, I saw that the fur around his face was lightly flecked with atoms of white down, these feathers giving him a fuzzy and patriarchal expression, difficult to describe.

"You don't think he was after Mrs. Scott's chickens?" I asked in growing awe.

"Of course he must have been awfully hungry," whispered Alicia, "but—look!" she breathed.

Following Alicia's glance, I looked over the fence and saw Mrs. Scott counting her chickens with every sign of increasing excitement. Suddenly she opened the little gate in the fence and came toward our kitchen door. With a significant glance at me, Alicia concealed the guilt-bearing Peter in the butler's pantry, and we both went out to meet our excited neighbor.

"Have you seen your cat this morning?" cried Mrs. Scott the moment she saw us.

"Ye-es," said Alicia truthfully. "I think he's around somewhere, Mrs. Scott."

Fortunately Mrs. Scott's back was turned toward our pantry window—fortunately, because Peter, hearing Alicia's voice, jumped up on the pantry window-sill and looked out at us through the screen, fuzzy and patriarchal to a degree. "If he had mewed," said Alicia later, "I should have died!" But, fortunately again, our downy-faced pet remained silently attentive.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Scott. "I hardly know what to say! He was howling last night until Mr. Scott—you know how irritable some men are when they are awakened out of their sleep—threw a bottle at him. Oh, a very little one, I'm sure! And do you know what Peter was doing all the time? He was frightening away a chicken-thief! And there was Mr. Scott throwing bottles—I mean a bottle—at him! How this teaches us to be careful! I don't know whether it was the cat or the bottle, but something scared the thief away and he only took one of my hens—Old Speckles. The window was open, you know, and he must have got through there. So I've come to tell you how sorry I am that Mr. Scott threw all those—I mean all that bottle! Why, if it hadn't been for your precious cat, I might have lost every one of my chickens!"

If Alicia and I had dared to turn to each other we should have exchanged guilty looks, but we were afraid to exchange glances because of our feathered-faced pet in the pantry window. As soon as Mrs. Scott hurried back to her chicken-house, to search for clues, we on our part hurried back to our butler's pantry, pursued by Fido, who seemed to think we were playing some sort of a game where the assistance of a bounding and cold-nosed dog was absolutely necessary.

"Now!" said Alicia, grimly closing the pantry door behind us, "we'll soon find out if Peter's hungry. If he had chicken, he won't want milk and water. And if he's hungry, he must have got the feathers on his face some other way. You hold him and let him see what I'm doing."

Accordingly I held the family suspect

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while Alicia poured out a saucer of milk and turned to the faucet to get some water. Peter is very particular about his milk, and will never take it watered unless he is unusually hungry. But while Alicia was getting the water, Fido, with the same virtuous air which he had exhibited the night before, stepped forward in a grand manner and emptied the saucer in five comprehensive laps. Whereupon it became my duty to hold both the pets until Alicia had prepared another saucerful of milk and water, and then, the moment I dropped him on the floor, Peter ran to the dish and began lapping away with an appetite which was equally gratifying to Alicia and irritating to Fido.

"There!" cried Alicia with relief. "He's a good cat, after all!"

Thus encouraged, Peter lapped *fortissimo* and even turned half-way around so that Fido, whom I was still holding by the collar, might obtain an unobstructed profile view of a good cat drinking milk.

"And he must have got those feathers on his face," said Alicia, looking out of the window, "from— Why, Edward!" she suddenly exclaimed, "look at Mrs. Potter's coop!"

Looking out of the window, over Alicia's shoulder, I saw that Mrs. Potter's barrel had been turned around so that its open side was against the fence, thus preventing Mrs. Potter from getting in. Mrs. Potter was standing on top of the barrel, spreading his wings and crowing loudly as if in indignation at the change which had taken place in the affairs of his home.

"Perhaps," said Alicia in growing excitement, as we hurried up the yard, "perhaps there *was* a chicken-thief, after all, and he tried to get Mrs. Potter, too! Be careful of the bottles, Edward!"

Stepping carefully over the fragments of glassware, we reached the barrel and turned it around so that Mrs. Potter might get in.

"Of all things!" gasped Alicia, looking in the coop. For looking back at her, its head on one side, its eyes bright with interest, was a spotted hen, somewhat short of feathers but otherwise safe and sound. "It's Mrs. Scott's Old Speckles!" gasped Alicia again. "I know her as well as anything!" And in a lower voice she added: "Peter must have jumped over the fence with her, but she got away from him and ran in here, and Fido and Peter probably both ran after her, and, between the two of them, the barrel turned around and fastened her in! You go in and get your breakfast, Edward, or you'll be late at the office. I must run right over and tell Mrs. Scott!"

I had just reached the oatmeal when Alicia came hurrying into the house. "It's all right!" she laughed triumphantly, opening a drawer. "Mrs. Scott says we can keep her—as company for Mrs. Potter! Why, Edward, we shall soon have a regular little farm! I'm going to give Mrs. Scott that pretty centerpiece I worked, the one with the violets!"

And out ran Alicia again, her cheeks (from the excitement) like two red roses, and her eyes brighter than any diamonds ever knew how to be.

The poached eggs weren't fresh, and I was telling Hilda to cook me a chop instead, when Alicia, the regular little farmer's wife, came running in for the second time.

"Edward!" she exclaimed, "I've been thinking it all over! Don't you remember that we were saying, last night, how lonesome Mrs. Potter looked! Well! Peter must have heard us! Edward, he did! I know it as well as anything!" And, "Listen!" she crowed, clapping her hands, "listen!"

"Cluck-cluck-cluck-*cl-u-u-u-uck!*" announced Old Speckles. "Cluck-cluck-*clu-u-u-u-u-u-uck!*"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried Mrs. Potter in a proud, protective key. "Cock-a-doodle-*doooooooo!*"

Alicia, still in her pastoral rôle, ran for her sunbonnet and seized a little fancy wicker basket strung with ribbons which had originally contained bonbons.

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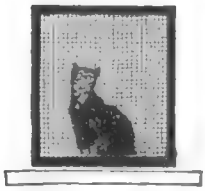
"Oh, Edward!" she pleaded. "Don't have a chop! Can't you wait just a moment?"

"Why, where are you going?" I asked, astonished.

"I am going," replied Alicia, tying the sunbonnet strings beneath her chin, in a state of tremulous excitement, "I am going, Edward, down to our poultry-house to gather the egg!"



THE END

BY

RALPH FRYE

CAP'N ALECK SMALL and I were sitting on the string-piece of Prout's wharf at Beachwoods watching the early lobstermen come in from hauling their pots, and admiring the nimbleness of Seth Prout as he separated the "counters" from the "snappers" and threw them into the floating car. The whole fleet of fishermen was jammed into the slip, and with the exception of "Breezer" Edison they all used gasoline kickers. "Breezer" sticks to the old sprit-sailboat.

"Don't figure they could get along very fast without that gas," said Cap'n Aleck. "Must be a grand thing to set in bed eatin' rarefied wheat straws and have every fisherman in the country buyin' gas of ye. Kind of got 'em sewed up, ain't he? Sort of reminds me, this monopoly business does, of the trick old man Bates's son Jesse played on the *Beachwoods Breeze* one time. Ever hear about that?"

I settled comfortably on the string-piece. The captain's stories are worth hearing.

"Seems this Jesse was a pindlin' kind of a boy and liked to play with girls and make mud pies when the other fellers of his age were fishin' or helpin' their fathers bleach moss. He kept dressed awful careful, and when he had got about half through our common schools he took a skuwhiff off to one side and commenced takin' one of these here correspondence courses in lit'reture. About this time he commenced to write little stories for the *Breeze*, and everybody read 'em. I liked to read 'em myself—they was so damned improbable.

"Along about this time Jesse went to New York to take a job on a paper that some summer feller got for him, and we didn't hear anything about him for about six months. But he come back. Said his old man was sick, he did, and needed him at home, although I didn't see but what old Aaron was as spry as ever he was.

"When Jesse come back with his collars a little higher and his hair cut upside down, he and Ed Richards, the editor of the *Breeze*, get together on a little scheme. 'Course you understand that bein' right from the lights of Broadway Jesse had something to sell, and Ed advertised a serial to be written by Jesse to run exclusive in the *Breeze*, and referred to Jesse as 'late of the *New York Moon*.'

"I didn't say nothin'. I'd been over to New York to see my owners a few months before, and, bein' down-town at the post-office one night, I run over to the *Moon*

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office and looked Jesse up. You understand, I don't know nothin' about newspapers, but from what I see I should judge if Jesse had been took sudden they would have got out the paper just the same.

"Jesse showed me all over the plant. Or anyway he did until a sassy-lookin' feller with a pipe and a green eye-shade hollers out 'Copy!' Then Jesse had to leave me. I judged that Jesse had to copy everything that went into the paper to see that it got in right. Wouldn't you?"

I remained non-committal. The captain smiled.

"So Jesse come home, as I said, and he and Ed Richards started this serial idea.

"Ed was usin' then, and still is, four pages of boiler-plate stuff that's manufactured in the rollin' mills in Cleveland, Ohio. At least he did when it come and the express remembered to deliver it. There was news from London, receipts for prune jam, and stories about what the Duchess of Marlborough uses to shampoo her hair. They had a weekly letter from Washington, too, tellin' about all the doin's of the capital. When Ed first moved here from Brockton he used to talk about 'my Washington correspondent' until a young feller that works on a Boston paper got to comin' here summers and give the snap away.

"The rest of the paper was filled up with what I like better to read. I want to know who's painted his fence, whose cat's had kittens, and just when Aunt Mahala Brown is comin' back from a visit to her niece's folks in Norwell. That's what a country paper is for.

"You see what kind of a paper Ed had, don't you? And you see his idea. Instead of carryin' all this ballast he figured he could trim her just as well with this little story of Jesse's for the same cost and get better results.

"Well, sir, it took. The whole town went crazy about that novel. The name of it was 'The Hero's Bride,' and you can believe me or not, Ed thribled his circulation.

"Jesse wrote the thing by the week as it was published, and he fixed up the attic room in the old Bates farmhouse for a studio, as he called it. He took to wearin' his hair down on his collar, and when he come down to the post-office he looked as if he was walkin' on eggs. Summer people used to stop and look at him like he was a curio.

"About this time Jesse was took up by the authors' colony over on the Second Clift, and the way he used to swell around with them people was rediculous. You understand I ain't got nothin' against them author people. They always treated me fine, and I say that if anybody wants to go in swimmin' when the water is down to zero, or light their houses with candles when kerosene is so much brighter, it's their own business. But Jesse used to thrive on that kind of truck and travel round with them crazy writers something scand'lous. And his conversation among us lowly used to reek with the pet names of them rich fellers.

"I found out afterward that those people used to have Jesse around to get material out of him about us old hayseeds, and for the laugh they used to get seein' him splurge around. They used to tell how a big man from New York—one of them fellers that the magazines telegraph to to go to Rio or Cape Town at a minute's notice—come down here to visit the Martins, and Jesse was callin' him by his front name before he'd known him five minutes.

" 'Bill,' says Jesse in the post-office that night, 'thinks very highly of my serial.'

" 'Bill who?' asks Jim Little Merritt, who always says what he thinks.

" 'Bill So and So,' says Jesse.

" 'Oh, hell,' says Jim Little. 'I thought you meant Bill Shakespeare. He's the only one in your class.'

"But just the same while they had some fun with Jesse, everybody read his story. When 'The Hero's Bride' had gone on for a year there wasn't a man, woman, or child in the county that wasn't readin' it. Harold, the hero, was the lover that all the girls held up to their fellers as a model, and Genevieve, the heroine, was the kind of girl that every farmer's boy in the county had picked out for his. People read it and lived it. Mothers used to say to their children: 'Now Harold (or Genevieve, as the case might be) wouldn't do anything like that,' and the kids were patterned after the couple. Jesse's hair and collars got longer, and his pants and his eyesight for his old friends shorter in proportion.

"About this time a runner for another boiler-plate foundry come to see Ed, and he found that he could get the page he was payin' Jesse three dollars a week for, for

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about ninety-eight cents. And Ed was gettin' sick of Harold and Genevieve and tired to death of sittin' up nights to set up Jesse's stuff. So he went to Jesse and told him with tears in his eyes that he had better haul in his sheet and bring Harold and Genevieve to port. He hated to do it, he said, but he had to, etc.

"Well, Jesse tore round considerable, but Ed was firm. 'You finish her up,' says Ed, 'and maybe I'll slip you something extry,' he says. And Jesse finished her.

"In the chapter before, Harold and Genevieve had been at the county fair down to Marshfield. Jesse ended her this way:

" 'It was at the county fair. "Come, dearie," says Harold, "the errernott says we can inspect the balloon." As they entered the basket a heavy gust of wind tore the balloon from its fastenings, and to the horror of the spectators it sailed away into the blue.

" 'The End.'

"When Ed got this he was fit to be tied. The paper was going to press, and he hunted high and low for Jesse, but Jesse had the good sense to be out of town. He thought, he told me afterward, that Ed would have to use the chapter he had written before he was told to stop, but Ed is bull-headed. He let it go just that way.

"The next morning he had his own troubles. People from all over the county drove into the *Breeze* office to kick. The street in front of Ed's printin'-shop looked like a furniture auction for summer people. Old farmers that couldn't get into town and who hadn't used the United States mail for years wrote in to kick. I never see such a broil.

"Ed went to Jesse and I guess he raised some hell, but Jesse wasn't going to let go of his three dollars a week so easy, and the row he had kicked up sort of tickled him. 'I'll end my story any darn way I feel like,' says Jesse, and he showed Ed his contract signed by both of 'em, to that effect. And everybody in town was waitin' for the next instalment. When it come out, if there was a storm before, there was a nor'east gale of wind this time.

"It seemed that there had been some provisions in the basket of the balloon, so the couple didn't exactly starve, although they were on short rations and standin' watch and watch for a sight of somewhere to light. It was terrible in that balloon. Genevieve divided her time between throwing fits and bawlin' out Harold for gettin' her into the mess. The balloon was out over the sea by this time. One dark night when hope was hangin' on to the edge of the basket by its eyebrows, Harold saw a dark object through the gale. It was the pinnacle of a submarine mountain. The balloon was driven by the wind alongside the rock, and the story read:

" 'Graspin' the fainting girl by his side, Harold sprang out upon the rock as the balloon sailed away. "Saved!" he said.

" 'The End.'

"I leave it to you to guess the row that followed this. Why, to these old farmers and their families who read the *Breeze* those people had become just like their own flesh and blood. If this hadn't been a peaceful community Ed Richards would have been mobbed. As for Jesse, he kept locked up in the attic room, and it was there that Ed went to him. They tell me that Ed cried. But Jesse was firm and wouldn't give in. And Ed wouldn't either. After an hour with Jesse they say Ed went back to Miss Stevens's where he boarded, and packed his trunk before he went down to get out the last *Breeze* he was to publish for pretty nigh a year.

"Jesse's story appeared in the last number, and before it was put in the mail Ed, who knew the situation had got to cool off, was on his way to Kentucky to visit his daughter.

"When the paper started to come off the press there was a mob of people fighting for the first copies and then lookin' for Ed. It seems that Harold and Genevieve spent a week on the rock surrounded by dashing waves. One night they saw a dark object approaching through the fog. Blown by a light air, it come alongside the rock. Jesse's story ended:

"It is the balloon," said Harold. And grasping the fainting girl by his side, he sprang into the basket. "Saved!" he cried.

" 'The End.' "

The captain stopped and filled his pipe.

"What happened?" I inquired.

"Happened? When Ed Richards came back from Kentucky and started up the *Breeze* again, he didn't have but three subscribers, and if it hadn't 'a' been that a city feller come down here and started a

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movin'-picture show and give Ed his printin' to do, I guess he'd 'a' starved to death. The town never got over that. If your name is either Harold or Genevieve, don't let any one hear you mention it or you'll have 'em weepin' about you. Them people was so real that half the township thinks their dead bodies are floatin' around up in the air right now. When you see these old fellers cockin' their eyes up aloft you think they're lookin' at the weather. They ain't. They're lookin' fer that balloon."

"And what about Jesse?" I asked.

"Jesse!" said the captain scornfully, and, leaning over the dock, he pointed to where an anemic youth in a dirty suit of overalls was cutting up sculpins for bait. "That's Jesse," said the captain.

MASTERS AND SLAVES

BY SCOTT NEARING

Was Industry made for Man or was Man made for Industry?

If Man was made for Industry, then it is just that Industry should be the Master and Man the slave. It is just that five hundred thousand men and women should be killed and injured annually while they minister to the industrial deity; it is fair that women toil long hours for a pittance; it is right that humanity writhe in agony under the goad of the industrial taskmaster.

If, on the other hand, Industry was made for Man, then it is just that Man should be the Master and Industry the Slave. It is fair that any calling which crushes men's bodies, destroys the souls of women and little children, or takes a toll of life and joy greater than its contribution to the happiness of the community, should be reformed or abolished.

Two thousand years ago Jesus rebuked the Pharisees and justified His disciples—who had picked corn on the Sabbath day—in these words: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." The world listens for the modern prophet who shall proclaim: "Industry was made for Man, and not Man for Industry."

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STRAIGHT TALK

JUDGE DITTENHOEFER ON LAWSON

Many persons have from time to time asked me whether I thought Mr. Lawson was sincere. I invariably answered that I was convinced of his sincerity, but that it was really immaterial whether he was sincere or not, so long as he told the truth; and of that there can be no doubt whatever.

Mr. Lawson has done great work in arousing the public's conscience to the iniquities of Wall Street and its gambling hell, the Stock Exchange. Indeed, no one has accomplished so much in that line as Mr. Lawson. But I am not sure that his remedy, the exclusion of Wall Street gambling transactions from the mails, would be a complete remedy. The Wall Street arch-conspirators will be able to use their private wires, which will convey instantly the fake quotations all over the country, to be spread from thence through the local newspapers and bulletins; and in the city the ticker will continue to disseminate the false quotations, to lure the confiding public to their ruination.

The exclusion of such matter from the mails should be accompanied by a law making it a crime to circulate, by means of the ticker or any other device, such counterfeit quotations. Such a law, to a great extent, would stamp out wash sales, the root of the Wall Street evil. If this were prohibited, there would be little, if any, inducement for the conspirators to overcapitalize or water their securities. Indeed, without the aid of the ticker they would have little chance to unload their fraudulent stuff on the public at factitiously inflated prices.

A law making the circulation of such fake quotations by means of the ticker a crime would be in line with the decisions which make a debtor criminally liable for circulating through the medium of a mercantile agency a false report of his financial condition, upon which a creditor has been induced to give credit to him.

The extent of wash sales, as sent over the ticker, will be illustrated by the following incident: A few years ago, on a visit to one of the leading railroad men of the country, I casually expressed the opinion that one-half of the quotations on the ticker were wash sales. He answered that I was entirely wrong; that not ten per cent. were of that character. A few moments afterward a member of one of the largest brokerage houses came in, and the railroad promoter said to him:

"What do you think? Judge Dittenhoefer just told me that he thought at least fifty per cent. of the quotations over the ticker were of wash sales."

The broker answered: "He is wrong," upon which the railroad promoter said: "Judge Dittenhoefer, didn't I tell you you were wrong?" Whereupon the broker replied:

"Yes, he is wrong; not fifty per cent. but over seventy-five per cent. are wash sales."

While there may be plausible if not valid objections to the suggested remedies—to incorporate the Stock Exchange, to apply the usury laws to Wall Street gambling loans, to forbid transactions on margins, to exclude Wall Street gambling matter from the mails—there can be *not even a plausible objection* to a law forbidding the dissemination over the ticker of fake and unreal sales known as wash sales or matched orders.

Any one who appears to oppose such legislation would at once confess that he was guilty of making wash sales and exploiting them over the ticker to the ruination of the unsuspecting public, or that he connived at or abetted it. Indeed, no one dared to appear in opposition to the Toombs Bill, which I drew a few years ago; but it was suppressed in the all-powerful Rules Committee of the Assembly.

A. J. DITTENHOEFER.

New York, N. Y.

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"EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL; SPECIAL PRIVILEGE TO NONE"

Ever since Mr. Lawson started his articles in EVERYBODY'S several years ago, I have been very much interested, as a grass rooter, not so much in what Mr. Lawson has had to say, as in the mental processes of the man. Mr. Lawson has evidently been so very close to the Wall Street mountain all these years that his vision has not been able to penetrate beyond. Is the Stock Exchange a cause, or simply a symptom of the great disease of the body politic?

No disease of body, mind, or society has ever been cured without first removing the cause that was producing that disease. What are the symptoms of the disease of which all complain? Graft, adulteration of foods and drugs, increasing poverty, suicide, insanity, and crime, unemployment, white-slave traffic, and ignoring or downright trampling underfoot of constitutions and fundamental laws by those in power. These symptoms are so prevalent everywhere that they are causing a breaking out all over the body politic. Wall Street is simply the most inflamed spot and, as the surgeon would say, it is here that the knife is first needed.

The old political saw of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, would absolutely remove this cause if it can be attained. Where should equal rights prevail, and where should there be special privilege? Manifestly there should be equal rights for all only in those things that are used by all; and there should be special privilege in and to the things that are used by the individual alone.

We now have absolutely equal rights in and to the use of the roads, streets, alleys, public schools, post-offices, etc. These things are used by all, and therefore it is right and just that equal rights should prevail. Now, Mr. Editor, and Mr. Lawson, if you want to cure the disease, go to the root of the whole matter and remove the cause, which is the private ownership of the things socially used and the consequent profits that accrue from that ownership.

Kiefer, Okla. F. D. V.

INCORPORATE THE FARM

I read "The Farmer of To-morrow" in the August, September, and October numbers with more than passing interest.

I think I recognize the full value of Mr. Anderson's articles. Still, it was with a feeling of disappointment that I laid down the last number, since I fail to see what positive help the farmer of to-day and the land-hungry city man will receive from Mr. Anderson's analysis.

The farmer of to-morrow will be developed from the farmer of to-day, and I wish Mr. Anderson had devoted some space to a consideration of the process. I think I see one way in which that evolution might develop to the advantage of the farmer of to-day, and I base it on my knowledge of present conditions.

I believe that the average farmer to-day puts in as many hours of labor, per year, as did his father or grandfather. Granted the improved means of communication and improved social advantages, still the fact remains that his life is one of toil that knows no union scale of wages or hours of labor.

Improved machinery has been the cause of one situation not anticipated or generally recognized. By the use of it, the farmer is enabled to work a given number of acres with less help. The old-time farm laborers, finding work on the farms uncertain, have drifted to the factory centers; and the farmer who needs a month-hand for the summer or extra help during haying and harvest, must pay much higher wages than a few years ago; and even at that he is puzzled to know where the help is to be procured.

THE PETTY FARM BARONS

That there has been financial prosperity can not be denied, and it may not be amiss to see how this has been used by the farmer. A few have increased their acreage and depend largely on raw immigrants or the city employment bureaus for help. This class of petty farm barons, in my judgment, can not typify the ideal farmer of the future. Others, having accumulated a little store of savings, invest these in a house and lot "in town," and rent the farm. The net result is that the farm is still a place to work and has two families to support with the loss of one fairly efficient laborer. This "ideal" ending of an active life is held by a large number of young and middle-aged farmers and is a direct commentary on the isolation of the farm home in spite of telephone, R. F. D., good roads, and automobiles. Another class is reducing the number of acres worked by each, so that they may be independent of hired help. This class is increased by the "ten-acres-enough" city man.

I think the main difficulty is that we think of the farmer of the future as he has been seen and glorified in the past—the individual owner and worker of land with stock and tools to suit his acres, the whole to be cared for by himself and family. In a sense this is an independent life but viewed from another standpoint the farmer is tied to the land and his independence is a fiction of sentiment.

Some day, I believe, the farmer will follow the example of other manufacturers and join with his neighbors in the capitalization of their joint resources in some form of corporation in which the stockholders and laborers will be the same persons. In such an organization work could be systematized, and economies practised in the purchase of tools and supplies and in marketing produce that are now

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almost impossible. Adequate scope could be afforded for specializing. Community life would be strengthened by community of effort and the transformation of isolated farm homes into a farm village with sanitary and other conveniences, making the individual farm home comparable with homes of similar size in the city. Nor is it too much to forecast the real independence of the corporation farmer of the future, since hired help might be dispensed with. Better than all else would be the added attractiveness of farm life for the ambitious boys and girls who now are lured to the city.

Perhaps my suggestion has been tried out somewhere; but if so, I am ignorant of the fact.

Ann Arbor, Mich. H. A. H.

JEREMIAH, GO SOUTH!

Mr. Anderson has scientifically presented Jeremiah's obstacles in returning to the farm when the farm is located in the corn or wheat belt or in that section known as arid. But nothing has been said relative to a section where, to my mind, failure would be unknown to the man who tills the soil intelligently. I refer to the southern and central sections of Alabama and Mississippi.

To-day, land ranging from a rich, sandy loam at from five to ten dollars per acre, to the finest black prairie soil costing from fifteen to thirty-five dollars per acre, can be obtained in any quantity. (By way of parenthesis, let me say that the choicest area of the corn belt has no soil that surpasses our black prairie.) These figures cover the initial and only cost so far as the land itself is concerned, since the lands are ready for the plow—no irrigation, stone digging, no pumping plants to operate, or timber to fell. Stock, machinery, and labor, requisites on any farm, are the only other items requiring expenditure.

But suppose that our Jeremiah prefers to take a lease and defer purchasing until he is satisfied that this is the section in which he will succeed. The opportunity is his for the asking; the writer knows of hundreds of farms that can be had at a yearly rental of from one to four dollars per acre, all depending upon the character of the soil, the amount of land under cultivation, the number of artesian wells, and the number and condition of tenants' houses, etc. These farms cover from one hundred to two thousand acres and are not by any means worn or exhausted.

Here cattle and stock are pastured the year round, thus obviating the necessity of building expensive barns to protect them from the blasts and snows of a hard winter, and the harvesting of large amounts of feed stuff with which to carry them over until the advent of a tardy spring. Here water and feed are problems of which we read and experience nothing. Here the greatest diversification of crops can be practised; and to-day the markets for perishable crops are as near the remotest South as are those of any section of the United States.

I am forced to the conclusion that it is solely because of the fact that the advantages of this section are unknown that more are not taking this route to a happier and a fuller life.

J. C. P.

U. S. Naval Station, Tutuila, Samoa.

CONCERNING THE "JENNIE BRICE" MOCK TRIALS

I would like to say a word in reference to the Mock Trials instituted by you on "The Case of Jennie Brice." Aside from the advertisement they have given you, and the amusement they will give the people, I believe the instruction they will afford orphans and widows is inestimable.

Having been associated with my father, who was judge of probate court in a thriving city of the West, as his private secretary and office assistant for six years, and associated later with my husband in his work for eight years as court reporter, it has been one of the astounding problems of my life—the helplessness of women and children who come before courts.

As a general thing, the middle and poorer classes with small estates in litigation often are forced to do for themselves what able lawyers do for the richer classes. You can understand what I mean when I assure you you have done a work which I believe is a necessary part of practical education.

I recall one child sent to an asylum by grasping relatives, who, I firmly believe, would be free had it not been for this fear of courts.

I never enjoyed anything as I did the Mock Trial held here: the ladies entered into it with so much enthusiasm that the men have almost persuaded us to repeat the entertainment after the holidays.

Another thing I will mention, which I failed to mention in my report mailed on the 18th: the ladies of all the churches, and non-church members too, took part; and one of the points recalled so often after the trial was the fact that these churches had been brought together so harmoniously and happily.

You can judge of the interest and excitement when nearly one hundred and fifty ladies came out in the pelting rain and spent the afternoon at the trial.

I only wish, in due time, you would repeat this thing with probate court work as the leading feature, where the widow and orphan have important parts.

Point Pleasant, W. Va. Mrs. B. B. W.

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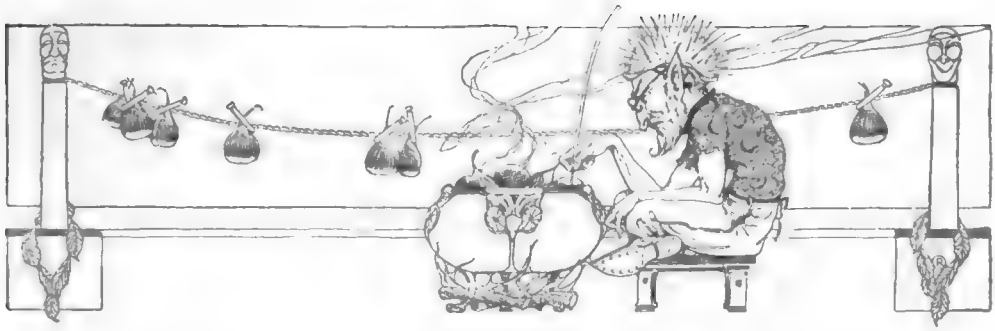

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Dr. Osler tells the following to illustrate the elasticity of the English language, as used by the Southern negro.

One day there came to the clinic a negress with a broken jaw. The examining physician, intent on discovering the exact nature and extent of the injury, asked numerous questions. To all of them the negress returned evasive answers. Finally she admitted that she was "hit by a object."

"Was it a large object or a small object?" asked the physician.

"Tolle'by large."

"Was it a hard object or a soft object?"

"Tolle'by hard."

"Was it coming rapidly or slowly?"

"Tolle'by fast."

Then, her patience exhausted, the negress turned to the physician. "To tell the truth, doctor, I was jest simply kick' in the face by a gen'leman friend."

The lawyer was sitting at his desk absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So bent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open, nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office. A little sob attracted his notice, and, turning, he saw a face that was streaked with tears and told plainly that feelings had been hurt.

"Well, my little man, did you want to see me?"

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I want"—and there was a resolute ring in his voice—"I want a divorce from my papa and mama."

At a recent banquet David Belasco was being congratulated on the success of his play, "The Governor's Lady," to which he responded:

"Writing plays is risky business. Past triumphs don't count. He who has written twenty superb pieces is just as likely to be damned on his twenty-first piece as any tyro. For instance:

"A playwright of my acquaintance sat in the front row on a first night of a new piece of his own. The play was a complete failure. As my friend sat, pale and sad, amid the hisses, a woman sitting behind him leaned forward and said:

" 'Excuse me, sir; but, knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty, at the beginning of the performance, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me to return it to you.' "

At a dinner not long ago Thomas W. Lawson was talking on the subject of success.

"Success in finance," said Mr. Lawson, "is due in a great measure to prompt action. The doubting, hesitating, Hamlet type of man had best keep out of finance. He is quite sure to be swamped. The Street hasn't much use for

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him. I had a boyhood friend of this type, named Grimes. He was a falterer, a doubter, a Hamlet of the most exaggerated type.

"One evening I stopped to call on him and found him in a deep study, bent over a white waistcoat lying on a table.

" 'Hello, Grimes,' I said. 'What's the trouble?'

" 'This waistcoat,' he replied, holding the garment up to my view. 'It's too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to send to the laundry. I don't know what to do about it!' "

An English lad went to visit his two Scotch cousins last summer during his vacation. His breakfast every morning consisted of plain oatmeal, and he became thoroughly tired of it. One morning when he felt that he could endure it no longer he said:

"Say, Freddy, don't you ever have milk with your porridge?"

Freddy turned to his brother and grinned. "Eh, James," he said, "the lad thinks it's Christmas."

George Bernard Shaw was recently entertained at a house party. While the other guests were dancing, one of the onlookers called Mr. Shaw's attention to the awkward dancing of a German professor.

"Really horrid dancing, isn't it, Mr. Shaw?"

G. B. S. was not at a loss for the true Shavian response. "Oh, that's not dancing," he answered. "That's the New Ethical Movement!"

Two Kansas City lawyers, whose names are withheld for obvious reasons, declare that they were present when the following incident occurred:

Uncle Mose was a chronic thief who usually managed to keep within the petty larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny.

"Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court.

"No, sah."

"Well, to be perfectly fair, I'll appoint a couple. Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown will act as counsel."

"What's dat?"

"Act as your lawyers—consult with them and prepare to tell me whether you are guilty or not guilty."

"Yas, sah."

Mose talked to his attorneys for a few moments in husky whispers. The judge caught only the word *alibi*, several times repeated. Then Mose arose, scratched his head, and addressed the court:

"Jedge, yoh Honah," he said. "Cou'se Ah's only an ign'ant niggah, an' Ah don' want toh bothah yoh Honah, but Ah would suttinly like toh trade, yoh Honah, one ob dese yeah lawyers foh a witness."

Two members of a country club were discussing a fellow member. The latter, it appears, did not have a reputation for outbursts of wild extravagance.

"I understand that 'Bucky' Brown has quit the game of golf."

"What! 'Bucky' Brown? He used to be so fond of the game! Why on earth did he stop playing?"

"He lost his golf ball."

A charming young woman walked into the stationer's shop in a village, and asked to see some typewriting paper. After making her selection, she hesitated for a moment. "Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied the stationer promptly. "Are you a clergyman's wife?"

"N-no," she answered.

"A clergyman's daughter, probably," said the man, as he tied up the package.

"No," was the young woman's hesitating answer. "But"—and she leaned over the counter and spoke in a confidential whisper—"if nothing happens I shall be engaged to a theological student as soon as he comes home from college next term."

On his eighty-fourth birthday Paul Smith, the veteran Adirondack hotel-keeper who started life as a guide and died last year owning a million dollars' worth of forest land, was talking about boundary disputes with an old friend.

"Didn't you hear of the lawsuit over a title that I had with Jones down in Malone last summer?" asked Paul, with a twinkle in his eyes.

The friend had not heard.

"Well," said Paul, "it was this way. I sat in the court-room, before the case opened, with my witnesses around me. Jones bustled in, stopped, looked my witnesses over carefully, and said, 'Paul, are those your witnesses?'

" 'They are,' said I.

" 'Then you win,' said he. 'I've had them witnesses twice myself.' "

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
Published by The RIDGWAY COMPANY
Erman J. Ridgway President
Roy Brown Sec'y and Treasurer
Robert Frothingham Adv. Manager

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

MIRACLE? Foresight? Coincidence? Consequence?

Four frequent questions that land on EVERYBODY'S nowadays, in the mail, in personal conversation, and in newspaper press comment.

We are talking about Mr. Lawson's work and the Pujo Committee's.

A magazine such as EVERYBODY'S doesn't have to wait long to learn what kind of response it will get to any of its more important articles. Letters and visitors and editorials all come flocking in to tell their approval or disapproval.

Now it's a satisfaction to find prompt favor for a worthy crusade. But it is no fatal disappointment to get expressions of disfavor. It is easy to know that such comment will come—and, in large measure, from what direction it will come.

The finest thing of all is to see the definite drift of large elements of public opinion which begin in disfavor of some big crusade known by us to be right, turn gradually to favor as proof and conviction pile up.

In with the snowdrift of letters from those who welcomed Mr. Lawson's return to print, in with the wide newspaper appreciation of the important work undertaken, came the flurries of negative opinion. Some carping, some misunderstanding, some disbelieving the existence of the evils he challenged.

Different now. Letters take another tone.

Editorials that came to scoff remain to pray.

That's why they are asking, "Miracle, foresight, coincidence, or consequence?"

What difference does that make? All true, isn't it?

Is there any one left who doesn't realize that Mr. Lawson saw the whole situation regarding the moral standards of the Stock Exchange and the control of banking credit?

Any one who read the testimony of the very pundits themselves, the high priests of the temple of Mammon—Morgan, Sturgis, Schiff, Baker, Reynolds, Perkins, and the rest—who doesn't know that they confirmed by direction or indirection every position taken in "The Remedy"?

Any one watching the course of public opinion and prospective legislation, Federal and state, who doesn't know that the suggestions of "The Remedy" are potent influences in guiding the drawing of statutes to be passed?

Any one watching "The Remedy" and the Pujo Committee who doubts that Mr. Lawson knew exactly what existed to be discovered, and that the Committee was bound to discover it as soon as search was made?

Several hundred thousand readers and the country at large have good reason to remember "Frenzied Finance."

Unbelievable things told in it about life-insurance companies, for instance. And within a few months the officials of the companies involved were telling worse things about themselves and each other than "Frenzied Finance" had even hinted.

Yet the author had known much of those further facts, holding them back because doubly incredible.

Don't get the idea that such articles stretch the truth.

That's a great mistake as far as EVERYBODY'S is concerned. It is the practise here to stop well inside of what might be

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told. The long-distance runner saves something for a perhaps needed sprint. Our readers may feel sure that when we go after a bad man or a bad measure or a bad condition, we save some of the facts and ammunition for further use if necessary.

COURTHOUSE-CLEANING

Just a year ago "Big Business and the Bench," by C. P. Connolly, was getting fairly under way in EVERYBODY'S. What a storm it raised to tell the truth—part of the truth—about certain evil things in the American judiciary!

Incredible, they were called.

Not all of the magistrates then on the bench to whom Mr. Connolly paid his respects are now presiding in court.

Judge Cornelius S. Hanford of Seattle resigned under fire of newspaper exposure and congressional inquiry.

Judge Robert W. Archbald of Scranton has been impeached and removed from office.

We observe in the Kansas City *Star* of January 5th that, on the evening before, three thousand citizens in mass-meeting denounced Judge John C. Pollock for his course in a gas case of great importance, and heard the mayor declare—"if his action in the river case was judicial forgery, this case was the simple theft of a crook."

Mr. Connolly's story of Judge Pollock's judicial career was quoted with approval by speakers at this meeting.

Is there any one who thinks that in one short series of articles EVERYBODY'S published all the facts at its command on the subject of "Big Business and the Bench"?

"THE SACRED CIRCLE OF THE LAW"

As a matter of interest, in passing, we acknowledge the receipt of various copies of a pamphlet containing a speech by Caruthers Ewing, Esq., of Memphis, Tennessee. Under the title "The Spirit of the Times," this was the annual address before the Georgia Bar Association at its meeting last May, half of it devoted to a bitter attack on Mr. Connolly for what he wrote in EVERYBODY'S.

Our readers may care to know that Mr. Connolly has taken cognizance of the speech by a $100,000 suit for libel in the Federal court against the publishers of a legal journal which reprinted with approval the more violent parts.

We observe as an embodiment of Mr. Ewing's mental processes on the state of the judiciary that he says: "The calm deliberation of the thinking men placed on the bench to draw about our heads the sacred circle of the law, is about all that is left us of an orderly government."

JENNIE BRICE

It is expected that the awards of prizes to competitors in "The Case of Jennie Brice" will be determined by the judges in time for detailed announcement in the advertising pages of this magazine. Enough is known now to prove that the contest was one of the greatest successes on record. Hundreds of competitors were formally entered, thousands participated in the mock trials themselves, and the audiences totaled literally hundreds of thousands.

The full story of the competition will be told in the next number of EVERYBODY'S. It is possible here to mention only a few of the many striking episodes.

In one instance a juror, feeling profoundly the importance of his position, vowed that he would stay in the jury room all night before he would yield his conscience; in another city bloodhounds attached to the police station were put on the trail of the supposed criminal; in various trials Jennie Brice appeared suddenly at the back of the auditorium and came down the aisle proclaiming the innocence of the accused; trials of peculiar interest were held in a deaf and dumb institution, a blind asylum, and a state's prison.

In some places members of the Supreme Court presided, district attorneys prosecuted, and newspaper men were the alleged criminals.

The letters of appreciation have been highly gratifying to EVERYBODY'S, and the great success of the contest raises the question whether or not it shall be repeated with other material. If our readers want another mock trial, EVERYBODY'S is prepared to furnish the story and the prizes.

We shall be grateful for letters on the subject, and if sufficient interest is indicated we shall see to it that next fall a story equally fruitful of interest, mystery, and mock-trial possibilities, by a distinguished author, is offered in our pages.

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Everybody's Magazine

April
15 Cents

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Bon Ami

Takes Stains out of Dress Shields

The biggest dry-cleaning establishments in New York said, "No—there's nothing that will take perspiration stains out of dress shields!"

But we have discovered that Bon Ami *does* do it. It promptly restores the original whiteness when all other soaps fail.

Apply Bon Ami with cold water and a soft brush or cloth.

You'll find yourself wearing the same shields very much longer than heretofore.

Another use: The children's hands get so grimy—keep Bon Ami in the bathroom for them and there will be no difficulty about enforcing the clean-hands rule.

Of course, you are using Bon Ami for nickel and brass, for windows and mirrors and white paint!

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

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